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PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

Historical Society

OF

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

AND OF THE

Pioneers

OF

LOS ANGELES COUNTY

VOLUME V.

(ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS OF 1900-1901-1902)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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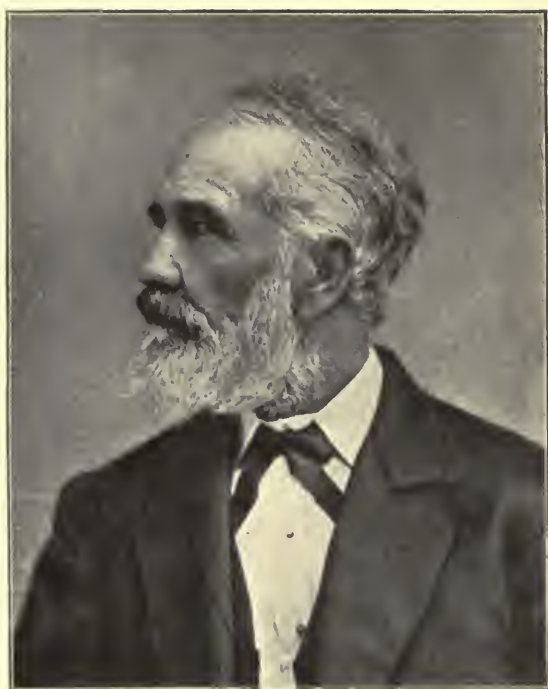
# CONTENTS OF VOLUME V.

	PAGE
Officers of the Historical Society 1900-1901.....	4
Stores of Los Angeles in 1850.....Laura Evertsen King..	5
Some Aboriginal Alphabets (Part I).....J. D. Moody..	9
To California via Panama in the Early '60's.....J. M. Guinn	13
Olden Time Holiday Festivities.....Wm. H. Workman..	22
Mexican Governors of California.....H. D. Barrows..	25
Fifty Years of California Politics.....Walter R. Bacon..	31
Side Lights on Old Los Angeles.....Mary E. Mooney..	43
Los Angeles Postmasters (1850 to 1900).....H. D. Barrows..	49
Some Aboriginal Alphabets (Part II).....J. D. Moody..	56
Historic Seaports of Los Angeles.....J. M. Guinn..	60
La Estrella, The Pioneer Newspaper of Los Angeles....J. M. Guinn..	70
Don Antonio Coronel .....H. D. Barrows	78
Secretary's Report .....	83
Report of the Publication Committee.....	84
Treasurer's Report .....	84
Curator's Report .....	85
Officers and Committees of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, 1900-1901 .....	86
In Memoriam .....	87
Constitution and By-Laws .....	88
Biographical Sketches of Deceased Pioneers .....	91
Stephen C. Foster .....H. D. Barrows..	91
Francisco Sabichi ..... Committee Report..	91
Robert Miller Town ..... Committee Report..	92
Fred W. Wood ..... Committee Report..	93
Joseph Bayer ..... Committee Report..	94
Augustus Ulyard ..... Los Angeles Daily Times..	94
Rev. A. M. Hough.....J. M. Guinn..	95
Henry M. Fleishman.....C. N. Wilson..	96
Frank Lecouvreur..... Committee Report..	96
Daniel Scheick ..... Los Angeles Daily Times..	96
Andrew Glassell ..... Committee Report..	98
Roll of Members Admitted During 1900.....	99
Officers of the Historical Society 1901-1902.....	103
First Congregational Church, 1868 (Illustration).....	104
Pioneer Physicians of Los Angeles.....H. D. Barrows..	105
The Old Round House.....Geo. W. Hazard..	109
Passing of the Old Pueblo.....J. M. Guinn	113
Marine Biological Laboratory at San Pedro.....	
..... Mrs. M. Burton Williamson..	121
Early Clericals of Los Angeles.....H. D. Barrows..	127
The Original Father Junipero.....F. J. Polley..	134
Camel Caravans of the American Deserts.....J. M. Guinn..	146
Dilatory Settlement of California.....Walter R. Bacon..	152
Officers and Committees of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, 1901-1902 .....	159
Constitution and By-Laws of the Society of Pioneers.....	160
Order of Business .....	164
Inaugural Address of the President.....H. D. Barrows..	165
The Pony Express .....J. M. Guinn..	168
Overland to California in 1850.....J. M. Stewart..	176
Early Days in Washoe.....Alfred James..	186

	PAGE
Biographical Sketches of Deceased Pioneers.....	194
Thomas E. Rowan .....	Committee Report.. 197
George Gephard .....	Los Angeles Daily Times.. 199
Elizabeth Langley Ensign .....	Committee Report.. 199
William F. Grosser .....	Committee Report.. 200
Samuel Calvert Foy (Portrait).....	Committee Report.. 202
Charles Brode .....	Committee Report.. 204
Frank A. Gibson .....	Committee Report.. 206
In Memoriam .....	207
Roll of Members, Complete to January, 1902.....	208
Officers of the Historical Society, 1902-1903.....	214
Early Art in California .....	W. L. Judson.. 215
Poetry of the Argonauts.....	J. M. Guinn.. 217
Ethical Value of Social Organizations...Mrs. M. Burton Williamson..	228
Medicinal and Edible Plants of So. California...Laura Evertsen King..	237
Andrew A. Boyle.....	H. D. Barrows.. 241
El Cañon Perdido.....	J. M. Guinn.. 245
Some Old Letters .....	251
Dr. John Marsh to Don Abel Stearns, 1837.....	251
Hon. Stephen C. Foster to Gen. B. Riley, 1849.....	252
The Palomares Family of California.....	H. D. Barrows.. 254
Sister Scholastica.....	Wm. H. Workman 256
Officers and Committees of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, 1902-1903 .....	259
Constitution and By-Laws .....	260
Order of Business .....	264
My First Procession in Los Angeles, March 16, 1847.....	Stephen C. Foster.. 265
Some Eccentric Characters of Early Los Angeles.....	J. M. Guinn.. 273
Angel Pioneers .....	Jesse Yarnell.. 282
Trip to California via Nicaragua.....	J. M. Stewart.. 283
Wm. Wolfskill, The Pioneer.....	H. D. Barrows.. 287
Pioneer Ads and Advertisers.....	J. M. Guinn.. 295
Biographical Sketches of Deceased Pioneers.....	300
Daniel Desmond .....	Committee Report.. 300
Jessie Benton Fremont .....	Committee Report.. 300
Caleb E. White .....	Committee Report.. 301
John Caleb Salisbury .....	Committee Report.. 303
Henry Kirke White Bent.....	Committee Report.. 304
John Charles Dotter .....	Committee Report.. 306
Anderson Rose .....	Committee Report.. 307
John C. Anderson .....	A. H. Johnson.. 308
Jerry Illich .....	Los Angeles Daily Times.. 309
In Memoriam .....	310
Roll of Members, Complete to January, 1903 .....	311

50

08



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# CONTENTS.

---

Officers of the Historical Society, 1900-1901.....	4
Stores of Los Angeles in 1850..... <i>Laura Evertsen King</i>	5
Some Aboriginal Alphabets (Part I)..... <i>J. D. Moody</i>	9
To California via Panama in the Early '6os.... <i>J. M. Guinn</i>	13
Olden Time Holiday Festivities..... <i>Wm. H. Workman</i>	22
Mexican Governors of California..... <i>H. D. Barrows</i>	25
Fifty Years of California Politics..... <i>Walter R. Bacon</i>	31
Side Lights on Old Los Angeles..... <i>Mary E. Mooney</i>	43
Los Angeles Postmasters (1850 to 1900)..... <i>H. D. Barrows</i>	49
Some Aboriginal Alphabets (Part II)..... <i>J. D. Moody</i>	56
Historic Seaports of Los Angeles..... <i>J. M. Guinn</i>	60
La Estrella—Pioneer Newspaper of Los Angeles.. <i>J. M. Guinn</i>	70
Don Antonio F. Coronel..... <i>H. D. Barrows</i>	78
Secetary's Report .....	83
Report of the Publication Committee .....	84
Treasurer's Report .....	84
Curator's Report .....	85

## PIONEER REGISTER.

Officers and Committees of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, 1900-1901 .....	86
In Memoriam .....	87
Constitution and By-Laws .....	88
Stephen C. Foster .....	91
Francisco Sabichi .....	91
Robert Miller Town .....	92
Fred W. Wood .....	93
Joseph Bayer .....	94
Augustus Ulyard .....	94
Rev. A. M. Hough .....	95
Henry F. Fleishman .....	96
Frank Lecouvreur .....	96
Roll of Members Admitted since January, 1900.....	99
Daniel Scheick .....	96
Andrew Glassell .....	98

## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1900

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MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.....Second Vice-President  
EDWIN BAXTER.....Treasurer  
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1901

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# Historical Society

—OF—

## Southern California

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, 1900

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### THE STORES OF LOS ANGELES IN 1850

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

(Read before the Pioneers, December, 1900.)

If a person walking down Broadway or Spring street, at the present day, could turn "Time backward in his flight" fifty years, how strange the contrast would seem. Where now stand blocks of stately buildings, whose windows are aglow with all the beauties of modern art, instead there would be two or three streets whose business centered in a few "tiendas," or stores, decorated with strings of "chilis" or jerked beef. The one window of each "tienda" was barred with iron, the "tiendero" sitting in the doorway to protect his wares, or to watch for customers. Where red and yellow brick buildings hold their heads proudly to the heavens now, fifty years ago the soft hills slid down to the back doors of the adobe dwelling and offered their wealth of flowers and wild herbs to the botanist. Sidewalks were unknown, pedestrians marched single file in the middle of the street, in winter to enjoy the sunshine, in summer to escape the trickling tears of "brea" which, dropping from the roofs, branded their linen or clogged their footsteps. Now where the policeman "wends his weary way," the "vaquero," with his lively "cuidado" (lookout) lassoed his wild steer, and dragging him to the "mantanza" at the rear of his dwelling, offered him on the altar of hospitality.

Among the most prominent stores in the '50's were those of

Labat Bros., Foster & McDougal, afterward Foster & Wadhams, of B. D. Wilson, Abel Stearns, S. Lazard's City of Paris, O. W. Childs, Chas. Ducommon, J. G. Downey, Schumacher, Goller, Lew Bow & Jayzinsky, etc. With the exception of O. W. Childs, Chas. Ducommon, J. G. Downey, John Goller and Jayzinsky, all carried general merchandise, which meant anything from a plow to a box of sardines, or from a needle to an anchor. Some merchants sold sugar and silks, others brogans and barrels of flour. Goller's was a wagon and carriage shop. O. W. Childs first sign read "tins to mend." Jayzinsky's stock consisted principally of clocks, but as the people of Southern California cared little for time, and only recorded it like the Indians by the sun, he soon failed. Afterwards he engaged in the hardware business with N. A. Potter. Jokes were often played upon the storekeepers, to while away the time. Thus one Christmas night, when the spirit of fun ran high, and no policeman was on the scene, some young men, who felt themselves "sold" along with the articles purchased, effaced the first syllable of Wadhams' name and substituted "old" in its place, making it Oldhams, and thus avenging themselves. It was almost impossible to procure anything eatable from abroad that was not not strong and lively enough to remove itself from one's presence before cooking. It was not the fault of the vender, but of the distance and difficulty in transportation. Mr. Ducommon and Mr. Downey arrived in Los Angeles together. Mr. Ducommon was a watchmaker, and Mr. Downey, a druggist. Each had a small stock in trade, which they packed in a "carreta" for transportation from San Pedro to Los Angeles. On the journey the cart broke down, and packing the most valuable of their possessions into carpet-sacks, they walked the remaining distance. Mr. Ducommon soon branched out in business, and his store became known as the most reliable one in his line, keeping the best goods, although at enormous prices. Neither Mr. Downey nor any other druggist could have failed to make money in the early '50's, when common Epsom salts retailed at the rate of five dollars per pound, and everything else was in proportion. One deliberated long before sending for a doctor in those days—fortunately, the climate was such that his services were not often needed. Perhaps the most interesting window display in the city in the early '50's was that of Don Abel Stearns', wherein common candy jars filled with gold, from the finest dust to "chispas," or nuggets, could be seen from the street adorning the shelves. As gold and silver coin were scarce, the natives working the placer mines in the adjoining mountains made

their purchases with gold dust. Tied in a red silk handkerchief, tucked into the waist-band of their trousers, would be their week's earnings; this, poured carelessly into the scales and as carelessly weighed, soon filled the jars. What dust remained was shaken out of its folds, and the handkerchief returned to its place. (No wonder that the native became the victim of sharpers and money-lenders; taking no thought of the morrow, he lived on, letting his inheritance slip from his grasp.)

The pioneer second hand store of Los Angeles was kept by a man named Yarrow, or old "Cuarto Ojos" (four eyes), as the natives called him, because of the large spectacles he wore, and the habit he had of looking over them, giving him the appearance of having "four eyes." Probably, however, this sobriquet attached to him because his glasses had four lenses, two in front, and one on each side. His store was on the corner of Requena and Los Angeles streets, in the rear of where the United States Hotel now stands. The store-room was a long, low adobe building with the usual store front of that day—a door and a narrow window. This left the back part of the long store almost in utter darkness, which probably gave rise to the uncanny tradition that certain portions of reputed wealth but strangers to the town had been enticed into this dark interior to their undoing, and that like the fly in the spider's den they "ne'er come out again." This idle tale was all owing to his spectacles—for in the early 50s all men who wore glasses were under suspicion—the general opinion prevailing was that they were worn to conceal one's motives and designs, which when hidden by the masque of spectacles, were suspected to be murderers. In the "tienda" of "Cuarto Ojos" were heaped together all sorts and conditions of things, very much as they are now in second hand stores, but the articles differed widely in kind and quality from those found in such stores today. Old "Cuarto Ojos" combined pawn broking and money lending with his other business. In close contact with the highly-colored shawls, rebosos, gold necklaces, silver mounted frenos and heavily embroidered muchillas, hung treacherous looking machetes, silver-mounted revolvers and all the trappings and paraphrenalia of the robber and the gambler out of luck, and forced there to stand and deliver as collateral for loans from old "Cuarto Ojos."

Coming up Requena street and crossing Main to the southwest corner of Main and Court streets, one arrived at the pioneer auction house of 1850. Here George F. Lamson persuaded the visitors to his store into buying wares that at the present day would find



their way to the rubbish heaps of the city. This story is told of his sale of a decrepit bureau: "Ladies and gentlemen,"—ladies minus, and gentlemen scarce—said the genial auctioneer, "here is the finest piece of mahogany ever brought across the plains or around the Horn—four deep drawers and keys to all of them; don't lose this bargain; it is one in a thousand!" It was knocked down to a personal friend of the auctioneer for the modest sum of \$24.00. After the sale the purchaser ventured to ask for the keys. "Why," said Lamson, "when I put up that article I never expected you would be fool enough to buy it. There are no keys, and more than that, there is no need of keys, for there are no locks to it."

On Los Angeles street in the same location where it stands today and kept by the same proprietor, Sam C. Foy, stood and still stands the pioneer saddlery of Los Angeles. Of the pioneer merchants of the '50's, Mr. Harris Newmark was the founder of a house still in existence. If any youth of Los Angeles would see for himself how honesty and strict attention to business commands success, let him visit the establishment of Mr. Newmark and his successors.

In the early '50's some merchants were accused of getting their hands into their neighbors' pockets, or rather of charging exorbitant prices to the depletion of the contents of their neighbors' purses. These same merchants never refused to go down into their own pockets for sweet charity's sake. If a collection was to be taken up for some charitable object, all that was necessary was to make the round of the stores, and money was poured into the hat without question of what was to be done with it. Now we have the Associated Charities and all sorts of charitable institutions, but for liberal and unquestioning giving, we take off our hats to the "stores of 1850."

# SOME ABORIGINAL ALPHABETS—A STUDY

## PART I.

BY J. D. MOODY, D.D.S.

(Read before the Historical Society, May 3, 1900.)

The origin of alphabetical writing is lost in the mists of antiquity. But this one fact is apparent: no matter how far back we carry this study, the art of writing is found to be a development. A pre-existent form can be logically supposed from which every example yet known has grown. While in most cases, this process has been a slow one, by patient study we can trace out the steps one by one, until not only the relationship stands clearly proven, but this slow process of evolutionary detail can be seen as a whole. To this general rule there are among aboriginal people some apparent exceptions, two of which we will study tonight, as a step towards a solution of a third.

These examples are the alphabet of the Vei tribes of Western Africa, and the alphabet of the Cherokee Indians of our own country. These alphabets instead of being a growth of centuries, and the product of innumerable minds, suddenly sprang into existence; each the product of one mind, and each in its place bridging the chasm between intellectual chaos and order.

The Cherokee alphabet was fully completed in 1826; that of the Vei in 1834. The Cherokee alphabet is certainly known to have been developed in one man's brain. Of the Vei alphabet, it is known to have been largely the product of one mind, but in its development assisted probably by a few contemporaries. In each case the process of formation occupied but a few years, and, while the work of one mind, it was the sight of written characters used by foreigners that suggested the idea of an alphabet for themselves.

Africa is a great hive of humanity. In the earliest dawn of history, in which we get only the faintest glimpses of these human movements, we see the true blacks of Africa meeting, on the sands of Egypt, the lighter colored Asiatic. There is a glimpse of what is possibly a still earlier touch in that first great migration

from Central Europe, one wave of which reached the northern shores of Africa. From these, probably, come all that diversity of families and languages for which Africa is so famous. Here and there, among these peoples, sometimes in fact in the very lowest of them, are found evidences that the human soul, even in the blackest skin, has been struggling to free itself from its environments, and arise to that place of intelligence which is the inheritance of the human race. But in every instance where these linguistic attainments have been manifested, there is clearly seen the impress of a more advanced people. Some families have reached a certain stage, and then all further progress has stopped, as in the Hottentots of the south. Others have inherited a capacity for improvement, which, though languishing at times, has not entirely died out, as in the Berbers of the north.

On the west coast of Africa there is found a tribe of natives, the Vei, belonging to the great Mandingo family, who have shown a capacity for advancement not found in the surrounding tribes. They came from the western part of that great fertile region of Africa called the Soudan. These people are lighter in color and finer in form than those of other parts of Africa. Their intellect, low as it is, has felt the impress of a higher intelligence, and shown a capacity for development, by originating and using alphabetical writing. Correspondence is carried on by means of it, and even a history has been written in these characters. This alphabet is said to have been evolved in 1834. There is some uncertainty as to its origin. One statement is that a servant in an English family, seeing the benefits of a written language, conceived the idea of creating one for his people, the present Vei characters being the result. There are some indications, however, tending to show that it was a slower growth, and the work of more than one individual. The initial impulse was probably caused by a sight of Arab writing, and what it did for these masters of the Soudan.

A similar example is found among the Cherokee Indians of our own country. I have here for your inspection two copies of an old paper printed in these characters, in 1831, shortly after its invention.

In the last century the Cherokee Indians occupied a good portion of the Gulf States, what is now the State of Georgia being their principal seat of residence. They were among the most advanced of the southern tribes. They had national traditions and a folk lore carefully preserved by their prophets, but centuries had failed to develop a writing to perpetuate them. These tribes were



under the supervision of the general government, and white people were not allowed, at this time, to enter their territory for purposes of trade without first procuring a license. However, there were not wanting contraband traders.

In 1768 one such, a German, George Gist or Guess, a peddler, entered the Cherokee country with goods to trade for furs, and as was the custom of these white traders, he took to himself an Indian wife. She was the daughter of one of the principal chiefs. This gave him a certain prestige among the Indians. In a little less than a year he had converted all of his goods into furs, and, apparently without the least remorse, left his Indian wife, never to return. Shortly afterwards a child was born of this union. The deserted wife remained true to her husband all her life. She educated her boy according to the highest standard of Indian knowledge. She lavished the love upon him that would have been given to the husband had he remained. She called the the boy Se-quo-yah. He inherited the cunning and taciturnity of the Indian and much of the skill and mysticism of the German. He associated but little with other Indian children, roamed the forest alone, or staid by his mother. He early developed a remarkable mechanical genius, and made dishes and implements for his mother. When he grew up he became a silversmith, and later a blacksmith, and crowned it all by learning to draw. He had noticed the trade marks on tools sold by the peddlers, and understood their import. He got an English friend to write out his English name. He generally was known by his father's name, George Guess. From this writing he made a steel die and stamped the silver articles which he made. Some of these articles are heirlooms in Cherokee families today. His Indian countrymen were proud of him.

Missionaries had gone into the country and founded schools. His mind began to move. "White man write on paper, why not Indian?" He thought and worked. The Indian language had sounds that could not be made by the English alphabet. From this point he lost the strictly alphabetical idea and evolved a syllabic alphabet of eighty-five characters. It has been pronounced by some eminent authorities as one of the most complete in existence. He got an English spelling book from one of the teachers, and from it copied a part of his characters; the others he invented himself.

Dr. D. G. Brinton, of the very highest authority on American languages, says: "The deliberate analysis of a language back to its phonetic elements, and the construction upon these of a series

of symbols, as was accomplished for the Cherokee by the half-breed Se-quo-yah, has ever been the product of culture, not a process of primitive evolution."

He showed his alphabet to the governor, who would not at first believe that he had invented it. His daughter first learned it. No roll of honor contains her name. He then taught it to his Indian friends. They learned it readily and were proud of their achievement. It soon came into general use among them. At this time, 1826, a portion of the Cherokees had been transferred to their new home beyond the Mississippi river. Filled with his ambitious mission he journeyed thither to teach it to them. They learned it readily and a correspondence was kept up between the two divisions of the nation by means of the new characters. Books were printed, and papers published in it. In a report to the Secretary of War, in 1825, the Hon. T. L. McKenny says, about the Cherokee alphabet: "It is composed of eighty-five characters, by which in a few days the older Indians, who had despaired of deriving an education by means of the schools \* \* \* may read and correspond."

Agent Butler, in his annual report for 1845, says: "The Cherokees who cannot speak English acquire their own alphabet in twenty-four hours."

In this case as in the African, given a genius, a fertile brain, a suggestion from a superior mind, and you have as a result—an alphabet.





STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



## TO CALIFORNIA VIA PANAMA IN THE EARLY '60s

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read before the Pioneers, March, 1898.)

The reminiscences of the pioneers of a country have a unique historical value. While they may be largely made up of the personal adventures of the narrators, even then, they reflect, as no formal history can, phases of the social life of early times; and they have this distinctive feature, they present views of historical events from the standpoint of actual observation. The stories of the Argonauts of '49 have an abiding interest for true Californians. Even though we may know that these returned seekers after the golden fleece are drawing on their imagination to color some of their adventures, yet we listen to their oft-told tales with admiration for their heroism and kindly toleration for their romancing.

I can recall the intense interest with which I, when a boy, listened to the stories of returned Californians. How I longed to be a man that I might emulate their daring deeds, and see the great world as they had seen it. When I reached man's estate, California had lost its attraction for me. So many of the Argonauts returned without the golden fleece—returned fleeced of all they had possessed—penniless and with so poor an opinion of the country, that I gave up my long cherished desire; gave it up to renew it again, but from different motives and under widely different circumstances. The beginning of the Civil war found me completing a college course in a western college. Five days after the fall of Fort Sumter, one hundred of us students were enrolled and on our way to suppress the Rebellion. After nearly three years of active service, I returned to civil life, broken in health and all my plans for life demoralized—the Rebellion had very nearly suppressed me. And here allow me to digress briefly to make a few remarks on the cost of war, not to the nation but to the individual. For the past month war microbes have infested the atmosphere. The great American people have been in a bellicose mood. How many of those who talk so glibly of war have thought of what war may

mean to them—have counted the cost to the individual as well as to the nation. The history of that student company well illustrates the cost of war to the individual soldier. Of the one hundred young men—their ages ranging from 18 to 25—who marched forth from the college halls on that April day in '61, four years later, when the war closed, thirty-three were dead—killed in battle, died of wounds, of disease or starved to death in southern prison pens. More than one-half of the remainder returned home crippled by wounds or broken by disease. Not one of those who did faithful service to the country but what began the struggle for existence after the close of the war handicapped for the remainder of his days. But to return from this digression.

My physical delapidation precluded me from settling down to any civil pursuit or of again entering the military service. A sea voyage having been recommended as a remedial agent in restoring my damaged constitution, my old desire to visit California returned and was speedily acted upon. The overland railroad was then the dream of enthusiasts, and its realization seemed to be distant, decades in the future. The Indians on the "plains" were hostile, and travel by the overland stage was extremely perilous. Nearly all California travel then was by steamer. There were at that time two lines of California steamships. One by the Panama and the other by the Nicaragua route. The rates of fare were the same by the different routes and were prohibitory to a person of small means—first cabin, \$350; second cabin, \$225 to \$250, and steerage \$150. Time, 26 to 30 days.

Arriving at New York, I repaired to the Nicaragua Steamship Company's office, and was informed that owing to a revolution in Central America the next steamer of that line would go by the Panama route. I was still further discomfited to find every berth in the cabins sold, and I had the alternative of going steerage or of waiting fifteen days for the next steamer. Having during my army life slept on almost everything, from a Virginia rail fence to a picket post, and having subsisted on every form of subsistence, from faith and hope to raw pumpkins, I thought the steerage of a California steamer could present no form of discomfort I had not experienced. One night between decks convinced me I was mistaken. The foul and fetid atmosphere, crying children, quarreling women, dirt and discomfort in every form were past my endurance. Gathering up my blankets I fled to the upper deck, and for the remainder of the voyage slept on the soft side of a plank by the smoke stack.



The vessel was crowded far beyond her capacity. There were a thousand passengers on board, about seven hundred of whom were in the steerage. The draft riots had occurred in New York about six months before, and another draft was impending. The disloyal elements, both native and foreign born, were endeavoring to escape enforced service to the country by emigrating to California, where there had been no draft. After we had gotten beyond the limits of the United States, and they had recovered from seasickness, they spent their time cursing the government and abusing Abe Lincoln and the Union soldiers. A little squad of eight or ten of us, who had been Union soldiers, and were not afraid to show our colors, were the especial targets of their abuse. On several occasions their taunts and insults very nearly precipitated a riot. The only thing that prevented an outbreak was the innate cowardice of the creatures, for although they were twenty to one of us, they were afraid to attack us.

On the twelfth day out we cast anchor in the harbor of Aspinwall. The City of Aspinwall, or Colon, as it is now called, is the Atlantic terminus of the Panama railroad. It has an excellent harbor and this is about its only virtue. It had a monopoly on the vices. It was built in a mangrove swamp. Miasmatic vapors hang over it and you breathe the malaria of its poisonous climate with every breath. It had, at that time, a population of about 3,000. A considerable number of the inhabitants were employees of the Panama Railroad and of the Pacific and the British steamship companies. In addition to its regular population there was at that time a floating population, or rather a stranded population, for most of it was made up of wrecks. These denizens of the tropical city were the misfits of many nations. Many of them had left their country for their country's good. Their leaving was not from motives of patriotism, but more from motives of economy. They left to save their governments the expense of hanging them. They existed in a sort of cannibalistic way off the California travel, and were ready for anything from stealing a grip-sack to cutting a throat.

On account of the change of route our steamer on the Pacific side failed to make close connections, and we were compelled to remain in Aspinwall eight days. This gave us ample opportunity to study its social, political and climatic conditions. Usually the California traveler passes from the steamer to the rail cars and sees but little of the town. One thing that struck us as very strange was

the social and political equality of the races. (This was before the days of negro suffrage in the United States.) The chief of police was a gigantic Jamaica negro, who promenaded the streets dressed in a white linen suit and carrying a long cavalry saber—his badge of office. The police force and the ayuntamiento, or town council, were made up of bleached Caucasians, brown or unbleached natives and coal black negroes. They seemed to get along harmoniously.

As the Panama railroad has often been described, I shall only note a few of its most striking characteristics. It had one distinction at that time that did not commend it to the California immigrant. It charged the highest rate of fare of any railroad in the world. Its length is forty-nine miles, and the fare over it was \$25—fifty cents a mile. It is said that to build it cost a human life for every tie of its forty-nine miles of track. The contractors at first attempted to build the road by white labor. Men were inveigled to work on it by the inducement of a free passage to California—for one hundred days labor on the road. Very few of these survived the deadly climate. A shipload of these recruits would be landed and set at work—before the vessel returned with another load of laborers the first were either under the ground or dying in the hospital, destroyed by the deadly Chagres fever and exposure to the tropical heat. When the evil reputation of the road and the country became known abroad, no more white men could be obtained. The company then undertook to finish it with acclimated natives of the tropics. Bands of Jamaica negroes were enlisted. These proved to be so mutinous that the few white bosses were unable to control them. Then some genius hit upon the idea of utilizing the feud that existed from time immemorial between the Jamaica and Carthaginian negroes. These antagonistic elements were employed in squads of about equal numbers. When the Jamaicans rebelled, the Carthaginians were turned loose upon them, and vice versa. In the fight that ensued their belligerent propensities were mutually gratified and the survivors were satisfied to go to work and obey orders. Such was the story told us at Colon. Maybe it was not true. The town was not noted for veracity.

Our steamer on the Pacific side arrived at Panama and we were hurried across the isthmus and on board the steamer—the old City of Panama was indulging in one of its periodical epidemics. This time it was small pox, and the natives were dying by the hundreds.

The old City of Panama has an interesting history, in fact two histories, for there have been two cities of the same name; one dead



and buried two hundred and fifty years—killed by the famous English bucaneer, Sir Henry Morgan; the other not dead but in a comatose state since the Panama riots of 1856, when sixty Californians were massacred by the natives. The steamship company's officers, since the massacre, have been very averse to passengers visiting that city.

Five years later on my return from California by the same route I availed myself of an opportunity to visit it. With your permission I will digress briefly to describe what I saw. On account of the shallowness of the bay, the California steamers anchor four miles out, and the passengers, baggage and freight are lightered ashore. Finding that it would require six to eight hours to transfer the fast freight and baggage (the passengers being kept on the ship until these are landed), several of us determined to do the old city. The officers did not prohibit our going, but they absolved themselves of all responsibility for us. Four of us chartered a native and his row boat to take us ashore. Panama is a walled city—the wall was built to keep the bold bad buccaneers out. After seeing the wall I confess I lost my respect for the buccaneers. Bad no doubt they were; bold they could not have been to be kept out by such a wall. One regiment of veteran soldiers of the late war would have charged that wall and with a push all together have tumbled it over on its defenders and captured them all before they could have crawled out of the debris.

The city stands on a tongue of land and the wall runs around its sea face. As we approached the shore our boatman seemed uncertain about landing. He kept beating off and on opposite a hole in the city wall. We urged him to land us, but he persisted in keeping too far from shore to allow of our jumping to it. His reason for keeping us from landing soon became evident. We found that his transportation line connected with a transfer company—said transfer company consisting of half a dozen half-naked natives, who expressed their willingness to carry us ashore for "dos reales" each. As the natives were short and I was long, how to get ashore without wetting my feet worried me. Selecting the tallest native, I mounted his shoulders and was safely landed. Our squad of four proceeded up town. We had not gone far before we found a military company drawn up to receive us. This was an unlooked for honor. To be treated to a review of the military forces of the sovereign state of Darien in honor of our arrival was quite flattering. The commanding officer, through an interpreter, questioned us closely as to our business ashore—how long we intended to stay

etc. Honors were no longer easy. Dim visions of being stood up before an adobe wall and shot full of "large, irregular holes" floated before us. Our answers seemed to be satisfactory, and with our best military salute to the comandante-general we were allowed to depart.

From a French merchant in the town, whose acquaintance we made, we learned the cause of our rather unusual reception. There had been a revolution that morning before breakfast. A distinguished hidalgo having been insulted by the ruling governor, fired off a fierce pronunciamiento reciting the high crimes and misdemeanors of the governor, and calling upon the people to rise against the tyrant. An exchange of pollysyllabic billingsgate followed. The military rallied to the support of the hidalgo. The gobernador and his staff rallied to a fish boat and sailed gaily away to meet the incoming California steamer. A new government had been inaugurated in time for a late breakfast. (From an economical standpoint this is a great improvement over our American way of changing governors. It costs us about a quarter of a million in time and money, to change governors. In Panama they do it for about "six bits," and really get about as good an article as we do.) Our prompt arrival from the steamer had excited the suspicions of the new governor. We were suspected of being emissaries of the deposed ruler, intent upon the overthrow of the new government, hence our military reception.

The city of Panama is credited with a population of 15,000. Its streets are narrow—only two being wide enough for wheeled vehicles to pass. Its inhabitants are of all shades—black and tan predominating. The city seems to be a case of arrested development. It has the appearance of having been built two hundred years ago and then forgotten.

But to resume our voyage. We found the ship, Moses Taylor, better known to Californians as the "Rolling Moses," awaiting us. It was a high and very narrow side wheel steamer, and navigated the ocean with sort of a drunken roll that was very provocative of sea sickness. As its capacity was a thousand tons less than the vessel we had left, our discomfort was increased in a corresponding ratio. The provisions were bad, many barrels of sea biscuit being musty. These when the waiter's back was turned, went over the vessel's side to feed the gulls, whose taste was not fastidious. Slowly we rolled our way up the Coast, our miseries increased by the knowledge that small pox had broken out on board the ship. We reached Acapulco, Mexico, almost out of coal. Here, how-



ever, was a coal hulk with a plentiful supply. The captain employed about two hundred peons to carry the coal in sacks up the side of the vessel on a rope ladder, and down into the hold—a process of coaling that took 48 hours. The brown, half-naked natives, with their long, sinewy arms and legs climbing up the ladder, looked like a group of monkeys. Indeed both in looks and intelligence, it seemed as if the work of evolution had been unfinished in their case. The method of taking on cattle was as primitive as the coaling. The cattle were lassoed on shore, dragged into the water and lashed by the horns to the sides of the boat, their noses above the water. In this way they were floated out to the steamer. A derrick was rigged upon deck, a line dropped from it around the horns of the steer and he was hoisted, hanging pendent by the horns forty or fifty feet in the air and then swung aboard. If his horns broke off, as they sometimes did, he dropped into the water and immediately pulled for the shore.

While the coaling process was going on, no tables were set for the steerage passengers, and we were left to skirmish for our rations. After living on oranges and bananas for 24 hours, my partner and I began to yearn for something more substantial. Among our purchases from the natives was a bottle of mescal, a fiery untamed liquid with the bad qualities of all the intoxicating liquors combined in one. One sip each had satisfied us. Mescal is distilled from the maguey or century plant. It is vile stuff; a single drink of it would make a man hate all his relatives. According to a certain California writer, it contains about fifty fights to the quart, a pronunciamiento to the gallon, and a successful revolution to the barrel. In skirmishing around for something to eat we found the negro cook on the coal ship, had a well supplied galley and was willing to trade. For the consideration of a bottle of something to drink, he would get us a dinner "good enough for a commodore." The bottle of mescal was quickly transferred. Seizing it greedily, he told us we'd better not "let the cap'en see us loafin' round dar." At the time appointed for the dinner we repaired to the galley. The negro cook was lying dead drunk on the floor, and the hungry captain of the coal hulk was swearing fearful oaths that if he could find the man that made that nigger drunk he would put him in irons for forty-eight hours. It is needless to say that we did not inform him we knew the man.

Our liberality to the sharks and gulls of the Lower Coast reacted upon us. We ran short of provisions. When we reached the California Coast we were on half rations. Our rations, the

last day of the voyage, were one slice of bread and a cup of tea: We landed in San Francisco at midnight forty days from the time we left New York. The gang plank was scarcely down before we were ashore, and hunting for something to eat. We found a little hotel on Beale street, stirred up the proprietor, the cook and the waiters. The supply was limited to bread, butter, tea and coffee. We soon exhausted the landlord's stock on hand and demolished the contents of two bake shops before we were satisfied. Thanks to the glorious climate of California, we survived that meal.

San Francisco, 34 years ago, although boasting of a population of a hundred thousand, had not a street car line in it. It had no free delivery of mail matter; if you had no box you stood in line and got your mail if your patience held out.

It was then in the midst of the Washoe mining boom. Everybody was dabbling in stocks. There were seventeen hundred licensed stock brokers in San Francisco, and double that number of unlicensed and unprincipled curb-stone operators, whose chief aim was to sell wild-cat stocks in mines located in the sage brush of Nevada, or more often, in the imagination of the brokers, to unsophisticated immigrants, as well as to old time residents.

The true story of the Washoe mining boom has never been written. Ross Browne and Mark Twain have touched upon some of its serio comic features, but the tragic side of it has never been portrayed. The ruined homes, the impoverished individuals, the suicides, the heart aches and wretchedness left in the wake of the bonanza king's march to wealth, are subjects upon which the old Californian does not care to dwell. With that cowardly truckling to wealth, no matter how obtained, that so often characterizes the press of the country, the tragedy of lost homes and ruined lives has been crowded out by adulations of the vulgar display of the ill-gotten wealth of the bonanza kings.

At the time of our arrival the frenzy of Washoe stock gambling was raging. The man who did not own feet in some mine was a financial pariah—a low caste individual. The prices were accommodating; they ranged from "four bits" a foot in the Roaring Grizzly or the Root Hog or Die to \$6,000 a foot in the Gould and Curry. Everybody speculated; the boot black, the servant girl and the day laborer invested their small savings in some ignis fatuus mine in the wilds of Nevada. The minister, the merchant, the mechanic and the farmer drew out their bank savings or mortgaged their homes to speculate in Burning Moscow, Choller and Potosi or Consolidated Virginia. While the then uncrowned bonanza

kings got up corners on stocks and grew rich off the credulity or their ruined dupes.

Our ship load of immigrants was fresh fish for the curb-stone brokers, and soon every one of the new arrivals who had any money to spare was happy in the possession of nicely engraved certificates of stock—stock that paid Irish dividends-assessments, and certificates that might entitle the holder to a position in the school of Experience where fools learn. Montgomery street was then the principal street of the city. Market street below Fifth was lined on either side by high sand banks. A pony engine and two cars made a round trip between the wharf and the old Mission every two hours; fare, round trip, "two bits." The site of San Francisco's five million-dollar city hall was then a graveyard. It is still the graveyard of the peoples' money.

Oakland was a straggling village, scattered around among the live oaks. It boasted of 1500 inhabitants. Stockton and Sacramento were reached by steam boat and San Jose by boat to Alviso at the head of the bay, and from there by stage. Los Angeles was a Mexican town some where down South in the cow counties. Its exact location, population and prospects were matters of such utter indifference to the stock-speculating San Franciscan, that he had never looked them up and "made a note on it." Even its inhabitants seemed to have little faith in its future. The year of my arrival in California the lot on the southeast corner of Spring and Second streets, where the magnificent Wilcox block now stands was sold for \$37 or 30 cents a front foot. Without the building it is now worth probably \$2000 a front foot or about a quarter million dollars. The same year all the site of East Los Angeles was sold by the city council at the rate of 50 cents an acre, and the purchaser was not proud of his bargain. The value of a front foot in what is now the business center of Pasadena, at that time, would have been so infinitesimally small that the smallest value in a currency table would not express it. Even an acre in the Crown of the Valley would not have commanded the value of the smallest circulating coin of California in the early '60's—namely, ten cents.



## OLDEN TIME HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES

BY W. H. WORKMAN.

(Read before the Pioneers, June 2, 1900.)

Having been requested by your Literary Committee to present you this evening some sketches of the holiday season in early Los Angeles, I have taken occasion to note down a few episodes as they recur to my memory.

Los Angeles, when I arrived in 1854, was a small town of about 3,000 inhabitants, 2,500 of whom were natives of California, and the remainder were *estranjeros*, as Americans and foreigners were called. The people, especially the Americans and Europeans, always observed the various holidays by characteristic festivities and grand reunions.

On New Year's day almost all of the American element would turn out to make calls, for New Year's calls were then the universal custom. No friend was forgotten on that day, and pleasant were the reunions of acquaintances and friends, and the making of new friends. Nearly every family kept open house, and not infrequently entertained hundreds of callers on this occasion. The custom was so general that many of the prominent native Californians adopted it in their hospitable homes and thereby delightfully increased New Year's calling lists of the Los Angeles beaux. But alas, the picture has its shadows, though my memory would linger only on its brightness. At each place of visiting were prepared refreshments of no mean proportions. These refreshments were of a liquid as well as a solid nature, and if one did not partake heartily, it was a breach of etiquette, which the fair hostess was loath to forgive or forget.

Now, my friends, you can readily see that if each caller partook repeatedly of turkey and cranberry sauce, of plum pudding, of mince meat pie, of egg nog, of wine, etc., and particularly of etc., he would be pretty full before closing time came round. As a participant for many years in the ceremony, I can vouch for its correctness, and I can assure you that many a fellow did not care to repeat the calling process before the year rolled around, or at least

until he had thoroughly digested all that he had eaten or imbibed.

I will give you a little story of two Christmas days in Los Angeles. On the first of these Christmas days, I have reason to believe, was held the first Christmas tree ever prepared in Southern California. In 1857 Los Angeles could boast of but a limited residence section. The plaza formed the center of the city. North of it were the adobe homes of the native Californians population, while south of it were the few business houses of that date and the homes of the American residents. Los Angeles street marked the eastern boundary, and beyond large vineyards and orchards extended toward the Los Angeles river. First street, open only to Main, marked the southern limit of population, except, perhaps, a few homes just the other side of it.

On Main street, between First and Court, there was in those days a long row of adobe houses occupied by many of the best families of primitive Los Angeles. This neighborhood was often designated "the row," and many are the pleasant memories which yet linger in the minds and hearts of those who lived there in "good old days" and who still occasionally meet an old time friend and neighbor. In "the row" lived an Englishman and his wife—Carter by name. Their musical ability was often a source of great delight to those about them, and they possessed the faculty (well called happy) of bringing to a successful issue matters pertaining to the social entertainment of others. So it was that about the year 1857, when it was proposed that a union Christmas tree be prepared. Dr. Carter and his wife were prime movers in the affair.

Where now stands the McDonald block was the home of Dr. Carter, and it was there that many Los Angeles families enjoyed in common the gaily decorated tree which had been so lovingly prepared by the many willing hands of friendly neighbors. The children were, of course, the honored guests, for the thought of the little ones had incited the work of preparation.

Los Angeles, into which no railroad came, was in those days far away from the world, and the limited resources of the time would restrict even Santa Claus' possibilities. But on that Christmas eve no limitations were felt, for the true spirit of the Christmas-time illuminated each and every heart. Dr. Carter officiated as Santa Claus, while music and songs, dancing and games and the pleasant chatter of friends completed the evening's festivities. That night the children of Los Angeles, than whom none of their successors are happier, did not retire until the wee small hours of Christmas day.

Another Christmas was in 1861, and heavy rains had fallen for one whole week previous to that Christmas day. The family of Andrew Boyle, living on the high lands east of the Los Angeles river, had accepted an invitation to dine at the home of Don Mateo Keller, who lived on what is now Alameda street, near Aliso. The rain fell heavily and persistently, and the river rose gradually until it was impossible to ford the swollen stream. There were no bridges in that day, and so when Christmas came and the storm still continued, the dinner across the river was out of the question. This might have been all, but it soon became evident in the family of Mr. Boyle that there would be difficulty in securing a proper repast at home, for, on account of the weather, they had been unable to replenish the larder, and there was not a bit of flour in the house. The question was how to secure the necessary adjuncts of culinary success. There were no stores east of the river, and but a few scattered adobe homes. At length it was decided that a serving man, Jesus, a strong, stalwart Sonorean, faithful and discreet, could be sent upon this mission, for his life and training reduced all danger to a minimum. He readily undertook the task. A note of regret was addressed to Mr. Keller and entrusted to the messenger.

It seems incredible, perhaps, to those who have seen year after year the vast expanse of sand which we call a river, but on this Christmas day it was a torrent. The Sonorean divested himself of much of his apparel and swam to the opposite shore. He reached the home of Mr. Keller, delivered his note and secured from the grocery store the provisions which he needed. Mrs. Keller, in her open-hearted hospitality, would not allow the messenger to depart without a goodly share of the Christmas dinner. Jesus prepared to return. He secured a board of sufficient surface. On it he placed the goods, securely wrapped so as to protect them from the water, and plunging into the water he swam across, pushing before him the improvised raft with its cargo. He safely reached the opposite shore and delivered unharmed the articles entrusted to his care. You may be sure that the brave fellow enjoyed to the utmost his well-earned Christmas dinner, and, though the rain fell as heavily during the ensuing week, there was no lack of cheer in the home beyond the river.



## MEXICAN GOVERNORS OF CALIFORNIA

H. D. BARROWS.

(Read before Historical Society, Oct. 1, 1900.)

From the time of the achievement of independence by Mexico in the year 1822, till 1846, July 7, when Alta California became a territory of the United States, eleven persons served as governors, or Gefes Politicos, of the Province; two of them serving two terms, thus making thirteen administrations during the Mexican national regime. All of these eleven governors, except Gov. de Sola and Gov. Gutierrez, who were born in Spain, were natives of Mexico; and four of them, namely: Governors Arguello, Pico, Castro and Alvarado, were born in California. It is not known that any of these officials is now living.

The first Mexican governor was Pablo Vicente de Sola, who was in office when Mexico gained her independence in 1822; and his term extended till 1823. He was a native of Spain, where he received a good education; and he came to Mexico as a military officer prior to 1805. At the time of his appointment by the Viceroy as Governor of California, in 1815, he was a lieutenant-colonel of the Mexican army. He arrived at Monterey August 30, 1815. He filled the office of governor about seven years. Being elected a deputy to the Mexican Congress he left Monterey November 22, 1823, and San Diego January 2, 1824, arriving in the City of Mexico in the following June, where he soon after died.

Governor de Sola was succeeded by Luis Antonio Arguello, whose term extended to June 1825. Governor Arugello was born at the Presidio of San Francisco, June 21, 1784. He died there March 27, 1830, and was buried at the Mission by Father Estenega. His widow, who was the daughter of Sergeant Jose Dolores Ortega, was the owner of Las Pulgas Rancho. She died in 1874.

Governor Arguello was universally commended by the old-time Californians and Americans as an able, amiable and honest citizen and governor. The Arguellos of early times, and their descendants, have been accounted among the first families of California.

Jose M. Echeandia was the next governor. Gov. Echeandia

was a native of Mexico; he was a lieutenant-colonel and director of a college of engineers, at the time of his appointment as Gefe Politico, y Comandante Militar, that is governor and military commandant of the Californians. He came to Loreto, Lower California, by way of San Blas, in June, 1825, where he remained till October, re-organizing the political affairs of the Provinces. He arrived at San Diego in November, and made that Presidio his official residence. He carefully studied the country's needs; and tentatively tried some experiments to test the feelings of the friars and the capacities of the Indians, as to the practicability of secularizing the Missions, which Mexican statesmen already foresaw must be brought about some time if California was ever to have a future as a civilized State. As it had been demonstrated that it was impossible to make self-governing citizens of the Indians, it became apparent that the settlement of the country by Mexican *citizens*, *i. e.*, by *gente de rason*, must be encouraged, by making it possible for them to acquire a permanent foothold. It was during the incumbency of Gov. Echeandia that the law or reglamento of 1828, relating to the granting of lands was passed by the Mexican Congress. The Padres naturally distrusted him, because he represented, according to their views, the new republic, which they instinctively felt was inimical to their interests.

The details of Gov. Echeandia's administration are full of interest, and as I have not room to recount them here, I hope sometime to present them in a separate paper, as I have already done in the case of Gov. Pico and several other notable governors, whose striking characteristics are worthy of separate treatment.

After administering the office of governor for nearly six years, Gov. Echeandia sailed from San Diego in May, 1833, and returned to the City of Mexico, where, as late as 1855-6, Mrs. Gen. Ord, who knew him well in California, saw him frequently, and, at a still later period, he died there at an advanced age.

Manuel Victoria, who, after Mexico had gained her independence, in the struggle for which he took part, was, in 1825, military commandant at Acapulco, of which place he was probably a native; and in 1820 he was comandante of Baja California; and in the latter year he was appointed Gefe Politico or Civil Governor of Alta California, to succeed Gov. Echeandia. He arrived at Monterey, by land from Loreto, and assumed the duties of governor on the 31st of January, 1831, serving about one year or till January, 1832, when the people arose in rebellion against his arbitrary rule, and drove him out of the country.



Victoria was generally regarded more as a soldier than as a civilian; and, while he was a man of much force of character, he lacked tact, and sought to administer his civic duties by military methods, and, naturally, he became a very unpopular official. Moreover, his high-handed refusal to convene the Departmental Assembly (as was his duty), in order that the important and beneficent land laws of 1824 and 1828 might be made effective in California, so exasperated the people that they forced him to resign, which he did at San Gabriel, after a hostile encounter between his forces and the revolutionists at Cahuenga, and he was succeeded by Pio Pico as the senior member of the Departmental Assembly.

How abundant the causes were which moved the people in their summary action may be learned from the Manifesto of the revolutionists, of Nov. 29, 1831.

Gov. Pio Pico, the fifth Governor of California after Mexico became an independent nation, was a native of the Province, born at the Mission of San Gabriel in 1801. He was twice governor—in 1832, and again in 1845-6, he being incumbent of the gubernatorial office at the time California came under the jurisdiction of the United States.

As I have already presented to the Historical Society a biographical and character sketch of Gov. Pico (printed in the Society's Annual for 1894), it is unnecessary to enlarge here on the events and salient characteristics of his life. Our older members remember him well. He died in this city September 11, 1894, at the age of 93 years.

Of Gen. Jose Figueroa, one of the best and ablest Governors of California, I here give only a brief sketch, hoping at some future time to present a fuller account of his life.

Gov. Figueroa was one of the heroes of Mexico's long struggle for independence. In 1824 he was appointed Comandante General of Sonora and Sinoloa. He served as Governor and Military Commandant of California from January 14, 1833, till shortly before his death at Monterey, September 29, 1835. During his administration he did some very good work in organizing territorial and local government. As a capable, patriotic statesman, he served the people of California well, and won their respect and good will. The older Californians—and there are still living some who remember him well—had nothing but praise for the character and acts of Governor Jose Figueroa.

Gov. Jose Castro, the seventh Mexican Governor, was a native of California, born at Monterey in about the year 1810, where he

attended school from 1815 to 1820, or later. In 1828 he was secretary of the Monterey Ayuntamiento. He took an active part with other citizens in sending representatives to Mexico complaining of Governor Victoria's refusal to convoke the Departmental Assembly and of other arbitrary acts of that official.

In August, 1835, Gov. Figueroa, because of failing health, appointed Castro (he being then the senior member of the Departmental Assembly), as Acting Gefe Politico or Governor. In accordance with the national law of May 6, 1822, Gov. Figueroa, just before his death, ordered the separation of the civil and military chieftainships, and directed that Jose Castro should succeed him as Governor *ad interim*, and that Nicolas Gutierrez (as ranking officer), should become Comandante General. Castro served as Governor till January, 1836, and later held numerous other official positions.

Gov. Nicolas Gutierrez was a native of Spain, and came to Mexico as a boy. He served with Figueroa in the Mexican revolution, and came with him to California in 1833, as captain. He was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelship in July of that year, and in 1834-6 he was commissioner for the secularization of the Mission of San Gabriel. He was acting comandante-general from October 8, 1835, to January 2, 1836; and from the latter date till May 3, he was governor and comandante. He was also military chief in the south during the incumbency of Gov. Chico (who succeeded him as Governor), or till July 31, and he was again Governor till his overthrow by Alvarado, November 4, 1836. Gov. Gutierrez was arbitrary in his methods, and treated the Departmental Assembly brusquely, and in his intercourse with the people, he showed little tact, and as a natural result he became very unpopular. Both of his terms as Governor were short, and his services to the Province were comparatively unimportant. In person he was of medium stature, stout, with light complexion and reddish hair, and he had a squint in his right eye, which gave him the nickname of "El Tuerto."

Gov. Juan Bautista Alvarado, whose term extended from December 7, 1836, to December 31, 1842, was a native of California, born at Monterey, February 14, 1809. He was the son of Sergeant Jose F. Alvarado and Maria Josefa Vallejo de Alvarado. He acquired such rudiments of an education as were available in his time; and his life was an eventful one, which should be of interest to us; and possibly I may some time give our society a more detailed sketch of his career, as a somewhat important factor in early California history, of the later Mexican period. He filled numerous

official positions; and, being connected with prominent families, and possessing some natural ability, he exerted considerable influence in his time prior to the change of government. He was secretary of the Departmental Assembly from 1827 to 1834; and in 1836, having been elected a member of that body, he became its president.

Gov. Alvarado was elected to the Mexican Congress in 1845, but he did not go to Mexico. He was grantee of several ranchos, including Las Mariposas. In 1839 he married Martina Castro, daughter of Francisco Castro. They had several children. She died in 1875. Gov. Alvarado died July 13, 1882, in his 74th year.

Those who knew him say he was a man of genial temperament, courteous manners, and rare powers of winning friends. There are many native Californians as well as Americans still living, especially in the upper counties, who knew him well in his lifetime.

Gov. Manuel Micheltorena, the last Mexican Governor of California but one, was appointed January 22, 1824; and he served as both Governor and military commandant till his surrender to the revolutionists, February 22, 1845. He was a native of Oajaca, of good family and some education. As a political and military chief he lacked sound judgment, though personally of amiable and courteous manners. He was seriously handicapped by having brought with him to California (under orders of the Mexican government, pursuant to a miserable policy), a considerable number of convicts as soldiers, whose lawlessness and brutality shocked decent citizens, and tended strongly to make the Governor unpopular. Micheltorena and his "cholos," as his ragamuffin, thievish soldiers were called, became a bye-word with the Californians, and are still unpleasantly remembered by the old timers. After Micheltorena's return to Mexico, he was elected a member of congress, and later, in 1850, he served as Comandante-General of Yucatan.

The following is a chronological list of Mexican Governors of Alta or Upper California, which may prove convenient for reference:

MEXICAN GOVERNORS OF CALIFORNIA: 1822-1846.

Pablo Vicente de Sola . . .	Sept. 16, to Nov. 22, 1822.
Luis Arguello . . . . .	Nov. 22, 1822, to June, 1825.
Jose M. Echeandia . . . . .	June, 1825, to Jan., 1831.
Manuel Victoria, . . . . .	Jan., 1831, to Jan., 1832.
Pio Pico . . . . .	Jan., 1832, to Jan., 1833.
Jose Figueroa . . . . .	Jan., 1833, to Aug., 1835.
Jose Castro . . . . .	Aug., 1835, to Jan., 1836.



Nicholas Gutierrez . . . . . Jan., 1836, to May, 1836.  
Marino Chico . . . . . May, 1836, to July 31, 1836.  
Nicolas Gutierrez . . . . . July, 1836, to Nov., 1836.  
Juan B. Alvarado . . . . . Nov., 1836, to Dec. 31, 1842.  
Manuel Micheltorena . . . . . Dec., 1842, to Feb., 1845.  
Pio Pico . . . . . Feb., 1845, to July, 1846.



## FIFTY YEARS OF CALIFORNIA POLITICS

BY WALTER R. BACON.

(Read before the Historical Society Dec. 12, 1900.)

Fifty years of political conventions and presidential elections in California may seem a subject from which little but idle statistics can be evolved, but a little study of these events discloses the error of this conclusion. The period of ten years between the beginning of the American conquest or occupation in 1846, and the ending of the second vigilance committee in 1856, was a time of trial, of intense excitement and kaleidoscopic changes; and everything that has since happened in California, or will in the future happen, must be considerably affected by the forces that took their origin in that period. The political conventions, composed of delegates straight from the people, of course, reflect many of the traits of the people, and being public and of importance to large numbers, sufficient record of them has been kept to enable us to fairly study them.

The American settlers of those days fairly represented the average American character, but nowhere else has the American capacity for self-government been put to severer test. Absolutely isolated from the central government; a conquering people in a land of untold possibilities, which was settled in by greater numbers in a shorter time by more nationalities than any other community of which we have knowledge; add to this the condition of moral recklessness that seems to come so naturally to any large body of men loosed from the restraint of wholesome family environments, and set down in a new country where gold is plentiful and to be had for the finding, but where no code of laws existed at the inception of the occupation, and, afterward, only such as were adopted by these same peculiarly situated people, and you have an idea of the task that devolved on such of these settlers as desired to build from this community of divers possibilities a commonwealth that should be a fairly American State, entitled of its own merit, to a place in the list of States of the Union.

After the serio-comic meetings of the Bear Flag patriots at Sonoma, the first real political convention was the Democratic mass

meeting held in San Francisco, October 25th, 1849. It was called to consider the election to be held November 15th, following, to vote on the State Constitution, and for the election of a Governor and other State officers, and a State Legislature, and two members of Congress.

John W. Geary, for whom Geary street in San Francisco was named, presided, and the meeting was so large that the hall was more than filled, and an adjournment to the public square was had.

They adopted some resolutions, and especially condemned those who criticised the Mexican war, of which California was the fruit. A nominating committee was appointed and the convention adjourned; met again October 27th, to receive the report of the committee at which time the committee reported that they had no authority, from party usage to make nominations, and suggested a party primary election of eleven delegates to name the ticket, but there is no record of any further action being taken.

No attempt seems to have been made by any other political party to nominate a ticket, local mass meetings were held, independent nominations made and party lines were not drawn. The constitution was adopted by a vote of 12,061 for, to 811 against, and Peter H. Burnett, Democrat, was elected governor.

The legislature that was then elected passed an act providing for the holding of an election of county officers and clerk of the Supreme Court, and early in the year attempts were made to organize the Democratic and Whig parties. The first meetings by both parties were held at San Jose, where the legislature was in session, and soon the battle was on, that has ever since been waged with varying fortune. These first California citizens made positive statements. The Democrats in their resolution declaring "that no Whig should hereafter receive a Democratic vote for any office in the gift of the people," and the Whigs replied by inviting all Whigs "to repel the assertion that a Whig is unworthy to possess the rights, and incompetent to perform the duties of a freeman." They also declared for federal aid in the improvement of rivers and harbors and harshly criticised the Democratic president, James K. Polk, for his veto on constitutional grounds, of the National River and Harbor bill.

The first Democratic State convention of regularly elected delegates was held at Benicia, at the Episcopal Church, on Monday May 19, 1851 John Bigler, Samuel Brannan and others were candidates, but Bigler was nominated for governor. The Whig convention of this year was held at San Francisco in a Methodist

Church, and P. B. Reading was nominated for governor. In this convention San Diego was represented by delegates, but Los Angeles was not. Early in the campaign the people of this end of the State manifested dissatisfaction with both tickets because the south was not represented, and Captain Elisha Kane of the United States army stationed in California, was nominated for Governor, but later he withdrew, and at the election, Bigler, Democrat, was elected by a small majority. Early in 1852 preparations for the first presidential campaign in California were in full swing. There had been enough friction to cause some heat, each party was anxious for the prestige of carrying the State at the first presidential election. The Democrats were early divided between adherents of Stephen A. Douglas, and the friends of other candidates. The Whigs were united; they held their convention at Sacramento February 19th, 1852, and nominated delegates to the National Convention. Four days later the Democrats met at the same city. Neither convention adopted resolutions of any kind, but after the national nominations of both parties had been made, they both had conventions that fairly reveled in platforms and resolutions; and for the first time the Chinese question got into California politics by way of a resolution by the Democratic convention condemning "the attempt to bring serfs or coolies to California to compete with white laborers, the democracy and aristocracy at once, of the State." At the election General Scott, Whig, received 34,971 votes, and Franklin Pierce, Democrat, 39,965.

On June 21st, 1853, at Benicia met the Democratic State Convention which nominated John Bigler for Governor; their platform was general in its statements. The Whigs, however, met in convention at Sacramento on July 6th, 1853, nominated Wm. Waldo for Governor, and proceeded to roast the Democratic party for alleged mismanagement and inefficiency in the conduct of public business. Bigler was again successful, receiving 38,090 votes, to 37,545 for Waldo.

The Democratic convention of 1854 met in the First Baptist Church at Sacramento on July 18th; it was a stormy one from the start. D. C. Broderick then prominent and afterward killed in a duel, was active in the struggle for the organization. Two chairmen claimed election; both made announcements from the same platform at the same time. They ran the turbulent meeting as a double-header until about 9 o'clock at night, and then quit business and tried to sit each other out, with only one sickly candle on a side. The trustees of the church closed the show by closing the



building, but in the riots that had occurred the church had been damaged, and one wing voluntarily assessed each of its delegates \$5.00 to repair it. The other wing took a collection of \$400.00 for the same purpose. They nominated two candidates for Congress, Denver and Herbert.

The Whigs met in State Convention at Sacramento July 25th, and nominated Geo. W. Bowie and Calhoun Benham for Congress, but Denver and Herbert, Democrats, were elected. This year the "Know Nothings" made their first appearance in politics; they took no open part in State politics, but ran a local ticket in San Francisco which succeeded, and before the end of the year they had organizations in nearly every town and mining camp in the State. The Know Nothings were a secret organization, strongly native American in its feeling, organized for the purpose of acting politically with the intention of curtailing the political privileges of persons of foreign birth or descent. The Whig party practically disbanded in 1855. And this secret American party took its place. It was called Know Nothing from the fact that its members were required when questioned about the order to declare that they knew nothing about it. The party had cut some figure in localities in 1854, but in 1855 it was deemed sufficiently formidable to be worthy the steel of the great Democratic party, and the new party carried so many of the spring municipal elections that most of the thunder of the Democratic organs was turned against the secret society. On March 5th, at a city election in Marysville, then a prominent town, the American party elected every local officer, although their ticket was not made public until election morning. On April 2nd, at Sacramento, they had the same success as at Marysville; and the Democratic organs began to demand of the divided party reunion and a common cause against the new enemy. Their party had been split in two, at the stormy convention of '54, and they had since had two State conventions, each claiming to be regular. In the face of this new party, the two committees united in one call for a convention which met at Sacramento on June 27th. The first business proposed in the convention was a resolution requiring each candidate to pledge himself that he was not a member of the Know Nothing society. A substitute stronger than the first was offered, both were referred to the committee on resolutions, which afterward reported a platform containing sharp strictures upon that party, but holding out the olive branch to such as had inadvertently strayed into it. John Bigler was renominated for governor, and a full State ticket was nominated.



The American State convention met at Sacramento on August 7th. They adopted a platform of fifteen paragraphs on the first day; the whole written platform would fill less than a quarter column of the average newspaper. J. Neeley Johnson was nominated for governor along with a full State ticket, which included David S. Terry for Justice of the Supreme Court.

On June 20th a State Temperance Convention was held at Sacramento which made no nominations; but another convention was held by them August 22nd. They called themselves the Independent Democracy. Toward the close of August an effort was made to reorganize the Whig party without success; the election was held September 5th, and the American ticket was elected from top to bottom, Johnson (Am.) receiving 50,948 votes, and Bigler (Dem.) 45,677. Judge Terry was elected to the Supreme Court by a vote of 64,677 over Bryans' 46,892. The campaign had been a bitter one and enmities were engendered that lasted out the lives of the contestants. The State campaign for '55 had barely closed when, on November 13th of that year, the American party commenced their presidential campaign for 1856, by holding a secret largely attended council, from which they sent out a long address and platform, in which they dwelt largely on their party policy respecting national issues. The Democratic papers, arguing from this platform, charged Know Nothingism to be nothing but a Whig movement. The Democrats met at Sacramento March 5th, 1856, to select delegates to the National Convention. The platform indorsed Buchanan for President and instructed the delegates for him.

On the evening of April 19th, 1856, the first mass meeting of Republicans in California was held at Sacramento. Mr. E. B. Crocker, who had been a Whig, and who had presided at Non-partisan State Temperance conventions, presided, and made an opening statement to a fair hearing. The next speaker was not so fortunate, Americans and Democrats cat-called and hooted so that he could not be heard. Henry S. Foote made an appeal for order and fair play, which was not heeded; and when the Republican speakers again tried to talk, the crowd rushed the stand, overturned it and broke up the meeting. But on April 30th, the first Republican convention met in Sacramento, and was called to order by E. B. Crocker, who was also elected temporary chairman. The slavery question was discussed and referred to in the platform with moderation, and the caution of the convention is well illustrated in the fact that a resolution offered by Mr. Crocker, to the effect that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise absolved them from all

support of any compromise respecting slavery, and that therefore they were opposed to the admission of any more slave States into the Union, was after discussion withdrawn without coming to a vote.

An attempt to instruct the delegates to the National Convention for John C. Fremont was defeated. The campaign of 1856 was the hottest and most bitterly contested of any in the history of the State. Some ideas of affairs may be had from the fact that although Geo. C. Bates a Republican, in attempting to speak at Sacramento in May, had been pelted with rotten eggs and the meeting broken up by the use of fire-crackers, an American paper (the Sacramento Tribune) next day declared that the mere fact that a public discussion of the slavery question had been allowed, spoke volumes in favor of public morals in Sacramento, and that after the Republican convention to nominate electors was held in Sacramento August 27th, the State Journal (Dem.), referring to it said, among other things: "The convention of Negro Worshipers assembled yesterday in this city, *ecce signum*. This is the first time this dangerous fanaticism has dared to bare its breast before the people of California; \* \* \* a year ago no such scene would have been tolerated or thought of; a year ago fanatics would have been ashamed to acknowledge allegiance to a party founded by Hale, Wilson, Chase, Sumner, etc."

The American State Convention met at Sacramento on September 2nd, 1856. After concluding the nominations a resolution was handed to the secretary, but as soon as he had proceeded far enough with its reading to disclose its import, a stormy scene ensued, pandemonium reigned, cat-calls, hisses and protests were hurled at the secretary, the reading was stopped and the document suppressed. This bombshell was a condemnatory resolution, leveled at the vigilance committee of 1856 at San Francisco, and its reception showed the convention to be heartily in sympathy with the work of that anomalous body, whose fame has been heralded to all parts of the earth, and whose acts and theories have been discussed by historians and political essayists in all the modern languages. Politics makes as strange contretemps, as bedfellows. Judge Terry had started his political career as a Democrat; had in '55 been nominated by the American party and elected to the Supreme bench, and at the time of this convention had barely returned to his duties as a judge after seven weeks' confinement at San Francisco by the vigilance committee. He had been a white elephant on the hands of the committee; but here was the place for the con-



demnation of the ways of the committee if they were ever to be condemned; here was the 1855 idol of a great party, a Justice of the Supreme Court, detained and held seven weeks by a self-appointed committee, for resisting by force, the unlawful process of this unlawful committee, and at a convention in 1856 of the party of this judge, within three weeks of his deliverance, a resolution that does not even go far enough to mention the name of the committee, and only condemns it in the abstract, is hooted out of the convention without even being read.

Another State Democratic convention met at Sacramento on September 9th, and nominated congressmen and other State officers. Their platform was long and discussed the Union fully, advising compromise for the sake of maintaining it. After the platform had been reported, Mr. McConnell offered the following resolution: "That the writ of habeas corpus and the right of trial by jury are sacred, and the Democracy of this State will ever guarantee those sacred privileges to the humblest citizen." This was certainly impersonal, it stated plainly the organic law of the land. Its moral tone was commendable, it was a good political statement, from any point of view, for any party. But it was understood to refer to the vigilance committee that had been ignoring, in fact defying, these and similar statements taken from the Bill of Rights. It received different treatment from that accorded the resolution in the American convention a week before; it was debated for about two hours, when the chairman announced that the trustees of the church in which they were sitting would want the building at 2 o'clock. A motion to adopt the platform as reported was adopted unanimously. No one demanded a vote on the simple resolution and the convention adjourned.

Condemnation of the vigilance committee had failed in all political conventions, although held at a time when feeling respecting it was the highest. The doings of the committee were not defensible on legal or ethical grounds, but it had done good; it had demonstrated the fact that in every community, however reckless and abandoned, there is enough latent virtue and manly love of decency and order, if it can but once be aroused and centered, to clear the moral atmosphere, intimidate or punish the criminal, and start his weakly decent and wobbly apologist in the straight way, with enough artificial stiffening for his spinal column to maintain him for a time in an erect position and straight-forward way. I take it that these refusals were conspicuous examples of leaving undone those things that ought not to be done. For here was notice from

all the political parties of the State to every thief and thug, every keeper of bawdy house and dead-fall, every pot house politician and ward heeler, every law officer and judge, every peace officer and sheriff, that the great mass of the people would not now, and hence argumentatively, would not in the future, condemn an organization, that although without legal authority had, with high purpose and apparent justness, hung four murderers, pursued others to the confines of the Union, banished others, and compelled civil servants and law officers to do their duty. The full benefit of the good done by the committee was preserved by wisely ignoring its critics in high and influential places. And thus a period of ten years of strife of parties, that had grown bitter almost beyond forbearance, and a similar period of moral turbulence that had come to be an affront to all decency, came to an end in the same year, and California started upon a new epoch in both moral and political methods that have been totally unlike those going before.

At the election held November 4th, 1856, the Democrats elected both the State and electoral tickets. Buchanan received 51,935 votes, Fillmore 35,113, and Fremont 20,339.

July 8th, 1857, the Republican State Convention met at Sacramento in the Congregational Church. The platform condemned Chief Justice Taney's Dred Scott decision. Edward Stanley was nominated for Governor on the first ballot. The Democratic State Convention met in the same place on July 4th. Weller was nominated for Governor. Early in 1857 the idea of abandoning the organization of the American party was discussed by prominent members. Henry S. Foote, who had been their caucus nominee for United States Senator in 1856, published a letter in which he advised discontinuance of party organization; and offering allegiance to Buchanan and his administration; but after much discussion, a State convention was called and met at Sacramento on July 28th, and nominated Geo. W. Bowie for Governor, together with a full State ticket. The election was held September 2nd, and the full Democratic ticket was elected, Weller receiving 53,122 votes, Stanley 21,040, and Bowie 19,481.

The year 1858 marks the beginning of the period in which the questions that led up to the Civil war were discussed at political conventions, and voted on at elections. Kansas had been made a territory in 1854, in 1857 the legislature of the territory provided for a constitutional convention. The history of that struggle is familiar to most of us, the two legislatures, the two constitutions and all. President Buchanan, in his annual message, and in a



special message of February 2nd, 1858, urged Congress to ratify the LeCompton constitution. This would make Kansas a slave State. Stephen A. Douglass took strong ground against it. This was the beginning of the split in the Democratic party, which resulted in two National Conventions in 1860. The feeling between the champions and opponents of the President's policy ran high in California; the Democratic party promptly split in two, one faction known as LeCompton, the other as anti-LeCompton or Douglas Democrats. Both held State Conventions, that of the administration wing at Sacramento, on August 4th, 1858, at which the platform and resolutions were read by J. P. Hoge of the Committee; immediately he moved their adoption, and then the previous question on his first motion. The previous question was ordered by a vote of 117 to 49, and the resolutions were adopted as read by a vote of 287 to 2. Joseph G. Baldwin for Justice of the Supreme Court and other nominations were made.

The Douglas Democrats also met on August 4th, in the Baptist Church in Sacramento. John Curry was nominated for Supreme Judge. The Republican Convention met at Sacramento on August 5th; it nominated Curry for judge (he had been nominated the day before by the Douglas Democrats), and by resolution approved the course of U. S. Senator D. C. Broderick, who had been elected a Democrat, but had taken issue with the President. This convention also nominated L. C. Gunn for controller. At the election Judge Baldwin (LeCompton Democrat) received 44,599 votes, Curry (Douglas Dem. and Rep.) 36,198, while Gunn, for controller, standing on the Republican ticket, only received 7,481 votes out of a total of 79,525, or not quite 10 per cent.

The gubernatorial contest of 1859 coming on, found the Republicans without hope, but the Douglas Democrats were active. The independent press advised the Republicans to unite with the Douglas Democrats. The advice was rejected as they held a convention at Sacramento on June 8th, and nominated Leland Stanford for Governor. The Douglas Democrats' convention met in Sacramento June 15th, and nominated John Curry for Governor, and the LeCompton Democrats met at the same place on June 22nd, and nominated Milton S. Latham for Governor. The election on September 5th resulted in a victory for the LeCompton Democrats. Latham was elected by a vote of 62,255 to 31,298 for Curry, and 10,110 for Stanford. Again the Republican vote was less than ten per cent of the votes cast. There is not time in the limit of an article for a meeting like this, to go into detail of the controlling causes

which manifested themselves in the action taken by succeeding conventions. The momentous year of 1860 came on. The two Democratic organizations held conventions; the Douglas wing denounced what they termed the "Federal Heresies" of Buchanan. The administration wing endorsed the President and commended the Dred Scott decision as a peculiarly beautiful and true construction of the law of the land. The news of the split in the Democratic party at the National Convention, and the nominations of Douglas and Breckenridge was received in California on July 15th. Governor Downey immediately declared himself for Douglas and Ex-Governor Weller declared for Breckenridge. Twenty-two newspapers in the State were for Breckenridge and twenty-four for Douglas.

News of the nomination of Lincoln and Hamlin was received in California on June 10th, 1860, and the Republican convention to nominate electors met on June 20th at Sacramento; their platform was short, merely indorsing the nominees, and not discussing the slavery question in any phase. The Union party, supporting Bell and Everett, held a convention and nominated electors on September 5th.

The Republicans and two Democratic organizations were active and zealous in the campaign, but Bell and Everett men made little stir. The election was held November 6th, and the official canvas of the vote gave the heads of the various electoral tickets the following vote: Lincoln 38,733, Douglas 37,999, Breckenridge 33,969, Bell 9,111. With one exception the Democrats carried the State annually for ten years; during that time the American secret society party had carried one election and disappeared. The Republican party had been organized and made four campaigns, and were now successful in giving the electoral vote to the first Republican President. During '61 the two wings of the Democratic party kept their organizations and nominated State tickets. The Republicans did the same. At the election, Leland Stanford received 56,036 votes against 30,944 for Conness (Douglas Dem.), and 32,751 for McConnell (Breckenridge Dem.).

After the election a number of southern sympathizers left the State and joined the Confederate army, and numbers of other citizens enlisted in the Federal army. In 1862 the Republicans put a ticket in the field under the title of Union ticket. Both branches of the Democrats did the same, the Union ticket was elected, and in '63 the Union Republicans put up a ticket, and the Democrats consolidated. Low, Republican for Governor, received 64,293 votes, to

44,622 for Downey, Democrat. Lincoln carried the State in 1864. Sam Brannan, a former Democrat, headed the Republican electoral ticket and received 62,053 votes, the highest vote for a Democratic elector being that of 43,841 votes for Hamilton.

In 1865, the first serious division in the ranks of the Union party occurred, and this split supplied our political vocabulary with the two new terms, "Long Hairs" and "Short Hairs." The terms originated in debate in the legislature on a bill to re-district San Francisco, and the term "short haired" boys was used as synonymous with roughs. The terms seemed expressive, and have been retained, and even some of our respectable members who patronize barbers freely are often referred to as long hairs. The division in the Union party seems to have been on a hair-line, so to speak. At its county convention in Sacramento on July 25th, 1865, two candidates for chairman were put in nomination simultaneously and both elected at the same time, in the rush to take the speaker's chair by these two officers, a melee ensued, a mixture of long and short hairs took place. Solid hickory canes, which seemed miraculously numerous, were plied lustily; spittoons and ink bottles were used instead of bombs and solid shot; chairs were used intact as missiles, and, in some cases were broken up so that the legs could be used as clubs. Victory rested with the short-hairs. Such of the long hairs as could, got out of the doors, others took the window route, and after the battle the destruction of everything fragile or portable in the room seemed complete. The destruction wrought to church property by rival Democratic factions at their convention a few years before was inconsequential in comparison.

The Chinese question was first a serious issue in 1867, and the Porter Primary law was first applied in the same year, and continued in force until 1896, and in that year (1867) Haight, (Democrat) received 49,905 votes for Governor, and Gorham (Republican) 40,359. In 1868, however, Grant and Colfax carried the State, the vote being very close: 54,588 against 54,069 for the heads of the tickets.

In '69 the Democrats at the State election carried it, but the se-saw went the other way in '71, and Newton Booth (Republican) was elected over ex-Governor Haight by a vote of 62,581 to 57,520. In '72 Horace Greeley was a candidate for President; his supporters assumed the name of the Liberal party, and Greeley electors received 40,718 against 54,007 for the Republicans, and straight Democrats, In 1873 the Patrons of Husbandry, or Grangers, first attracted attention as a political force; they called themselves Independents and



elected Judge McKinstry to the Supreme Court by a vote of 25,609 over Dwinelle (Rep.) 14,380, and Ucker (Dem.) 19,962. The Republicans carried the State for President in 1876 by an average vote of 79,258 to 72,460.

On September 21, 1877, a meeting of unemployed men was held in San Francisco. P. A. Roach was the first speaker and was followed by Dennis Kearney. On Sunday afternoon following a similar meeting was held in the open air opposite the new City Hall, and from this location the gathering took the name of Sand Lot meetings and the actors the name of Sand Lotters. The movement grew to considerable proportions and as a result of agitation commenced by them the Constitution of '79 was adopted. In the same year Geo. C. Perkins (Rep.) was elected Governor by a plurality of about 20,000 over the Democratic and Workingmen's candidates.

In the Presidential election of 1880, Edgerton was the only Republican elected. The vote was close, there being only about 200 difference, except on Democratic elector Terry, who ran about 600 behind his ticket. California cast five electoral votes for Hancock and English, and one for Garfield and Arthur. James G. Blaine carried the State in 1884, the average vote being about 102,369 for Blaine to 89,214 for Cleveland. And Harrison and Arthur carried it in 1888 by an average of 124,754 to 117,698 for Cleveland.

The Presidential election of 1892 was again a close contest. Eight of the electors were Democrats and one Republican. Our present U. S. Senator, Thomas R. Bard, was the only Republican elected. McKinley got the electoral vote of California in 1896 by a very small majority, and carried the State again in the present year by a plurality of something like 39,000.



## SIDE-LIGHTS ON OLD LOS ANGELES

BY MARY E. MOONEY.

(Read before the Historical Society, Dec. 12, 1900.)

The modern resident in the City of the Angels has seen in the past fifteen years, the many and sweeping changes wrought by industry and capital and brains, which have transformed a sleepy little Spanish-Mexican pueblo into our modern, bustling and up-to-date metropolis. So that if a Fundador were to rise from his tomb, under the floor of la Mission, Nuestra Senora la Reyna de los Angeles, and take a pasear over the city, there would be few localities his shade would recognize. The church and the Plaza, and a part of what is now Chinatown, and old Sonoratown, and an occasional ruined adobe—these would be all. He would look for his caballero paisanos of the olden days, with their great white beaded sombreros, the caballos decked out in "frenos de puro plata," and urged on by sharp-pointed "espuellas" of the same white metal. And he would look for them in vain, and in vain! The Fundadores were several poor families, brought from Mexico by the government to found a town on the plains, westward three leagues from the Mission San Gabriel Arcangel. Though of poor and humble station in their native land, they were courageous and cheerful, as befits pioneers of any race or clime to be. This paper does not pretend to treat of the Spanish families of rank and wealth, which early settled in and near the old pueblo; but only of the fortunes of some of the original founders, and their descendants. Of the latter, was Cayetano Barelas, one of the earliest settlers in la calle Buena Vista. His mother, born Anita Galinda y Pinta, came from Mexico, as a Fundadores, with the original party. She was Ana Galinda y Pinta when, in her native Sinaloa, she married Ignacio Barelas. At the same time came the Abila family, Santa Ana Abila, and Ysabel Urquidez de Abila, his wife. They came from a place called El Fuerte, and were styled Fuertenos. They brought with them the following children: Antonio Ignacio, Francisco, Jose Maria, Anastasio, Bruno and Cornelio, all boys; and these girls—Alfonsa, Augustina, and Ylaria, a nursing babe. Ylaria was the grandmother, on the maternal side, of Dona Teresa Sepulveda de Labory, at present re-

siding on Boyle Heights. This lady was well known by the poblanos of early days, and is still hale and hearty despite her seventy-three years, and the many vicissitudes of family and fortune, that they have brought her. Her only son is a mining man, residing in the city. He is married to an American lady and they have a large family of sons and daughters. So here we have a direct and unbroken chain, of two families of founders, down to the present day. And Dona Teresa, who is a naturally bright woman, can narrate off hand, all the events of importance in her family, on both the Barelás and Abila sides. There were others who came with these two families, and figured as founders. It is said that these families brought grapes, tunas, grandas or pomegranates, and other fruits, which they distributed at different missions on their way to their destination, Santa Barbara. They removed from there after a time, to the Pueblo, "Nuestra Señora la Reyna de Los Angeles." The house of Cayitano Barelás stood in about the center of the present old Catholic cemetery on Buena Vista street and was of adobe. In the year 1825 it sheltered three generations of the Barelás family, viz: Ignacio Barelás and his wife Ana, Cayetano and his wife and their children. Cayetano and his wife each had many brothers and sisters, all of whom were married and had from ten to twenty children in each family. The cactus and tunas they brought from Mexico are still to be seen, in and near the old missions. The indigenous cacti have a small red fruit, and attain but to a scrubby growth. The Mexican or cultivated varieties are tall and graceful, producing a red and yellowish pear, delicious to the taste. The natives were very fond of the fruit, and besides, the cacti when properly set out, made perfect corrals for the protection of the fine cattle of the missions.

Although the histories of those early times mention but few names of Spanish settlers, the descendants of the pobladores strenuously declare, that soon after the founding, there were many whole families of Spanish descent, in the pueblo, or settled on some of the adjacent ranchos. Almost the first thing they erected was the capilla, or chapel, small, and of the old Dutch mudhouse style. It stood on the side of the hill, just directly back of the present mission church, (and the ruins of it were still to be seen in quite recent years.) The roof was thatched with tule, and over that, coarse grasses and mud, and it is just possible that it was topped with a layer of brea, which was plentiful in certain localities. There was a lack of hardware in finishing the "jacales" of those days; also a lack of lumber. The small window had neither sash

nor glass. The door often consisted of a dried hide hung over the opening. Oftener it was made of willow, or elder branches, laced together with thongs of leather or rabbit hide, and a leather string was used to fasten it on the inside. Everything in the house was necessarily of the most primitive sort. The table was a rude board, supported by notched stakes, stuck into the earth floor. Bancos, or benches, made in a similar way, served as seats. Whatever was lacking in utility or elegance, was more than compensated for in appetite and good cheer. The cooking utensils were of stone and were brought from the Coast islands. Pots, ollas and metates were made from the two kinds of stone, *pedra-azul* and *mal-pais*. Vessels were made from *pedra-azul* were most highly prized for their durability. They had also clay ollas and *coras* or baskets brought from Mexico.

Speaking of furniture, the bed of those days consisted of sort of rude stretcher, made of willow or elder saplings, set down in a corner of the room, resting a couple of inches above the earth floor. This was heaped with dry grasses, and covered over with a dry hide. In some houses there were a few coarse blankets, the gifts of the missions. Others boasted of a seat, called a *pretil*, which was of adobe, built around the walls of the corridor or dining room.

In the year of 1825, the children of the poorer families played around Buena Vista street, clad in a skirt, or *tunico*, to the knee, and made of strips of tanned rabbit skin, sewn together. The other sole garment was a *camisa*, of unbleached muslin. The food of the time consisted of *verdolade*, (vulgarly called pig-weed), made into a salad, *frijoles*, *mais*, *lenteja*, *esquita*, or parched corn, cooked as a much. *Atole* was made from corn flour, by grinding corn in a metate, then straining through a basket seive. It was then cooked as a mush, and it is doubtful if the manufacturers of modern cereal foods can produce anything to equal it in flavor or quality. But *carne* (beef) was the most relished, as well as the most important, article of food. "*Pulpa la carne* meant cut and dried beef. There were not wanting experts in the art of cooking fresh meats. Rump steak was called *pulpas*. "*Un tasajo de carne*" was a strip off the loin. There was tea (*cha*) brewed from a native wild herb. Also sugar and chocolate, but no coffee. Cabbages were a favorite vegetable, and known in the vernacular as "*las colas*." Garlic, and the fiery *chile* (pepper), together with *cavorjas* or onions and tomatoes, cut quite an important figure in the stew-pots of those olden days, and at the present time they have lost little, if any, of their old-time popularity. The *Fundadores* were



treated with the greatest respect by their families and friends. Grace was said before and after meals, and each child kissed the grandfather's extended hand before taking his or her place, around the board.

The marriage ceremony was most interesting. The novios knelt side by side at the altar rail, upon which rested lighted blessed candles. On either side knelt the padrino and the madrina, or sponsors. The bride if a young girl, wore either a pink or blue dress with white over-dress, and a long white veil. If a widow, or in mourning, (enlutada), a black dress and veil of the same color, was the correct thing. Marriage was solemnized in the churches, in Quaresma, or lent, but in La Semane Santa (holy week), there was no "belanda." So it was customary for couples married during holy week to go to the church, some time during the following week, and have that part of the ceremony performed. During the marriage ceremony, a silver plate rested on the altar rail. In contained the two wedding rings, which the priest blessed and placed on the wedding finger of bride and groom. It also held the sarras or money gift, from the groom to the bride, and was generally six silver dollars, and sometimes twelve. A nuptial mass followed the marriage ceremony, through all of which the novios knelt, covered from shoulder to shoulder, with a large silk handkerchief, which the priest placed over them as a token of their union in matrimony. The following is said to have been part of the form: Priest asks: Anna, do you take Don J., here present, to be your husband and companion? And to the groom: J. do you take this girl, Anna, to be your wife and companion? It is related of a beautiful daughter of the Vilas family, that she replied no, father, at the critical moment, causing momentary consternation in the crowded church. But her sister, who was the bridesmaid, came to the rescue by saying, "Well, if you won't take him, I will." As the groom was not lacking in gallantry, the ladies changed places and the ceremony proceeded without further interruption. There were no church organs in the earliest days, but violins, guitaros and other stringed instruments, furnished the choral music. As the wedding party left the church, old muskets were fired off in salute, and the people went dancing and singing along the road, to the wedding festival, which was always as good as the times afforded, and often lasted for a week. Altogether the Fundadores and their descendents were a remarkably happy and cheerful people, and made the most of the few diversions that came into their lives, in those lonely, early days. They often made merry at the funerals



of small children. For instance, a funeral going from Los Angeles to San Gabriel Mission, while most of the people walked, a few of the men rode horses, and at intervals, when tired walking, the women and children rode in the carretas, drawn by oxen. At convenient points along the road, the bearers laid down their burden and all rested. Then some of the merrier members of the party, danced and sang the humorous "versos" of the period. At San Gabriel a temporary brush house or ramada, was ready for the beloria, or wake. Some of the people sang hymns and prayed through the long hours of the night, while others were being entertained by friends amongst the Gabrielenos. The next morning the "Misa de Los Angeles" was chanted by priest and choir, and after mass, followed the interment in the old churchyard. Next the Angelenos were dined by the Gabrielenos, before starting back for the Pueblo.

There is current a tradition of a great flood in 1826. It is said to have rained at intervals for forty days. What was at first a mild drizzle, toward the last became a heavy, steady downpour, until the flood waters turned the city streets into a lake. By this time the booming of the river so terrified the people, that they took to the hills, where the high school is now. An awful cloudburst above the Arroyo Seco added force and volume to the already raging, roaring river, which, amidst blinding rain and fearful thunder suddenly broke its banks and rushed around the southeastern part of what is now the city, until it dashed against the bluff, on which is now built the Hollenbeck Home. When the waters had receded it was seen that the river's course had changed. Its former channel was through Alameda and out Figueroa streets, but in that awful flood its bed filled with rocks and sand, and the swift flowing currents soon were adjusted to other, and lower levels. After this flood many of the people moved from the Pueblo to the beautiful heights which they named el Paredon Blanco, or the white bluff. The name was changed after the American occupation, to that of Boyle Heights. It is said that Petra Rubio, y Barelás, a great aunt of Dona Teresa Sepulveda de Labory, was the first settler in el Paredon Blanco. She had some land from the government and set it to vines. She made wine and sold it to the missions. She was born Petra Barelás and was the daughter of Anna Casimira, an original founder of the Pueblo de Los Angeles. Another member of this family was a sort of Amazon. She cultivated large fields of corn and grain near San Bernardino, and brought her produce to Los Angeles, in the two-wheeled carretas,

drawn by "bueys." Petra built the first adobe house on Boyle Heights. It had four large rooms and a corridor, supported by large pillars of adobe. Around the halls of comedor and corridor, ran the adobe pretil. Anna, the mother of Petra, died in 1836 in this house, and was given an imposing funeral. Her shroud was a monk's habit of grey cloth, with a hood of the same, and fastened around the waist with a grey cord. It had been sent her, long before her death, from the mission of Santa Barbara, as a mark of respect, and in recognition of her labors as a founder. The priest and acolytes came to the house on the bluff to officiate. Her body, wrapped in its shroud had laid on the bare earth all night, with an adobe brick for a pillow. When services had been held at the house, the funeral started, strong men carrying the stretcher and corpse, aloft on their shoulders. Along the road passed the procession, priest and people chanting and singing in Spanish the Penitential psalms. Arrived at the church, solemn mass for the dead was sung, and everything was in readiness for the interment. The churchyard was at the left side of, and back of the church Nuestra Senora la Reyna de los Angeles, and the gate was just to the left of the front entrance. This was the oldest cemetery in the pueblo. But the ashes of Anna, the founder, were destined for higher honor than a grave in the churchyard, for just inside the baptistry they had dug her a deep, last resting place. Her son received the body as it was lowered by means of riatas; and lastly arranged it and covered the face with the monk's hood. Then he ascended and helped to fill the grave. There were no coffins or trappings, just "dust to dust," and Anna Casimira de Galinda y Barelas was left to sleep her last sleep. She was the last lay person buried under the church floors. And the scenes have changed. The funeral cortege of today mostly wends its solemn way to the Campo Santo, on the plains beyond El Paredon Blanco.

## LOS ANGELES POSTMASTERS—(1850 to 1900)

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read before the Historical Society June 11, 1900.)

Although California was declared by proclamation at Monterey July 7, 1846, to be a part of the United States, and was ceded to the United States by Mexico by formal treaty February 2, 1848, a postoffice was not established at Los Angeles until April 9, 1850. The following is a list of the postmasters from 1850 to 1900, every one of whom, except the first, I knew personally, namely:

- J. Pugh, appointed April 9, 1850.
- Wm. T. B. Sanford, appointed November 6, 1851.
- Dr. Wm. B. Osbourne, appointed October 12, 1853.
- Jas. S. Waite, appointed November 1, 1855.
- John D. Woodworth, appointed May 19, 1858.
- Dr. T. J. White, appointed Mar. 9, 1860.
- Wm. G. Still, appointed June 8, 1861.
- F. P. Ramirez, appointed October 22, 1864.
- Russell Sackett, appointed May 5, 1865.
- Geo. J. Clark, appointed January 25, 1866.
- Geo. J. Clark, re-appointed March 2, 1870.
- H. K. W. Bent, appointed February 14, 1873.
- Col. I. R. Dunkelberger, appointed February 3, 1877.
- Col. I. R. Dunkelberger, re-appointed 1881.
- John W. Green, appointed 1885.
- E. A. Preuss, appointed 1887.
- J. W. Green, 2nd term, appointed 1890 (died July 31, '91).
- Maj. H. J. Shoulters, acting postmaster about seven months, August, 1891, to February, 1892.
- H. V. Van Dusen, January 6, 1892.
- Gen. Jno. R. Mathews, December 20, 1895.
- Louis A. Groff, 1900.

Capt. W. T. B. Sanford, the second incumbent, was a well-known and thorough-going business man, here and at San Pedro, in the early '50's. He was a brother of Gen. Banning's first wife, and was also engaged with him in the freighting business.



Mr. J. M. Guinn, our secretary, has already furnished the society with a sketch of versatile Dr. Wm. B. Osbourn.

James S. Waite was for some years the publisher (but not the founder) of the pioneer newspaper of Los Angeles, "The Star."

Mr. J. D. Woodworth, who was appointed by President Buchanan, was a native of Vermont, but he came from Des Moines or Keokuck, Iowa, to Los Angeles. The office under his administration was located in the one-story adobe on the west side of Spring street, nearly opposite the Bullard block. Wallace Woodworth, for some years president of our county Board of Supervisors, was a son of Mr. Woodworth; and he died about the time of his father's death. The Woodworth family were relatives of Col. Isaac Williams of El Chino rancho. Mr. Woodworth was a cousin of Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket." In the '60's and '70's he lived near San Gabriel Mission, where he had an orchard and vineyard, which, later he sold to Mr. L. H. Titus, who died recently; and then bought the Dr. Hoover vineyard, adjoining the Dr. White place, near the river, where he died September 30, 1883, aged 70 years.

Dr. T. J. White was quite an eminent physician. I think he came from St. Louis to Sacramento, which district he represented in one of the first legislatures of California. Later he moved to Los Angeles with his family. Col. E. J. C. Kewen married one of his daughters, and Murray Morrison, at one time District Judge here, married another daughter. All are now dead except a son and daughter of Col. Kewen, and young T. Jeff White, the third of that name. This young man is a grandson of the old doctor, Thos. Jefferson White, the distinguished pioneer of Sacramento and Los Angeles, whom many old-timeers will well remember.

Wm. G. Still was appointed postmaster by President Lincoln, about the time of the commencement of the Civil war. The office was located then in the one-story frame building, belonging to Salizar, on the west side of Main street, between the Downey block and Lafayette Hotel (now St. Elmo). Political excitement, I remember then ran high here; and a secessionist gambler tried to assassinate Postmaster Still by firing a pistol ball at him through the thin board partition of the office.

I remember that Still, Oscar Macey and myself were sent as delegates from this county to the State Convention of the Union party, held at Sacramento in 1862.

Mr. Still had been a Douglas Democrat, and he was a very intense Union man; but I recollect that when the news first came that

President Lincoln would issue an emancipation proclamation as "a war measure," he remarked to me somewhat excitedly that the President "had better leave that slavery question alone." Later he thought better of President Lincoln's wise action. I do not know from what State Mr. Still came, or if he is still living.

Mr. Ramirez was a talented Californian, a native of Los Angeles, who I think was educated by old Don Louis Vignes. He spoke and wrote English and French, as well as Spanish; he represented this county in the legislature, and edited and published for several years, in French and Spanish, a paper called "El Clamor Publico."

Russell Sackett, who was postmaster for a brief period, was an attorney and justice of the peace. Whilst I knew him quite well, I never happened to learn from what part of the country he came, or anything about his antecedents. I think he has been dead a good many years.

Captain George Johnstone Clarke was for many years a prominent citizen of Los Angeles. He served two terms as postmaster of this city, that is, from 1866 to 1873, and also for a long period as notary, conveyancer, and as school trustee, etc. His first postmaster's commission is signed by Andrew Johnson, and is dated January 25, 1866, and his second-term commission is signed by U. S. Grant, and dated March 2, 1870.

At the commencement of his term the office was located on Main street between the Downey block and the Lafayette, now the St. Elmo Hotel, the same place where it had been admisintered by his predecessor, Wm. G. Still; afterwards it was removed to the Temple block, on the Spring stret side, near the middle of the block, where it remained to the end of his incumbency, and till the appointment of his successor, H. K. W. Bent.

Capt. Clarke, was a native of New Hampshire. He was born on the 13th of July, 1817, at Northwood. The family name of his mother before marriage was Johnstone. Young Clarke went to Australia in 1842, and came from there to California in 1850. Soon after arrival in San Francisco he bought 160 acres of land in Hayes' valley. He and Thomas Hayes, after whom the valley was named. were intimate friends, and had close business relations. From San Francisco he went to San Jose, and later to San Pablo and Russian River. At one time he ran a small steamer belonging to Col. Harasthy, between San Francsco and the Embarcadero on Sonoma creek; and also to Petaluma, where he first met his future wife, Miss Sarah Finley, to whom he was married in 1859. He came to Los

Angeles county in 1862 and prospected for mines at Soledad. The next year he brought his wife here; and a company was formed, of which he was superintendent, for working the Soledad copper mines. Afterwards he was interested with James Hayward, son of Alvinza Hayward, in working the Eureka gold mine at Acton in this county. If I mistake not, he served with Judge W. G. Dryden and the writer of these lines on the school board sometime in the '60's. I remember he built a fine two-story residence, where he lived several years, on a lot which fronted on both Fort (Broadway) and Hill streets, on a portion of which the Slauson block, below Fourth street, now stands. His house was then well out of town, and was a sort of landmark, as there were comparatively few residences in that neighborhood at that time.

During his later years he lived on lower Main street, near 21st street. In 1864 a convention of the Union party was held in this city; and as a member of that convention, I remember very distinctly that Captain Clarke, as delegate from the Soledad precinct, was the first speaker to urge the renomination of Abraham Lincoln; and that he was very urgent and outspoken in his advocacy of the importance of such renomination as bearing on the prosecution of the war for the preservation of the Union.

Capt. Clarke and Col. Charles H. Larrabee sent to China (and, it is believed, were the first) to bring to California mandarin orange trees (two kinds), which were widely propagated by budding, by Mr. Garey and others. Col. Larrabee and Capt. Clarke also introduced into California at the same time, Pomelo and Loquat trees. Capt. Clarke was an ardent Republican, a faithful official and good citizen. He was genial and what the Spanish call "corriente" in his ways; he was easily accessible to all; and was generally well liked.

Capt. Clarke died August 2, 1890. Mrs. Clarke is still a resident of this city. They had no children.

All of the foregoing are supposed to have deceased. All incumbents since Capt. Clarke, except Mr. Green, are still (June, 1900) living.

Mr. Bent, who served as postmaster under President Grant's administration, is a resident of Pasadena. He is a native of Weymouth, Mass., where he was born October 29, 1831. He came to Los Angeles in October, 1868.

I assume that the reputation of Mr. Bent and of the other incumbents, his successors, who are still living, are generally well known; and, therefore, it is hardly necessary for me to go very



fully into details here concerning them. I believe Mr. Bent's efficiency as a public official was universally conceded by the community whom he served, from 1873 to 1877.

For many years the postoffice at Los Angeles has been one of constantly growing importance, both because of the phenomenal growth of the city in population and because this office has practically been a distributing office for Southern California and Arizona. Before the railroad era the mails were largely carried over stage routes, on which the mail matter could not be worked preparatory to final distribution (as now can be done on postal cars), thereby throwing an immense amount of work in the former period on the local office. Under Mr. Bent's administration the efficiency of the postal service which radiated from Los Angeles, was greatly increased in many respects. Mr. Bent served one or two terms as a member of the city Board of Education. He is at present a resident of Pasadena.

Col. Isaac R. Dunkelberger was appointed by President Grant February 3, 1877, and re-appointed by President Hayes in 1881. Col. Dunkelberger is a native of Pennsylvania, born in 1832. He was one of the first, if not the first man, to enlist in that State in the Civil war. His regiment, the First Penn. Volunteers, was ordered to Baltimore at the time of the attack on the Massachusetts troops, and while there he received a commission as second lieutenant in the First Dragons, afterwards the First U. S. Cavalry, the same regiment which so distinguished itself in Cuba in the late war between the United States and Spain. Col. Dunkelberger was in thirty-six pitched battles, and in innumerable skirmishes. He was twice wounded—once through the left shoulder and left lung, his wound, at the time, being thought to have been mortal. His sufferings from this terrible wound during the last thirty odd years, from abscesses, which continue to recur at intervals to this day, have been most excruciating. His left arm is practically helpless.

After the close of the war he went to New Orleans with Gen. Sheridan, who there relieved Gen. Butler. From thence he was ordered to San Francisco, and from there to Arizona. In 1876 he resigned his commission in the army, since when he has resided in Angeles. Col. Dunkelberger married Miss Mary Mallard of this city. They have six children.

Of Mr. John W. Green's nativity and arrival in California, I have been unable to obtain information. He was first appointed by President Arthur, in 1885, and served as postmaster of Los Angeles till 1887, being succeeded by Mr. Preuss; he was again ap-

pointed in 1890, and served till his death, which occurred July 31, 1891.

Edward Anthony Preuss was born in New Orleans June 7, 1850, of German parentage. When he was three years old his family moved to Louisville, Ky., where he lived till 1868, when he left, via Panama, for California, arriving at San Francisco May 31, and at Los Angeles soon after. He had learned the drug business with his uncle, Dr. E. A. Preuss, in Louisville, and he came with him to Los Angeles, remaining in his employ some time here and later in the employ of Dr. C. F. Heinzeman. In 1876 he engaged in the drug business on his own account. During this time, from 1876 to to 1885, he had successively as partners, John H. Schumacher, the pioneer, C. B. Pironi, and C. H. Hance. In 1885 he sold out his interest to Capt. Hance.

Mr. Preuss was appointed postmaster by President Cleveland in 1887, and served till July 1, 1890, when President Harrison re-appointed John W. Green, who had been the immediate predecessor of Mr. Preuss. The postoffice during Mr. Preuss' incumbency was located on the west side of North Main street, southwest of the Plaza Catholic Church; and afterward, on S. Broadway, below Sixth street, in the Dol block, now known as the Columbia hotel. In 1877, Mr. Preuss was married to Miss Mary Schumacher. They have one son, Kenneth, now a man grown.

Mr. Preuss gives some interesting statistics concerning the phenomenal business of our local postoffice in the boom that culminated in 1887. From August 1 to December 31, of that year, a period of five months, over 39,000 forwarding orders and changes of address were received at the office, which handled the mail of 200,000 transients annually. He tells of the double rows of people which, on the arrival of the mails, extended from the approaches of the postoffice, nearly to the Catholic Church. He says it was very difficult to get the department at Washington to furnish sufficient force to handle the business of the office at that time.

On the death of Mr. Green, Maj. H. J. Shoulters became acting postmaster in August, 1891, serving till February, 1892, or about seven months. Maj. Shoulters, who is now assistant postmaster under the present incumbent, Judge Groff, is a native of Montpelier, Vt., born in '42. He came to Los Angeles in '84. He was in numerous battles in the Civil war, including the Wilderness campaign, where he had a leg smashed. He was elected city treasurer in 1892 and served two years.

Henry Van Dusen was born in Albion, N. Y., July 15, 1842,

and came to Los Angeles in 1885, and was appointed postmaster by President Harrison, January 6, 1892, and served four years. He enlisted in the 11th U. S. regular infantry at the commencement of the Civil war, was in five battles, and lost his left arm in the battle of Gaines' Mills, January 27, 1862.

Gen. John R. Mathews was appointed postmaster of Los Angeles December 20, 1895, by President Cleveland, and served something over four years. He is a native of St. Louis, born in 1848, and came to California in 1883. Prior to his appointment as postmaster, he served as State Senator and Brigadier General; and in each and every public position, he proved a very efficient official. He labored diligently and successfully to improve the postal service of this office and section. During his incumbency, full railway postal service for Southern California was secured, and some twenty-seven additional local and mounted carriers, clerks and station men were ordered.

The present force of Los Angeles postoffice is: Clerks, 41; carriers and collectors, 62; clerks at stations, 12; railway postal clerks, 46—total, 161.

The increase in business of the office in the four years of Gen. Mathews' term, is indicated by the following brief showing: Receipts of the office, 1895, \$177,911; receipts of the office, 1899, \$228,417—Increase, \$50,506.

Judge Louis A. Groff, the present incumbent of the Los Angeles postoffice is a man of wide experience, having been Commissioner of the General Land Office under the administration of President Harrison, and he also served in other offices of trust and responsibility. He was only lately appointed postmaster of our local office by President McKinley. We have every reason to expect that he will maintain the high standard of efficiency which the office had attained under his predecessors. Judge Groff, I believe, is a native of Ohio.



# **SOME ABORIGINAL ALPHABETS—A STUDY**

## **PART II.**

BY J. D. MOODY, D.D.S.

(Read before the Historical Society Dec. 12, 1900.)

It will be remembered that I gave at the May meeting a short account of two aboriginal alphabets—the Vei and the Cherokee. I traced their origin and development with the intention of contrasting them, at a later time, with a still more singular one that was found on Easter Island in the South Seas.

Easter Island is the most eastern point of inhabited land in Polynesia. This island, a mere speck of volcanic land in the South Pacific ocean, holds one of the human mysteries of the world. It is about ten miles long and four broad, and contains only about thirty-two square miles of cultivable land. It is over two thousand miles from the nearest land towards the east, and five hundred from its nearest neighbor on the west in that great archipelago. It stands like a lonely sentinel over that waste of waters, as does the Sphinx over Egypt's sands, and holds in its past as unfathomable a riddle. When first discovered, as it was said to have contained two to five thousand people, but as in every instance, contact with the Caucasian has wrought havoc with their numbers. A century ago slave dealers raided the island and carried numbers of the inhabitants into slavery. Even less than one hundred years ago, the Peruvian government carried away captive nearly the whole population to work in their guano islands. Later, on returning a portion of these to their homes, smallpox was introduced and the once populous island became a graveyard. At the present time there are only about 150 of the native population left. The island is now a dependency of Chili. It is leased to a firm of sheepmen, and a resident manager, assisted by a few of the natives, rules over its destinies. These natives belong to the great Polynesian family, and possess all the racial characteristics common to this people. The routes of emigration, by which the South Sea islands were peopled, and the relative time in connection therewith, are, approximately, fairly well understood. Everywhere they either displaced a pre-existent people, or found the evidence of such having occupied the islands.

In many of the islands scattered throughout these regions are found cyclopean structures of stone, of the origin of which the present islanders have no knowledge whatever. These structures consist of pyramidal piles of stone, of walled enclosures, of vast platforms, and of extensive roadways of the same material. These stone structures were laid without the use of mortar; sometimes they contained enclosed rooms; the true arch seems to have not been known, but frequent examples of the overlapping arch are seen. Sometimes these huge stones have been quarried nearby, in other instances they have been dragged for many miles overland, and in still others brought by water from distant parts of the island on which they are found, or even from a distant island. Many of these stones are so large that it would tax our mechanical ingenuity to put them in place. These structures all present the appearance of great age; covered with moss and earth, thrown down by earthquakes, and overgrown by dense forests. Their builders came, erected them, occupied them, and vanished, leaving not even a memory behind. Common characteristics pertain to them all yet in some isolated groups of islands they have features peculiar to themselves. Thus Easter Island, though so remote from the others, and as we would think, inaccessible, has more striking ruins than any other South Sea island. In different parts of this island, there have been erected great stone platforms, and on these platforms are set up huge statues. These statues only represent the body from the hips upward. The faces are long and striking in appearance. They are not portraits, as they are all fashioned from one pattern, and for the same reason they cannot be totems. If they represent gods, their mythology must have had a strange sameness to it. On each statue is an immense stone head dress.

But few rock carvings are found in the South Sea islands. Those in Easter Islands, while in few in number, are conventional in form and present characteristics common to all undeveloped peoples. On some of these sculptured rocks are figures of birds, which in some respects recall those of our own northwest coast Indians. All over Polynesia, modern emigration has been from west to east, with lateral branchings to the north or south. But strange to say, Easter Island traditions which are given with great minuteness, claim their arrival from the east and from a tropical country.

Every Polynesian people preserved the geneology of their rulers as sacredly as did the old Hebrews. Missionaries, scholars, and intelligent tradesmen who have spent a life time among them, all give great credence to these lists. The Easter Islanders have a list of

57 kings, the first dating from their arrival in the country. Allowing fifteen years to a reign, it would give 855 years, or about 1045 A. D., as the date of their arrival.

Some peculiarities pertaining to this people, seem to lend color to this claim of a different origin. Circumcision was common to the Polynesians, but unknown to the Easter Islanders.

A novel method in war with them, unknown elsewhere, only among the old Romans, was the use of a large hand-net, which, cast over an antagonist, rendered his capture or destruction easy. With the sole exception of these Islanders, none of the Polynesian race possessed the art of writing.

We possess many examples of their writing, *but cannot read it*. These inscriptions are all on wooden tablets, varying in size from four inches wide to six inches long to one seven inches wide and five feet long.

The characters apparently have been cut with an obsidian tool, and are peculiar in design, the human figure frequently appearing in a conventionalized form.

"A casual glance at the Easter Island tablet is sufficient to note the fact that they differ materially from other Kyriologic writings. The pictorial symbols are engraved in regular lines on depressed channels, separated by slight ridges, intended to protect the hieroglyphics from injury by rubbing. \* \* \* The symbols on each line are alternately reversed; those on the first stand upright, and those on the next line are upside down, and so on by regular alternation. This unique plan makes it necessary for the reader to turn the tablet and change its position at the end of every line. The reading should commence at the lower left-hand corner. \* \* \* "

—(William J. Thomson, paymaster U. S. Navy, in *Te Pito Te Henua*, or Easter Island.)

I said "to read it." This, however, is only a surmise. In the year 1886, the U. S. S. *Mohican* visited the island for the purpose of exploration. A party remained on the island one month, and made a very careful examination of every part of it. They succeeded in collecting several of these tablets, and in getting photographs of others in the hands of parties, who would not dispose of them. Probably no others will ever again be found on the islands. Paymaster Thomson, who published the main report of the expedition, learned that there was living an old man who was able to read these inscriptions. This was possibly a last chance to be by no means neglected. This man was hunted up. The natives today are nominally Catholic. Unfortunately some former Catholic priest, having



a mission there, had forbidden the natives to read these tablets, the knowledge of which had been confined to a few privileged persons. This man was asked to read the inscription, but for fear of his salvation refused, and on being importuned, ran away and hid. Science must not be balked. The exigency of the case made permissible extraordinary measures. On a rainy evening he was tracked to his house. The explorers entered unceremoniously and took possession. At first he was sullen and would not talk, but a little cajollery and a subterfuge along with the judicious use of a little stimulant unloosed his tongue, and he began reading the inscriptions for them. It was soon noticed that he was not following the lines closely, and he was charged with fraud. This somewhat disconcerted him, but he maintained that while the signification of the separate signs had been lost, that his translation was in the main correct. This was the best they could do, and the reading was carefully taken down as it proceeded. Afterwards another old man was found who claimed to be able to read them. On being tested he read the same way the first one did, and gave the same interpretation to each different tablet. Evidently old traditions had been carefully transmitted, and certain traditions unvaryingly attached to certain tablets. These translations relate to their national history and religion.

In all probability there is some foundation for the claim they make. But whence came these characters? Did some Cadmus or Se-quo-yah of that island world invent them? Reasoning from my former standpoint, and one which seems borne out by the conditions, they were not produced by an unaided native mind. They came from without. From whence? Certainly not from the West. Their traditions of a former home so minutely recorded, must have a basis of fact. But characters like these are found nowhere else, at least in connected lines. The nearest approach to them are rude pictographs found on rocks in both South and North America. We cannot reconcile their racial characteristics with their traditions of an Eastern origin.

Are both correct? Who was the Se-quo-yah? Who will unravel the mystery?

## HISTORIC SEAPORTS OF LOS ANGELES

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read before the Historical Society, Oct. 5, 1900.)

Of the half a dozen or more ports through which at different times the commerce of Los Angeles has passed, but two can be classed as historic, namely San Pedro and Wilmington. Los Angeles was not designed by its founder for a commercial town. When brave old Felipe de Neve marked off the boundaries of the historic plaza as the center from which should radiate the Pueblo de Nuestra Senora La Rayna de Los Angeles, no vision of the future city of broad streets, palatial business blocks and princely homes climbing the brown hills above his little plaza and spreading over the wide mesa below, passed before his mind's eye.

When the military and religious services of the founding were ended and the governor gave the pobladores (colonists) a few parting words of advice; admonishing them to be frugal and industrious, to be faithful servants of God and the king; no suspicion that the little germ of civilization that he had that day planted on the banks of the Rio Porciuncula would ever need a seaport entered his thoughts. The Spaniards, though the discoverers of the new world and bold seamen withal, were not a commercial or trading people. Their chief desire was to be let alone in their vast possessions. Philip II once promulgated a decree pronouncing death upon any foreigner who entered the Gulf of Mexico. Little did the pirates and buccaneers of the Gulf care for Philip's decrees. They captured Spanish ships in the Gulf and pillaged towns on the Spanish Main; and Drake, the brave old sea king of Devon, sailed into the harbor of Cadiz, with his little fleet and burned a hundred Spanish ships right under Philip's nose—"singeing the king's beard," Drake called it. Nor content with that exploit—down through the Straits of Magellan, and up the South Sea coast sailed Francis Drake in the Golden Hind, a vessel scarce larger than a fishing smack, spreading consternation among the Spanish settlements of the South Pacific; capturing great lumbering galleons freighted with the "riches of Ormus and of Ind;" plundering towns and robbing churches of their wealth of silver and gold—silver and gold that the wretched natives under the lash of cruel task masters had wrung from the mines. It

was robber robbing robber, but no retribution for wrongs inflicted reached down to the wretched native. Surfeited with plunder, and his ship weighed down with the weight of silver and gold and costly ornaments, Drake sailed more than a thousand leagues up the California coast, seeking the fabled Straits of Anian, by which he might reach England with his spoils; for in the quaint language of Chaplain Fletcher, who did preaching and praying on the Golden Hind, when Sir Francis did not take the job out of his hands and chain the chaplain up to the main mast, as he sometimes did: "Ye governor thought it not good to return by ye Streights (of Magellan) lest the Spaniards should attend to him in great numbers."

So, for fear of the sea robbers, who hunted their shores, the Spaniards built their principal cities in the new world back from the coast, and their shipping ports were few and far between. It never perhaps crossed the mind of Governor Felipe de Neve that the new pueblo would need a seaport. It was founded to supply, after it became self-supporting, the soldiers of the presidios with its surplus agricultural products. The town was to have no commerce, why should it need a seaport? True, ten leagues away was the Ensenada of San Pedro, and, as Spanish towns went, that was near enough to a port.

But since that November day, one hundred and eighty years before, when the ships of Sebastian Viscaïno had anchored in its waters, and he had named it for St. Peter of Alexandria, down to the founding of the pueblo, no ship's keel had cut the waters of San Pedro bay. It is not strange that no vision of the future commercial importance of the little pueblo of the Angelic Queen ever disturbed the dreams of brave old Felipe de Neve.

There is no record, or at least I have none, of when the mission supply ships landed the first cargo at San Pedro. Before the end of last century the port had become known as the embarcadero of San Gabriel.

The narrow and proscriptive policy of Spain had limited the commerce of its California colonies to the two supply ships sent each year from Mexico with supplies for the presidios and missions. These supplies were exchanged for the hides and tallow produced at the missions. San Pedro was the port of San Gabriel mission for this exchange, and also of the Pueblo of Los Angeles.

It is not an easy matter to enforce arbitrary restrictions against commerce, as Spain found to her cost. Men will trade under the most adverse circumstances. Spain was a long way off and smuggling was not a very venial sin in the eyes of layman or churchman.



So a contraband trade grew up on the coast, and San Pedro had her full share of it. Fast sailing vessels were fitted out in Boston for illicit trade on the California coast. Watching their opportunities, these vessels slipped into the bays along the coast. There was a rapid exchange of Yankee notions for sea otter skins—the most valued peltry of California—and the vessels were out to sea before the revenue officers could intercept them. If successful in escaping capture the profits of a smuggling voyage were enormous—ranging from 500 to 1000 per cent above cost on the goods exchanged; but the risks were great. The smuggler had no protection from the law. He was an outlaw. He was the legitimate prey of the padres, the people and the revenue officers. It is gratifying to our national pride to know that the Yankee usually came out ahead. These vessels were armed and when speed or strategem failed they fought their way out of a scrape.

But it was not until the Mexican government, more liberal than the Spanish, had partially lifted from foreign trade the restrictions imposed by Spain that commerce began to seek the port. First came the hide droghers from Boston with their department store cargoes. Trading and shopping were done on board the vessel, and the purchasers passed from ship to shore and back on the ship's boats; while lumbering carretas creaked and groaned under the weight of California bank notes, as the sailors called the hides that were to pay for the purchases. As long as the ship lay at anchor, and the bank notes held out, the shores of the bay were gay with festive parties of shoppers and traders. Every one, old and young, male and female of the native Californians, and even the untutored Indian too, took a deep interest in the ship's cargo. The drogher's display of "silks and satins new" was a revelation of riches on which the rustic maiden's mind could revel long after the ship had gone on her way.

Just when the first house was built at San Pedro, I have been unable to ascertain definitely. In the proceedings of the Ayuntamiento for 1835, a house is spoken of as having been built there "long ago" by the Mission Fathers of San Gabriel. Long ago for past time is as indefinite as poco tiempo for future. I think the house was built during the Spanish era, probably between 1815 and 1820. It was a warehouse for the storing of hides, and was located on the bluff about half way between Point Firmin and Timm's Point. The ruins are still extant. Dana, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," describes it as a building with one room containing a fire place, cooking apparatus, and the rest of it unfurnished, and

used as a place to store goods. Dana was not favorably impressed with San Pedro. He says: "I also learned, to my surprise, that the desolate looking place we were in furnished more hides than any other port on the coast. \* \* \* We all agreed that it was the worst place we had seen yet, especially for getting off of hides; and our lying off at so great a distance looked as though it was bad for southeasters."

This old warehouse was the cause of a bitter controversy that split the population of the pueblo into factions. While the secularization of the missions was in progress, during 1834 and 1835, Don Abel Stearns bought the old building from the Mission Fathers of San Gabriel. He obtained permission from Governor Figueroa to bring water from a spring a league distant from the embarcadero, and also to build additional buildings; his object being to found a commercial settlement at the landing, and to enlarge the commerce of the port. His laudable efforts met with opposition from the anti-expansionists of that day. They feared smuggling and cited an old Spanish law that prohibited the building of a house on the beach of any port where there was no custom house. The Captain of the Port protested to the Governor against Stearns' contemplated improvements, and demanded that the warehouse be demolished. Ships, he said, would pass in the night from Santa Catalina, where they lay hid in the day time, to San Pedro and load and unload at Stearns' warehouse, and "skip out" before he, the captain, could come down from his home at the pueblo, ten leagues away, to collect the revenue. Then a number of calamity howlers joined the Captain of the Port in bemoaning the ills that would follow from the building of warehouses, and among other things charged Stearns with buying and shipping surreptitiously, stolen hides. The Governor referred the matter to the Ayuntamiento, and that municipal body appointed a committee of three sensible and public spirited men to examine into the charges and report. The committee reported that the interests of the community needed a commercial settlement at the embarcadero; that if the Captain of the Port feared smuggling, he should station a guard on the beach; and finally, that the calamity howlers who had charged Don Abel with buying stolen hides should be compelled to prove their charge in a court of justice, or retract their slanders. This settled the controversy, and the calamity howlers, too, but Stearns built no more warehouse at the embarcadero.

The first shipwreck in San Pedro bay was that of the brig Danube of New York, on Christmas eve, 1828. In a fierce south-

eastern gale she dragged her anchors and was driven ashore a total wreck. The crew and officers, twenty-eight in number, were all saved. The news of the disaster reached Los Angeles, and a cavalcade of caballeros quickly came to the assistance of the shipwrecked mariners. The query was how to get the half drowned sailors to the pueblo—thirty miles distant. The only conveyance at hand was the backs of mustangs. Sailors are proverbial for their incapacity to manage a horse, and those of the Danube were no exception to the rule. The friendly Californians would assist a sailor to the upper deck of a mustang, and sailing directions given to the rider, the craft would be headed towards the pueblo. First there would be a lurch to port, then to starboard, then the prow of the craft would dip toward China, and the rudder end bob up towards the moon; then the unfortunate sailor would go head foremost over the bows into the sand.

The Californians became convinced that if they continued their efforts to get the sailors to town on horesabck, they would have several funerals on their hands—so they gathered up a number of ox carts, and loading the marines into carretas, propelled by long horned oxen, the twice-wrecked sailors were safely landed in Los Angeles.

Antonio Rocha was the owner of the largest house in the pueblo—the adobe that stood on the northwest corner of N. Spring and Franklin streets, and was used for many years after the American occupation for a court house and city hall. Antonio's heart was as big as his house, figuratively speaking—and he generously entertained the whole shipwrecked crew. The fattest beeves were killed—the huge beehive-shaped oven was soon lighted, and servants were set to baking bread to feed the Christmas guests. Old man Lugo furnished the wine. The sailors ate and drank bumpers to their entertainer's health, and the horrors of shipwreck by sea and mustang were forgotten.

San Pedro was the scene of the only case of marooning known to have occurred on the California coast. Marooning was a diabolical custom or invention of the pirates of the Spanish Main. The process was as simple as it was horrible. When some unfortunate individual aboard the piratical craft had incurred the hatred of the crew or the master, he was placed in a boat and rowed to some barren island or desolate coast of the main land, and forced ashore. A bottle of water and a few biscuits were thrown him, the boat rowed back to the ship, and left him to die of hunger and thirst, or



to rave out his existence under the maddening heat of a tropical sun.

In January, 1832, a small brig entered the bay of San Pedro and anchored. Next morning two passengers were landed from a boat on the barren strand. They were given two bottles of water and a few biscuit. The vessel sailed away leaving them to their fate. There was no habitation within thirty miles of the landing. Ignorant of the country, their fate might have been that of many another victim of marooning. An Indian, searching for shells, discovered them and conducted them to the Mission San Gabriel, where they were cared for. They were two Catholic priests—Bachelot and Short—who had been expelled from the Sandwich Islands on account of prejudice against their religion.

In the many-sided drama of life of which San Pedro has been the theater, War has thrust his wrinkled front upon its stage. Its brown hills have echoed the tread of advancing and retreating armies, and its ocean cliffs have reverberated the boom of artillery. Here Micheltorena, the last of the Mexican-born governors of California, after his defeat and abdication at Cahuenga, with his cholo army, was shipped back to Mexico.

Here Commodore Stockton landed his sailors and marines when in August, 1846, he came down the coast to capture Los Angeles. From San Pedro his sailors and marines began their victorious march, and, the conquest completed, they returned to their ships in the bay to seek new fields of conquest.

To San Pedro came Gillespie's men, after their disastrous experience with a Mexican revolution. Commodore Stockton had left Lieutenant Gillespie, with a garrison of fifty men to hold Los Angeles. Gillespie, so it is said, undertook to fashion the manners and customs of the Californians after a New England model. But he had not obtained the "consent of the governed" to the change, and they rebelled. Under the command of Flores and Vareles, three hundred strong, they besieged Gillespie's force on Fort Hill, and finally compelled the Americans to evacuate the city and retreat to San Pedro, where they went aboard a merchant vessel, and remained in the harbor. Down from Stockton's fleet came Mervine in the frigate Savannah, with 300 sailors and marines, intent on the capture of the rebellious pueblo. Once again San Pedro beheld the onward march of an army of conquest. But San Pedro saw another sight, "when the drums beat at dead of night." That other sight was the retreat of Mervine's men. They met the enemy at Dominguez, were defeated, and retreated, the wounded borne on litters,

their dead on creaking carretas, and their flag left behind. Mervine buried his dead, five in all, on the Isla de Los Muertos, and then—if not before—it was an Island of Dead Men. Lieutenant Duvall, in his log book of the Savannah, speaking of the burial of the dead on Dead Man's Island, says it was "so named by us." In this he is mistaken. Ten years before, Dana, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," tells the story of the English sea captain, who died in the port and was buried on this small, dreary looking island, the only thing which broke the surface of the bay. Dana says: "It was the only spot in California that impressed me with anything like a poetic interest. Then, too, the man died far from home, without a friend near him, and without proper funeral rites, the mate (as I was told) glad to have him out of the way, hurrying him up the hill and into the ground without a word or a prayer." Dana calls the isle, "Dead Man's Island."

There are several legends told of how the island came by its gruesome name. This is the story an old Californian, who had been a sailor on a hide drogher, long before Dana's time, told me thirty odd years ago: Away back in the early years of the present century some fishermen found the dead body of an unknown white man on the island. There was evidence that he had reached it alive, but probably too weak to attempt the crossing of the narrow channel to the main land. He had clung to the desolate island, vainly hoping for succor, until hunger, thirst and exposure ended his existence. He was supposed to have fallen overboard at night from some smuggler, and to have been carried in by the tide. From the finding of the body on the island, the Spaniards named it Isla del Muerto—the Island of the Dead, or the Isle of the Corpse. It is to be regretted that the translating fiend has turned beautiful Spanish into gruesome English: Isla del Muerto, translated Dead Man's Island.

There have been ten persons in all buried on the island—nine men and one woman—namely: The lost sailor, the English sea captain, six of the Savannah's crew, a passenger on a Panama ship in 1851, and the last, a Mrs. Parker in 1855. Mrs. Parker was the wife of Captain Parker of the schooner Laura Bevin. Once when a fierce southeaster was threatening, and the harbor bar was moaning, Captain Parker sailed out of San Pedro bay. His fate was that of the "Three Fishers," who

"When sailing out into the west,  
Out into the west as the sun went down.

\* \* \* \* \*

And the night rack came rolling up ragged and brown;  
But men must work and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden and waters be deep;  
And the harbor bar was moaning."

Nothing was ever seen or heard of the Laura Bevain from that day to this. The ship and its crew lie at the bottom of the ocean. The captain's wife was stopping at the landing. She was slowly dying of consumption. Her husband's fate hastened her death. Rough but kindly hands performed the last offices for her, and she was buried on top of Dead Man's Island. The sea has not given up its dead, but the land has. This vanishing island—slowly but surely disappearing—has already exposed the bones of some of the dead buried on it.

At the time of the American conquest of California, San Pedro was a port of one house—no wharves stretched out over the waters of the great bay, no boats swung with the tide; nature's works were unchanged by the hand of man. Three hundred and five years before Cabrillo, the discoverer of California, sailed into the bay he named *Bahia de los Humos*—the Bay of Smokes. Through all the centuries of Spanish domination no change had come over San Pedro. But with its new masters came new manners, new customs, new men. Commerce drifted in upon its waters unrestricted. The hide drogher gave place to the steamship, the *carreta* to the freight wagon, and the *mustang caballada* to the Concord stage.

Banning, the man of expedients, did business on the bluff at the old warehouse; Tomlinson, the man of iron nerve and will, had his commercial establishment at the point below on the inner bay. Banning and Tomlinson were rivals in staging, freighting, lightering, warehousing and indeed in everything that pertained to shipping and transporation.

When stages were first put on in 1852, the fare between the port and the city was \$10.00; later it was reduced to \$7.50; then to \$5.00. And when rivalry between Banning and Tomlinson was particularly keen, the fare went down to a dollar. Freight, from port to pueblo, by Temple & Alexander's Mexican ox carts, was \$20 per ton—distance, thirty miles. Now it can be carried across the continent for that.

In 1858, partly in consequence of a severe storm that damaged the wharf and partly through the desire of Banning to put a greater distance between himself and his rival, Tomlinson, he abandoned old San Pedro on the bluff, and built a wharf and warehouse at the head of the San Pedro slough, six miles north of his former ship-



ping point, and that much nearer to Los Angeles. The first cargo of goods was landed at this place October 1, 1858. The event was celebrated by an excursion from Los Angeles, and wine and wit flowed freely.

The new town or port was named New San Pedro, a designation it bore for several years, then it settled down to be Wilmington, named so after General Banning's birthplace, Wilmington, Delaware; and the slough took the name of the town. That genial humorist, the late J. Ross Browne, who visited Wilmington in 1864, thus portrays that historic seaport: "Banning—the active, energetic, irrepressible Phineas Banning, has built a town on the plain about six miles distant at the head of the slough. He calls it Wilmington, in honor of his birthplace. In order to bring Wilmington and the steamer as close together as circumstances will permit, he has built a small boat propelled by steam for the purpose of carrying passengers from steamer to Wilmington, and from Wilmington to steamer. Another small boat of a similar kind burst its boiler a couple of years ago, and killed and scalded a number of people, including Captain Seely, the popular and ever to be lamented commander of the Senator. The boiler of the present boat is considered a model of safety. Passengers may lean against it with perfect security. It is constructed after the pattern of a tea kettle, so that when the pressure is unusually great, the cover will rise and let off superabundant steam, and thus allow the crowd a chance to swim ashore."

"Wilmington is an extensive city located at the head of a slough in a pleasant neighborhood of sand banks and marshes. There are not a great many houses in it as yet, but there is a great deal of room for houses when the population gets ready to build them. The streets are broad and beautifully paved with small sloughs, ditches, bridges, lumber, dry goods boxes and the carcasses of dead cattle. Ox bones and skulls of defunct cows, the legs and jawbones of horses, dogs, sheep, swine and coyotes are the chief ornaments of a public character; and what the city lacks in the elevation of its site, it makes up in the elevation of its water lines, many of them being higher than the surrounding objects. The city fathers are all centered in Banning, who is mayor, councilman, constable and watchman, all in one. He is the great progenitor of Wilmington. Touch Wilmington and you touch Banning. It is his specialty—the offspring of his genius. And a glorious genius has Phineas B. in his way! Who among the many thousand who have sought health and recreation at Los Angeles within the past

ten years has not been the recipient of Banning's bounty in the way of accommodations? His stages are ever ready, his horses ever the fastest. Long life to Banning; may his shadow grow larger and larger every day! At all events I trust it may never grow less. I retract all I said about Wilmington—or most of it. I admit that it is a flourishing place compared with San Pedro. I am willing to concede that the climate is sulubrious at certain seasons of the year when the wind does not blow up sand; and at certain other seasons when the rain does not cover the country with water; and then again at other seasons when the earth is not parched by drought and scorching suns."

During the Civil war the government established Camp Drum and Drum Bannicks at Wilmington, and spent over a million dollars in erecting buildings. A considerable force of soldiers was stationed there and all the army supplies for the troops in Southern California, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico passed through the port. The Wilmingtonians waxed fat on government contracts and their town put on metropolitan airs. It was the great seaport of the south, the toll gatherer of the slough. After the railroad from Los Angeles was completed to Wilmington in 1869, all the trade and travel of the southwest passed through it and they paid well for doing so. It cost the traveler a dollar and a half to get from ship to shore on one of Banning's tugs and the lighterage charges that prevailed throttled commerce with the tightening grasp of the Old Man of the Sea.

In 1880, or thereabouts, the railroad was extended down to San Pedro and wharves built there. Then commerce left the mud flats of Wilmington and drifted back to its old moorings. The town fell into a decline. Banning, its great progenitor, died, and the memory of the olden time commercial importance of that once historic seaport lingers only in the minds of the oldest inhabitants.

## LA ESTRELLA

The Pioneer Newspaper of Los Angeles

BY J. M. GUINN.

In our American colonization of the "Great West," the newspaper has kept pace with immigration. In the building up a new town, the want of a newspaper seldom becomes long felt before it is supplied.

It was not so in Spanish colonization; in it the newspaper came late, if it came at all. There were none published in California during the Spanish and Mexican eras. The first newspaper published in California was issued at Monterey, August 15, 1846,—just thirty-eight days after Commodore Sloat took possession of the territory in the name of the United States. This paper was called "The Californian," and was published by Semple & Colton. The type and press used had been brought from Mexico by Augustin V. Zamorano in 1834, and by him sold to the territorial government; and it had been used for printing bandos and pronunciamientos. The only paper the publishers of The Californian could procure was that used in making cigarettes which came in sheets a little larger than ordinary foolscap.

After the discovery of gold in 1848, newspapers in California multiplied rapidly. By 1850, all the leading mining towns had their newspapers, but Southern California, being a cow country and the population mostly native Californians speaking the Spanish language, no newspaper had been founded.

The first proposition to establish a newspaper in Los Angeles was made to the City Council October 16, 1850. The minutes of the meeting on that date contain this entry: Theodore Foster petitions for a lot situated at the northerly corner of the jail for the purpose of erecting thereon a house to be used as a printing establishment. The Council—taking in consideration the advantages which a printing house offers to the advancement of public enlightenment, and there existing as yet no such establishment in this city: Resolved, that for this once only a lot from amongst those that are marked on the city map be given to Mr. Theodore Foster for the purpose of establishing thereon a printing house; and the dona-



tion be made in his favor because he is the first to inaugurate this public benefit; subject, however, to the following conditions: First, that the house and printing office be completed within one year from today. Second, that the lot be selected from amongst those numbered on the city map and not otherwise disposed of."

At the meeting of the Council, October 30th, 1850, the records say: "Theodore Foster gave notice that he had selected a lot back of Johnson's and fronting the canal as the one where he intended establishing his printing house; and the council resolved that he be granted forty varas each way."

The location of the printing house was on what is now Los Angeles street, then called Calle Zanja Madre (Mother Ditch street), and sometimes Canal street.

The site of Foster's printing office was opposite the Bell block, which stood on the southeast corner of Aliso and Los Angeles streets. On the lot granted by the Council Foster built a small two-story frame building; the lower story was occupied by the printing outfit, and the upper story was used as a living room by the printers and proprietors of the paper. Over the door was the sign "Imprenta" (Printing Office). The first number of the pioneer paper was issued May 17, 1851. It was named "La Estrella de Los Angeles." The Star of Los Angeles. It was a four-page five column paper; size of page, 12x18 inches. Two pages were printed in English and two in Spanish. The subscription price was \$10 a year, payable in advance. Advertisements were inserted at the rate of \$2.00 per square for the first insertion and \$1.00 for each subsequent insertion. The publishers were John A. Lewis and John McElroy. Foster had dropped out of the scheme, but when, I do not know. Nor do I know anything of his subsequent history.

In July, William H. Rand bought an interest in the paper and the firm became Lewis, McElroy and Rand. In November McElroy sold his interest to Lewis & Rand. John A. Lewis edited the English pages and Manuel Clemente Rojo was editor of the Spanish columns of the Star for sometime after its founding. The press was a Washington Hoe of an ancient pattern. It came around the Horn and was probably six or seven months of its journey. Even with this antiquated specimen of the lever that moves the world, it was no great task to work off the weekly edition of the Star. Its circulation did not exceed 250 copies.

The first job of city work done by La Estrella (as it is always called in the early records), was the printing of one hundred white ribbon badges for the city police. The inscription on the badge,

which was printed both in English and Spanish, read "City Police, organized by the Common Council of Los Angeles, July 12, 1851." La Estrella's bill for the job was \$25.00.

The burning political issue of the early '50's in Southern California was the division of the State. The Star, early in its career, took sides in favor of division, but later on, under a different management, opposed it. The scheme as promulgated fifty years ago was the division of the State into two parts—the northern to retain the State organization, the southern to be created into a territory. The professed purpose of division was to reduce taxation, and to "emancipate the south from its servile and abject dependence to the north." The real purpose was the creation of a slave State out of Southern California and thereby to increase the pro-slavery power in Congress. Bills for division were introduced in successive legislatures for eight or nine years; but all were promptly killed except one. In 1859 under the Pico law the question came to a vote in the southern counties and was carried. The Civil war and the emancipation of the slaves virtually put an end to State division. In July, 1853, Wm. H. Rand transferred his interest in the Star to his partner John A. Lewis. August 1st, 1853, Lewis sold the paper to Jas. M. McMeans. The obstacles to be overcome in the publication of a pioneer newspaper in Southern California are graphically set forth in John A. Lewis's valedictory in the Star of July 30, 1853:

"It is," writes Lewis, "now two years and three months since the Star was established in this city—and in taking leave of my readers, in saying my last say, I may very properly be permitted to look back through this period to see how accounts stand.

"The establishment of a newspaper in Los Angeles was considered something of an experiment, more particularly on account of the isolation of the city. The sources of public news are sometimes cut off for three or four weeks, and very frequently two weeks. San Francisco, the nearest place where a newspaper is printed, is more than five hundred miles distant, and the mail between that city and Los Angeles takes an uncertain course, sometimes by sea and sometimes by land occupying in its transmission from two to six weeks, and in one instance fifty-two days. Therefore, I have had to depend mainly upon local news to make the Star interesting. And yet the more important events of the country have been recorded as fully as the limits of the Star would permit. The printing of a paper one-half in the Spanish language was certainly an experiment hitherto unattempted in the State. Having no exchanges with papers in that language the main reliance has been upon translations,



and such contributions as several good friends have favored me with. I leave others to judge whether the 'Estrella' has been well or ill conducted."

Under Lewis's management the Star was non-partisan in politics. He says, "I professed all along to print an independent newspaper, and although my own preferences were with the Whig party, I never could see enough either in the Whig or Democratic party to make a newspaper of. I never could muster up fanaticism enough to print a party paper."

McMeans went to the States shortly after assuming the management of the paper. Wm. A. Wallace conducted it during his absence. Early in 1854, it was sold to M. D. Brundige. Under Brundige's proprietorship, Wallace edited the paper. It was still published in the house built by Foster.

In the latter part of 1854, the Star was sold to J. S. Waite & Co. The site donated to Foster by the council in 1850, on which to establish a printing house for the advancement of public enlightenment seems not to have been a part of the Star outfit. A prospectus on the Spanish page informs us that "Imprenta de la Estrella, Calle Principal, Casa de Temple,"—that is, the Printing office of the Star is on Main street, in the House of Temple; where was added, the finest typographical work will be done in Spanish, French and English. Waite reduced the subscription price of the Star to \$6.00 a year payable in advance, or \$9.00 at the end of the year. Fifty per cent advance on a deferred payment looks like a high rate of interest, but it was very reasonable in those days. Money, then, commanded 5, 10 and even as high as 15 per cent a month, compounded monthly; and yet the mines of California were turning out \$50,000,000 in gold every year. Here is a problem in the supply and demand of a circulating medium for some of our astute financial theorists to solve.

Perusal of the pages of the Star of forty-six years ago gives us occasional glimpses of the passing of the old life and the ringing in of the new. An editorial on "The Holidays" in the issue of January 4th, 1855, says: "The Christmas and New Year's festivities are passing away with the usual accompaniments; namely, bullfights, bell ringing, firing of crackers, fiestas and fandangos. In the city, cascarones commanded a premium and many were complimented with them as a finishing touch to their head dress." Bull fights, fandangos and cascarones are as obsolete in our city as the Olympic games, but bell ringing and firing of crackers still usher in the New Year. In June, 1855, El Clamor Publico—The Public Cry—



the first Spanish newspaper in Southern California was founded by Francisco P. Ramirez. The Spanish pages of the *Star* were discontinued and the advertising in that department was transferred to the *Clamor*. On the 17th of March, 1855, the Co. dropped from the proprietorship of the *Star* and J. S. Waite became sole owner.

In the early '50s a Pacific railroad was a standing topic for editorial comment by the press of California. The editor of the *Star*, "while we are waiting and wishing for a railroad," advocates as an experiment the introduction of camels and dromedaries for freighting across the arid plains of the southwest. After descanting on the merits of the "ship of the desert," he says: "We predict that in a few years these extraordinary and useful animals will be browsing upon our hills and valleys, and numerous caravans will be arriving and departing daily. Let us have the incomparable dromedary, with Adams & Co.'s expressmen arriving here triweekly, with letters and packages in five or six days from Salt Lake and fifteen or eighteen from the Missouri. Then the present grinding steamship monopoly might be made to realize the fact that the hard-working miner, the farmer and the mechanic were no longer completely in their grasping power as at present. We might have an overland dromedary express that would bring us the New York news in fifteen to eighteen days. We hope some of our enterprising capitalists or stock breeders will take this speculation in hand for we have not much faith that Congress will do anything in the matter."

Notwithstanding our editor's poor opinion of Congress, that recalcitrant body, a year or two later, possibly moved by the power of the press, did introduce camels into the United States, and caravans did arrive in Los Angeles. To the small boy of that day the arrival of a caravan was a free circus. The grotesque attempts of the western mule whacker to transform himself into an Oriental camel driver were mirth provoking to the spectators, but agony long drawn out to the camel puncher. Of all the impish, perverse and profanity provoking beasts of burthen that ever trod the soil of America, the meek, mild, soft-footed camel was the most exasperating. That prototype of perversity, the army mule, was almost angelic in disposition compared to the hump-backed burden bearer of the Orient.

In July, 1855, the subscription price of the *Star* was reduced to \$5 a year. The publisher informed his patrons that he would receive subscriptions "payable in most kinds of produce after harvest—corn, wheat, flour, wood, butter, eggs, etc., will be taken on old subscriptions. Imagine, if you can, one of our city newspapers

today starting a department store of country produce in its editorial rooms. Times have changed and we have changed with them. In November, 1855, James S. Waite, the sole proprietor, publisher and business manager of the Star, was appointed postmaster of Los Angeles. He found it difficult to keep the Star shining, the mails moving and his produce exchange running.

In the issue of February 2, 1856, he offers the "entire establishment of the Star for sale at \$1,000 less than cost." In setting forth its merits, he says: "To a young man of energy and ability a rare chance is now offered to *spread himself* and peradventure to realize a fortune." The young man, with expansive qualities was found two months later in the person of Wm. A. Wallace, who had been editor of the Star in 1854. He was the first principal of the schoolhouse No. 1, which stood on the northwest corner of Spring and Second streets, where the Bryson block now stands. He laid down the pedagogical birch to mount the editorial tripod. In his salutatory he says: "The Star is an old favorite of mine, and I have always wished to be its proprietor." The editorial tripod proved to be as uneasy a seat for Wallace as the back of a bucking bronco; in two months it landed him on his back, figuratively speaking.

It was hard times in the old pueblo. Money was scarce and cattle were starving; for 1856 was a dry year. Thus Wallace soliloquizes: "Dull time! says the trader, the mechanic, the farmer—indeed, everybody echoes the dull sentiment. The teeth of the cattle this year have been so dull that they have been scarcely able to save themselves from starvation; but buyers are nearly as plenty as cattle and sharp in proportion to the prospect of starvation. Business is dull—duller this week than it was last; duller today than it was yesterday. Expenses are scarcely realized and every hole where a dollar or two has heretofore leaked out must be stopped. The flush times are past—the days of large prices and full pockets are gone; picayunes, bad liquor, rags and universal dullness—sometimes so dull to complain of—have usurped the minds of men and a common obtuseness prevails. Neither pistol shots nor dying groans have any effect; earthquakes hardly turn men in their beds. It is no use of talking—business stepped out and the people are asleep. What is to be done? Why the first thing of course is to stop off such things as can be neither smoked or drank; and then wait for the carreta, and if we don't get a ride, it will be because we have become too fastidious, or too poor and are unable to pay this expense."

Henry Hamilton, the successor of Wallace, was an experienced newspaper man. For five years previous to purchasing the Star

he had been proprietor of the Calaveras Chronicle. He was an editor of the old school—the school that dealt out column editorials, and gave scant space to locals. Hamilton's forte was political editorials. He was a bitter partisan. When he fulminated a thunderbolt and hurled it at a political opponent, it struck as if it came from the hand of Jove, the god of thunder and lightning. He was an able writer, yet with him there was but one side to a question, and that was his side of it. He was a Scotch-Irishman, and had all the pugnacity and pertinacity of that strenuous race. His vigorous partisanship got him into trouble. During the Civil war he espoused the cause of the Southern Confederacy. For some severe criticisms on Lincoln and other officers of the government, and his outspoken sympathy for the Confederates, he was arrested. He took the oath of allegiance, and was released, but the Star went into an eclipse. The last number, a single page, appeared October 1st, 1864. The press and type were sold to Phineas Banning, and were used in the publication of the Wilmington Journal. The City of the Sloo (Wilmington) was then the most prosperous seaport on the southern coast. After the war when the soldiers had departed and Wilmington had fallen into a state of "innocuous desuetude" the Journal died of insufficient circulation, and was buried in the journalistic graveyard of unfelt wants. The old pioneer press of the Star, after doing duty for fifteen years, took a needed rest.

On Saturday, the 16th of May, 1868, the Star emerged from obscurity. "Today," writes Hamilton, "we resume the publication of the Los Angeles Star. Nearly four years have elapsed since our last issue. The little 'onpleasantness,' which at that time existed in the family, has been toned down considerably, and if perfect harmony does not yet prevade the circle, our hope is this brotherly feeling will soon be consummated."

The paper was no longer the bitter partisan sheet that it had been during the early '60s. Hamilton now seldom indulged in political leaders of a column length, and when he did they were of a mild type. The new Star was a seven column blanket sheet, and was devoted to promoting the welfare of the county. It was ably conducted, and was a model newspaper for a town of 5,000 inhabitants. June 1st, 1870, the first number of the Daily Star was published by Hamilton and Barter. Barter retired from the firm in September and founded the Anaheim Gazette, the pioneer newspaper of Orange county. He bought the old press and type of the Wilmington Journal—the first press of the Star—and again the old press became a pioneer. When the Anaheim Gazette office burned



down in 1877, the old press perished in the flames. The last time I saw it it was lying in a junk pile, crooked and twisted and warped out of shape or semblance of a printing press. If the spirit of the inanimate ever visits its former mundane haunts, the ghost of that old press would search in vain for the half dozen or more office buildings where in the body long ago it ground out weekly stents of news.

After G. W. Barter sold out the Anaheim Gazette in 1872, he leased the Daily Star from Hamilton. He ran it less than a year, but that was long enough for him to take all the twinkle out of it. It had almost sunk below the horizon when Mr. Hamilton resumed its publication. In July, 1873, he leased it to Ben C. Truman. The genial Ben. put sparkle in it. He made it interesting to his friends, but more so to his enemies. Like Silas Wegg, he occasionally dropped into poetry, and satirized some of his quondam adversaries at "Sandy Ague" (San Diego), where he had recently published a paper. When they felt the pricking of Ben's pungent pen, they longed, no doubt, to annihilate time and space that they might be near to him to take revenge when their wrath was hot. Truman continued its publication until July, 1877, when it was sold to Paynter & Co. Then it passed to Brown & Co. The Rev. Mr. Campbell of the Methodist Church, south, conducted it for a time. In the last year of its existence it had several different publishers and editors. Its brilliancy steadily diminished until in the early part of 1879, it sunk below the horizon, or, to discard metaphor and state facts, the sheriff attached it for debt, and its publication was discontinued. It remains were not buried in the graveyard of unfelt wants. A more tragic fate awaited them,—they were cremated. The plant and the files were stored in an outbuilding of Mr. Hollenbeck's who was one of the principal creditors. His Chinese laborers roomed in the lower part of the building. In some of their heathen orgies they set fire to the house. For a few minutes La Estrella blazed up into a star of the first magnitude then disappeared forever.

Such in brief is the story of La Estrella, the pioneer newspaper of Los Angeles. Its files contain a quarter century's history of our city and its environs. It is to be regretted that its early editors deemed political essays of so much more importance than local happenings. If these editors could crawl out of their graves and read some of their political diatribes in the light of the Twentieth century, they no doubt would be moved to exclaim, What blind leaders of the blind were we!

## ANTONIO F. CORONEL

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read May 7, 1894.)

In the death since our last meeting, to-wit, at midnight on the 17th-18th of April, 1894, of our co-member and co-laborer, Don Antonio Franco Coronel, this society has lost a good friend, and this community and this State have lost a most valuable and useful citizen.

Mr. Coronel, who had been a resident of Los Angeles for 60 years, was in many respects a remarkable man; and as, in the flight of time, he recedes gradually into the distance of the past, he will, I imagine, like numerous others of his predecessors and contemporaries of Spanish ancestry in the Californias of whom English-speaking Californians of today have but partial knowledge, become more and more a striking figure in the annals of the times in which he lived.

Being an educated and enlightened man in his own language and civilization—for he possessed only a limited knowledge of the English tongue—and having taken an active interest in public affairs during his long career, serving the community in many and varied capacities, it is not an easy matter for us who survive him who knew him well—probably it is yet too early—to rightly estimate or measure the extent of the influence of his personality on those with whom he associated.

Don Antonio was born in the City of Mexico in 1817, and he came to California in 1834, while yet a boy, with his father, Don Ygnacio F. Coronel, who accompanied by his family, came with the celebrated Padres "Colonia," which arrived here that year from Mexico. The elder Coronel, whom the writer knew, and who had formerly been an officer under General Yturbide, established the first school in Los Angeles, under the Lancastrian system. He taught a public school in the block at the head of Los Angeles street, as it formerly existed, just north of the line of Arcadia street, from 1844 till about 1856. He was an educated man and gave his children a good Spanish education. He died in 1862.

His eldest son Antonio, because of his excellent school training and because he showed capacity, soon attained prominence both as a citizen and in official positions of responsibility. The list of offices filled by him is a large one. In 1838 he was appointed assistant secretary of tribunals of the city of Los Angeles. In 1843 he was made judge of the first instance (justice of the peace), and in 1844 Governor Micheltorena appointed him inspector of the Southern Missions. In 1845 he was made commissioner to treat for peace between Gov. Micheltorena and Alvarado and Castro, commanders of the revolutionary forces. In 1846 he served as captain with his patriotic countrymen in their attempts by inadequate means, to defend themselves and their homes as best they could against the invasion of the country by the Americans. He took part in the battle of the 8th of October, 1846, on the San Pedro rancho, in which the Californians were victorious. Afterwards he was appointed aid-de-camp of the commanding general and took part in the battles at *Paso de Bartolo* and *la Mesa*. As the Americans then had superior numbers and resources, the Californians were compelled to fall back to the interior or to the mountains, where, under General Flores, an attempt to continue the unequal contest was kept up, till finally, friends got word to Don Antonio, urging on him the uselessness and hopelessness of the fight; and he and others gave up and came in. But Gen. Flores and a remnant of his command retired to Mexico. After peace was declared, and Alta California became permanently a portion of the United States territory, and its inhabitants became, if they so elected, citizens of the United States, Mr. Coronel with the great body of Californians, transferred their allegiance in good faith to the nationality represented by the stars and stripes, to which ever afterwards, or as long as they lived, they remained loyal and true.

In 1847-48 Mr. Coronel was a member of the board of magistrates having in charge the regulation of irrigation. With this very important question, which was new to Americans, he was both theoretically and practically familiar. The whole theory of water rights under the laws and customs of Spain and Mexico, and of all dry countries where irrigation is a necessity, is radically different from that of England and the United States, where, as a rule, practical irrigation is unknown. The persistent though futile attempts which Americans in California and other semi-arid States and territories have made, and are still making, to apply the theories relating to the use and ownership of water as evolved in wet coun-



tries, to dry countries, have caused a vast amount of confusion and loss, and frequently bloodshed, the end of which is not yet.

The writer of these lines has often discussed this matter with Don Antonio, who as often expressed his regret at the inaptitude or self-sufficiency or disinclination to learn, what, in spite of all their preconceived notions on this subject, they will perforce, have to learn at last, for the simple reasons that the theories of non-irrigation countries concerning water, are, in many fundamentally essential respects, utterly inapplicable in practical irrigation.

So of the rights of cities and pueblos to running streams under the laws of Spain and Mexico; Mr. Coronel held that it was of the utmost importance that the people and officials of this city should know and assert to the last, all the rights to all the water of the Los Angeles river, which this city inherited as successor to the pueblo. In a conversation I had with him a short time before his death, it seemed as though he could not impress on me strongly enough his convictions concerning this important matter.

Mr. Coronel was assessor of Los Angeles county in 1850 and '51, and in 1853 he was elected mayor of Los Angeles City. He was a member of the city council, except during two years, from 1854 to 1866, when he was elected treasurer of the State of California for four years. He also served at various periods, as supervisor of the county, member of the State Horticultural society, president of the Spanish-American Benevolent society of this city, etc.

When the *cause celebre*, known as the "Limantour Claim," was before the United States Courts in 1857, Mr. Coronel was sent on a confidential mission to the City of Mexico to examine the archives there and gather testimony, etc., which his knowledge of the Spanish language and familiarity with Mexican land laws, and acquaintance with public men in that capital, enabled him to do very efficiently. His labors were facilitated by President Comonfort and other high officials. The evidence he obtained was laid before the United States Court, with the result that the claim was rejected finally; and thus the title to thousands of homes in San Francisco were cleared of a cloud that hung over them. Only those who were cognizant at the time, of the excitement which was stirred up throughout California by this case, can appreciate how intense that excitement was. Limantour, who was a Frenchman, maintained his colossal pretensions with the utmost vigor and by the most unscrupulous means, bringing witnesses from Mexico to swear to the

genuineness of his alleged grant, which, as already stated, the Court finally rejected.

Mr. Coronel, in his lifetime, made a most honorable record as a friend of the defenceless Mission Indians of Southern California. Of this fact Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson has borne warm testimony in several national publications. When these simple, harmless children of nature were imposed upon, and robbed of their lands and of the waters in default of which those lands became comparatively valueless, by greedy and unscrupulous American squatters, they came to Don Antonio Coronel for advice, and he always befriended them. He gave to Mrs. Jackson the materials of her story of "Ramona," and aided her in many ways in acquiring a knowledge of the customs and traditions of the people of the country, necessary to give characteristic coloring to the story. He also gave her the outlines of another and more dramatic story, based on real life in the olden time here in Southern California, the beautiful heroine of which, Nacha, was well known by some of the best of the old Spanish families. If Mrs. Jackson had lived she was to have worked them up as a companion story of "Ramona." He also gave her the data of her account of Friar Junipero Serra, the venerable founder and first president of the California Missions. Mr. Coronel took an active part with Father Casanova of Monterey in the restoration of the San Carlos Mission, and in the solemnization of the centennial, in 1884, of the death of Father Junipero.

In 1873, Mr. Coronel married Miss Mariana Williamson. In 1887, Mr. and Mrs. Coronel visited the City of Mexico, and in '93, they went to the World's Fair at Chicago, where their stay was cut short by his illness; and his health continued in a precarious state from that time until his death, though he was not confined to his house until within a few days prior thereto. Toward the end he was fully aware that his hour was near, which he welcomed, only regretting the parting with his beloved wife. Twice he fervently embraced her, his last words being: "Querida! Ya me voy!" (Dearest, I am going!) As she gently laid him on the pillow, he peacefully closed his eyes and one of his attending physicians, who held his wrist, said, "His pulse has ceased;" and thus he died without a struggle. His good friend, Rev. Father Adam, vicar general of the diocese, attended him daily and administered to him the consolations of the religion in whose communion he had been born, and in which at last he died.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Coronel were active members of this Historical Society of Southern California from the time of its founding.

They had gathered, during the course of many years, the largest and most valuable collection of historical materials relating to this section and to this coast, in the country. Mr. Coronel ardently desired to co-operate with other citizens of wealth and enlightened public spirit in the establishment in this city of a museum, in connection with the Historical Society and the Public Library, to which he could donate his very valuable collection; and he made a liberal offer of either money or land to assist in endowing such an institution. It is to be hoped that other public-spirited citizens of means will be seized by the same desire, and thus show in a substantial manner their willingness to aid in preserving and safely guarding the materials of local history which they and their fathers and mothers have helped to make, and at the same time manifest to the world by their acts the fact that they recognize the obligations they owe to the community in which and off of which they have made their wealth. In the many conversations which the writer of this brief memorioial tribute to our departed friend has had with him concerning the past history of California, and especially of the part he took in it, I have been impressed with the vividness of his recollections; and I have felt that a record merely of those personal recollections would, to a certain extent, constitute a history of California.

Our kind-hearted friend is gone, but his memory will remain.



## REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

1900.

*To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:  
I beg leave to submit the following report:*

Number of Meetings held.....	6
Number of Papers read.....	16
Number of New Members elected.....	5

### TITLES TO PAPERS READ AND DATES OF READING.

#### FEBRUARY.

Inaugural Address of the President.....	Walter R. Bacon
Visit to the Grand Canyon .....	Mrs. M. Burton Williamson
Indians of the Los Angeles Valley.....	J. M. Guinn

#### MARCH.

The Palomeres Family.....	H. D. Barrows
The Stores of Los Angeles in 1850.....	Laura Evertsen King
California's Transition from Monarchy to Republicanism.....	J. M. Guinn

#### MAY.

An Episode in the Life of a Pioneer.....	H. D. Barrows
Aboriginal Alphabets (First Paper).....	J. D. Moody

#### JUNE.

Los Angeles Postmasters.....	H. D. Barrows
The Passing of the Neophyte.....	J. M. Guinn
Some Current Events .....	Walter R. Bacon

#### OCTOBER.

The Mexican Governors.....	H. D. Barrows
Historical Seaports of Los Angeles.....	J. M. Guinn

#### DECEMBER.

Fifty Years of California Politics .....	Walter R. Bacon
Side Lights on Old Los Angeles.....	Mary E. Mooney
Aboriginal Alphabets (Second Paper).....	J. D. Moody

The meetings of the Society have been held at the residences of Members and have been well attended.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

# REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE 1900.

*To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:*

We, the undersigned, members of the Society's Committee on Publication, do respectfully report that in accordance with the order of the Board of Directors we have had printed six hundred copies of the Society's Annual for 1900. With this issue we begin Volume V. The Annual continues to bear the double title adopted at the beginning of Volume IV, "Annual Publication of the Historical Society of Southern California and Pioneer Register."

Papers for publication have been selected from the collections of both the Historical and Pioneer Societies. These papers embrace a wide range of subjects, but all pertain to some phase of history.

In this, as in all previous publications of the Society, it is understood that the authors, and not the Society or the Committee, are responsible for the statements made in their papers, and for the views and opinions expressed.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN,  
H. D. BARROWS,  
Committee.

## TREASURER'S REPORT.

### YEAR 1900.

1900

#### RECEIPTS AND ASSETS.

Jany. 1—Balance on hand as per last report.....	\$ 60 45
Feby. 2—Received from Pioneer Society.....	50 00
Jan. 1 to } Received dues of Members.....	57 85
Dec. 31 } Received membership fees.....	8 00
Total Receipts .....	\$ 176 30

1900

#### DISBURSMENTS.

Jany. 29—Paid Secretary's bill—postage and sundries.....	\$ 1 90
Feby. 28—Paid Geo. Rice & Sons, printing Annual.....	125 00
Dec. 31—Paid Secretary's Bill—postage, express and sundries	11 75
Total Disbursements.....	\$ 138 65
Balance in Treasury January 1, 1901.....	\$ 37 65

Respectfully submitted,

January 1, 1901.

E. BAXTER,  
Treasurer.

## CURATOR'S REPORT.

### 1900.

*To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:*

In the limited space allowed in our Annual it is impossible for me to make a full report upon the condition of our library and collections. These, consisting of books, pamphlets, magazines, newspaper files, curios, relics, pictures, English and Spanish, manuscripts, maps, etc., are still stored in a room in the Court House. On account of want of space much of our collection has been boxed up and is therefore inaccessible for ready reference. We continue adding to our collection hoping that possibly some wealthy donor may be moved to give us even the limited amount necessary to procure better quarters and to catalogue and classify our collections.

For nearly eighteen years a few public spirited men and women of limited financial means have labored and spent their money to build up in Southern California a Historical Society. In that time we have published four complete volumes of history. These volumes are eagerly sought for by leading Historical and Public Libraries of the United States, but such seems to be the contempt of Californians for their local history that these books are almost unknown in the locality where they are published.

Nearly all of the larger States of the Union and many of the smaller ones have State Historical Societies supported by appropriations from the public funds. California has none. There is not to my knowledge any Historical Society now existing within her borders, except ours, which has made any collection or published any historical papers.

Successive legislatures have gone on multiplying State schools and piling up appropriations for our State University, but have ignored the necessity of collecting and preserving our historical material. As a consequence of this neglect a large amount of California's wealth of historical material has been allowed to fall into the hands of relic collectors and literary pot hunters, who sell it to eastern museums and libraries.

With less wealth and half a century less history than our State, the State of Wisconsin has spent more than a million dollars on her Historical Library and Museum and in erecting her magnificent Historical Society Building. The recent legislature of Oregon appropriated \$5,000 to aid her State Historical Society, and Montana, with a population about one-eighth the size of ours and less than fifty years of history, spends \$2,500 on hers. Recent California legislatures have been more liberal in allowances for historical purposes than past ones. Successive legislatures, in the past decade, have appropriated \$600 a year to pay the salary of the guardian of Sutter's New Fort, built of adobes of the brand of 1890, and a similar yearly amount to the keeper of the bronze monument of Marshall, who was not the first discoverer of gold in California.

It is to be regretted that none of our many rich men, who have made their fortunes in California, have been moved to expend a portion of their wealth in preserving the history of the State that has been so kind to them.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Curator.



# PIONEER REGISTER

## Pioneers of Los Angeles County

### OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1900-1901.

#### BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

WM. H. WORKMAN,	STEPHEN A. RENDALL,
LOUIS ROEDER,	R. R. HAINES,
BEN. S. EATON,	J. M. GUINN,
MATHEW TEED.	

#### OFFICERS.

WM. H. WORKMAN.....	President
R. R. HAINES.....	First Vice-President
S. A. RENDALL.....	Second Vice-President
LOUIS ROEDER.....	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN.....	Secretary

#### COMMITTEE ON MEMBERSHIP.

M. TEED,	LOUIS ROEDER,	M. F. QUINN
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#### COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

H. D. BARROWS,	C. N. WILSON,	JOEL B. PARKER
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#### COMMITTEE ON LITERARY EXERCISES.

WM. H. WORKMAN,	B. S. EATON,	H. D. BARROWS,	J. M. GUINN
S. A. RENDALL,	M. F. QUINN,	J. C. DOTTER.	

#### COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

LOUIS ROEDER,	WM. GROSSER,	B. S. EATON,	R. R. HAINES
DR. K. D. WISE,	M. KREMER,	MRS. S. C. YARNELL.	

#### COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT.

MRS. MARY FRANKLIN,	MRS. ELLEN G. TEED,	MRS. DORA BILDERBECK
MRS. J. G. NEWELL,	MRS. ABBIE HILLER,	MRS. EMILY W. DAVIS,
MBS. CECELIA A. RENDALL,	GEORGE W. HAZARD,	J. W. GILLETTE
	JOHN L. SLAUGHTER.	

# In Memoriam.

## Deceased Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

James J. Ayers,	-	-	-	-	Died November 10, 1897.
Stephen C. Foster,	-	-	-	-	Died January 27, 1898.
Horace Hiller,	-	-	-	-	Died May 23, 1898.
John Strother Griffin,	-	-	-	-	Died August 23, 1898.
Henry Clay Wiley,	-	-	-	-	Died October 25, 1898.
William Blackstone Abernethy,	-	-	-	-	Died November 1, 1898.
Stephen W. La Dow,	-	-	-	-	Died January 6, 1899.
Herman Raphael,	-	-	-	-	Died April 19, 1899.
Francis Baker,	-	-	-	-	Died May 17, 1899.
Leonard John Rose,	-	-	-	-	Died May 17, 1899.
E. N. McDonald,	-	-	-	-	Died June 10, 1899.
James Craig,	-	-	-	-	Died December 30, 1899.
Palmer Milton Scott,	-	-	-	-	Died January 3, 1900.
Francisco Sabichi,	-	-	-	-	Died April 13, 1900.
Robert Miller Towne,	-	-	-	-	Died April 24, 1900.
Fred W. Wood,	-	-	-	-	Died May 19, 1900.
Joseph Bayer,	-	-	-	-	Died July 27, 1900.
Augustus Ulyard	-	-	-	-	Died August 5, 1900.
A. M. Hough,	-	-	-	-	Died August 28, 1900.
Henry F. Fleishman	-	-	-	-	Died October 20, 1900.
Frank Lecouvreur,	-	-	-	-	Died January 17, 1901.
Daniel Scheick,	-	-	-	-	Died January 20, 1901.
Andrew Glassell,	-	-	-	-	Died January 28, 1901.

# **PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY**

## **CONSTITUTION**

[Adopted September 4, 1897.]

### **ARTICLE I.**

This society shall be known as The Pioneers of Los Angeles County. Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse and friendship among its members and to collect and preserve the early history of Los Angeles county, and perpetuate the memory of those who, by their honorable labors and heroism, helped to make that history.

### **ARTICLE II.**

All persons of good moral character, thirty-five years of age or over, who, at the date of their application, shall have resided at least twenty-five years in Los Angeles county, shall be eligible to membership; and also all persons of good moral character fifty years of age or over, who have resided in the State forty years and in the county ten years previous to their application, shall be eligible to become members. Persons born in this State are not eligible to membership, but those admitted before the adoption of this amendment shall retain their membership. (Adopted September 4, 1900.)

### **ARTICLE III.**

The officers of this society shall consist of a board of seven directors, to be elected annually at the annual meeting, by the members of the society. Said directors when elected shall choose a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. The secretary and treasurer may be elected from the members outside the Board of Directors.

### **ARTICLE IV.**

The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the fourth day of September, that being the anniversary of the first civic settlement in the southern portion of Alta California, to wit, the founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, September 4, 1781.



## ARTICLE V.

Members guilty of misconduct may, upon conviction, after proper investigation has been held, be expelled, suspended, fined or reprimanded by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any stated meeting; provided, notice shall have been given to the society at least one month prior to such intended action. Any officer of this society may be removed by the Board of Directors for cause; provided, that such removal shall not become permanent or final until approved by a majority of members of the society present at a stated meeting and voting.

## ARTICLE VI.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at least one month prior to the annual meeting. At said annual meeting said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. And if two-thirds of all the members present and voting shall vote in favor of adopting said amendments then they shall be declared adopted. (Amended September 4, 1900.

## BY-LAWS

[Adopted September 4, 1897.]

Section 1. All members of this society who shall have signed the constitution and by-laws, or who shall have been duly elected to membership after the adoption of the constitution and by-laws shall be entitled to vote at all meetings of the society.

Section 2. The annual dues of each member shall be one dollar, payable in advance.

Section 3. Each person on admission to membership shall sign the constitution and by-laws with his or her name in full, together with his or her place of birth, age, residence, occupation and the day, month and year of his or her arrival within the limits of Los Angeles county.

Section 4. At the annual meeting, the president shall appoint a committee of three on membership. He shall also at the same time appoint a committee of three on finance. All applications for membership shall be referred to the Committee on Membership for examination.

Section 5. Every applicant for membership shall be recommended by two members of the society in good standing. The application shall state the applicant's full name, age, birthplace, place of

residence, occupation and date of his or her arrival in the county of Los Angeles.

Section 6. Each application must be accompanied by the annual fee (one dollar), and shall lie over for one month, when a vote shall be taken by ballot. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 7. Any person eligible to membership may be elected a life member of this society on the payment to the treasurer of \$25. Life members shall enjoy all the privileges of active members, but shall not be required to pay annual dues.

Section 8. The Finance Committee shall examine all accounts against the society, and no bill shall be paid by the treasurer unless approved by a majority of the Finance Committee.

Section 9. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, the Board of Directors shall call a meeting of the society within thirty days thereafter, when said vacancy shall be filled by election for the remainder of the unexpired term.

Section 10. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of the society is unable for the time being to pay the annual dues, as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have the power to remit the same.

Section 11. The stated meetings of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month, except the month of September, when the annual meeting shall take the place of the monthly meeting. Special meetings may be called by the president, or by a majority of the Board of Directors, but no business shall be transacted at such special meeting except that specified in the call.

Section 12. Changes and amendments of these by-laws may be made by submitting the same in writing to the Board of Directors at least one month prior to any stated meeting. Said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendments shall receive a two-thirds vote of all members present and voting, the same shall be declared adopted.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

### STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Ex-Mayor Stephen C. Foster, whose portrait appears in this issue of the Annual, died in this city, January 28, 1898; and a sketch of his life appears in Volume IV, pp. 179-183, of the Historical Society's publications, from which a brief summary of the primary facts of his life is condensed here.

Mr. Foster was born in Maine, December 17, 1820. He graduated from Yale College in the class of 1840; later attending lectures at the Louisiana Medical College, and afterwards practicing medicine in Jackson county, Missouri. In 1845 he started for California via Santa Fe, Chihuahua and Sonora. At Oposura he learned of the breaking out of the Mexican war; and not being able to find any party going to California, he returned in June, 1846, to Santa Fe; and in October he was employed as interpreter of the "Mormon Battalion," which, under the command of Col. Philip St. George Cooke, set out for California, by way of Tucson, and the Pima Villages, arriving at San Diego January 20, 1847, and at Los Angeles, March 16, 1847.

For more than fifty years, Mr. Foster was a prominent citizen of Los Angeles. His familiarity with the Spanish language, in the early days, enabled him to serve the community in many capacities. Col. Mason, the then military Governor of the Territory, appointed Mr. Foster as Alcalde of this city, January 1, 1848. Mr. Foster was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1849; he served as State Senator during 1851-53, and he was twice elected Mayor of Los Angeles. In 1848 he was married to Dona Maria Merced, daughter of Don Antonio Maria Lugo and widow of Jose Perez. She and their two sons still survive him.

### FRANCISCO SABICHI.

Francisco Sabichi, a member of the Society of Los Angeles Pioneers, who died suddenly of heart disease on the 12th of April, 1900; in the 59th year of his age, was a native of this city. He was born October 4, 1842. His father, Matias Sabichi, was a native of Austria, or Austrain Italy, who came to Los Angeles at a very early



day; and his mother was Josefa, daughter of Don Ygnacio Coronel, and sister of Antronio F. Coronel. Matias Sabichi in 1852, after the death of his wife, took his two boys, Francisco and Matias, and set out on his return to his native land, but he died on the way. His two sons were taken in charge on their arrival in England by the American consul, Mr. Joseph Rodney Croskey, who became a true foster-father to them, taking them into his own family and carefully educating them. Frank was in the British navy three years. Matias was a portion of the time at school in France. Both learned to speak French, and of course English and Spanish, the latter being their mother tongue. They returned to Los Angeles in 1860, having been away about eight years. Matias Sabichi was accidentally shot while on a hunting trip, from the effects of which he died not long afterwards. Frank studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was several times elected a member of the City Council in the early 70's and also once in the 80's. In 1865, he was married to Magdalena, daughter of Wm. Wolfskill, the pioneer. She, with their eight children survive him.

Mr. Sabichi was prominently identified with the "Sons of the Golden West," being at the time of his death, a grand trustee of the order for the State of California.

H. D. BARROWS,  
LOUIS ROEDER,  
K. D. WISE,  
Committee.

### ROBERT MILLER TOWNE.

Robert Miller Towne, a charter member of this society, who died in this city April 21, 1900, was born in Batavia, Illinois, November 12, 1844. He came to Los Angeles in the fall of 1869. For some years he engaged in sheep-raising. Afterwards he went to New Mexico, where he did a freighting business between Las Vegas and the mines.

In 1881 he married Miss Lillie M. Fisher, daughter of Judge Fisher of this city, whom most of the members of this pioneer Society knew well. Two daughters were born to this union. They with their mother survive Mr. Towne. After his marriage he and his family resided for a time in Kansas. During the latter portion of his life, and while suffering from tuberculosis, he lived on



FRANK LECOUVREUR.





the desert. Mr. Towne was a man of much decision of character; he was ever a good citizen, and was highly respected by all who knew him.

H. D. BARROWS,

LOUIS ROEDER,

K. D. WISE,

Committee.

### FRED W. WOOD.

Fred W. Wood was born at Praire du Chien, Wisconsin, April 28, 1853. At the breaking out of the Civil war, his father enlisted in the Union Army, and became colonel of the 17th Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He had two brothers in the service, and only his youth prevented him from enlisting.

In 1868 the family removed to Kansas City, Mo., where Fred W. attended the High School. He left school at the age of sixteen, and for a year or more afterwards he was employed in the office of the Kansas City Engineer. From Kansas City he went to Northern Wisconsin, where he was engaged for three years in the construction of some of the lines of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad system. In 1873 he came to California and in March of the following year he arrived in Los Angeles. After spending a few months in various engineering, surveying and mining enterprises, he became interested with Prudent Beaudry in the construction of the Los Angeles city water works. For several years he was in the abstract business as a member of the firm of Gillette, Gibson & Wood. His next employment was the laying out and superintending the planting of J. De Barth Shorb's extensive vineyards at Alhambra and establishing the winery there. In 1889 he became identified with the Temple Street Cable Railway line. He managed the business of the Beaudry Brothers, Victor and Prudent, who were largely interested in the Temple street road. After the death of the brothers he was executor of their estates. In 1895 Mr. Wood became superintendent and general manager of the Los Angeles Street Railway Company, the most extensive street railway system in the city. In this service he continued until his death. In politics he was a Republican and served as chairman of the County Republican Central Committee from 1894 to 1896. He stood high in the Masonic and Odd Fellows orders.

Seventeen year ago Mr. Wood married Miss Leona Pigne-Dupuytren, who was born in California, and is grand niece of the renowned Parisian physician Dr. Dupuytren. One son, Warren Dupuytren, was born of this union.

Mr. Wood died in Los Angeles, May 19, 1900.

## JOSEPH BAYER.

Joseph Bayer was born in Germany, November 1, 1846. He emigrated to the United States during his early boyhood. During the Civil war he entered the Union Army, enlisting in the Second United States Infantry. He served three years. After the war he went to St. Louis, where he engaged in business until 1868, when he came to California. He arrived in Los Angeles July 4, 1870. He engaged in business on the corner of Requesena and Main street. In 1872 he went to Tucson, Arizona, where he remained two years. Returning to Los Angeles, he opened a wholesale liquor house on North Main street. He built up an extensive business, dealing in imported and domestic wines and brandies. He was one of the pioneer oil producers of Southern California.

In 1875 Mr. Bayer married Miss K. B. Happ, a native of Buffalo, N. Y. He died in this city July 27, 1900.

## AUGUSTUS ULYARD.

(Los Angeles Daily Times.)

Augustus Ulyard, whose funeral was held yesterday afternoon at his late residence, No. 809 South Flower street, died in his eighty-fifth year. He has been a modest and model citizen during the half century he lived in Los Angeles, and political honors were thrust upon him but once in all that time, he having been a member of the City Council in 1856.

Ulyard was born in Philadelphia on February 22, 1816, where in his young manhood he learned the trade of a baker, and must very soon after its completion have started west, for he enlisted and served as a Texas Volunteer in the war with Mexico in 1837. In 1841 he went to St. Louis, opened a bakery, remained there until 1846, when he married Miss Mary Field, a native of England, who survives him. With his new wife and worldly belongings he again started west and next appears as a citizen of Council Bluffs, Iowa. In 1852, in company with a large party of immigrants, Mr. and Mrs. Ulyard set out from Council Bluffs for the Pacific golden shores, traveling by wagon train. Their passage across the plains would seem to have been uneventful. They profited by the horrible catastrophe that befell the Donner party in 1846, and in order to avoid spending the winter at Salt Lake, or taking the risk of the cold passage over the Sierra Nevadas, they chose the southern route, by way of the Cajon Pass and San Bernardino, and arrived at Los Angeles on the last day of the year 1852.

At that time there were but five American women in Los An-

geles aside from Mrs. Ulyard. The town consisted of a small group of adobe buildings in the neighborhood of the plaza, one of which Mr. Ulyard succeeded in renting, and as behooves the thrifty citizen at once set himself up in business as a baker. He baked the first loaf of American bread ever cooked in Los Angeles, using yeast brought across the plains by his wife. He soon sought a new location on the outskirts of the pueblo, which is the site now occupied by the Natick House, at First and Main streets. For twenty years he continued to follow his vocation as a baker, but having accumulated a competency, he then retired. He owned the property on the southwest corner of Fifth and Spring streets.

In 1856 he was quite active in politics and helped to organize the first Republican League in California, in an old frame building on Main street belonging to Capt. Alexander Bell. It was in the Fremont campaign, and Ulyard was a member of the City Council, which seems to have been the only office he ever held.

From the time of his arrival to the time of his death, on Sunday last, Mr. Ulyard was a permanent resident of Los Angeles. No children were born to him, but at different periods he adopted homeless children until there were seven in all.

He died August 5, 1900.

#### REV. A. M. HOUGH.

Rev. A. M. Hough, a member of the Los Angeles Society of Pioneers, who died Aug., 27, 1900, was a native of Greene county, New York; born June 4, 1830. He received his education at the New York Conference Seminary in Schohaire county. In 1864 Mr. Hough went to Montana, then a territory, as Superintendent of Missions, and established the Methodist Episcopal Church there. In 1868, on account of his wife's failing health, he came with her to California, driving his own team from Montana to Los Angeles, where he arrived November 22. He served as pastor of various churches, here, in San Francisco and in Sacramento, till 1875, when the conference was divided and he became presiding elder of the southern body, in which capacity he served four years. He retired from active service as a pastor about 1885.

In 1854 Mr. Hough was married to Miss Anna Gould, a native of New York, who survives him. Mr. Hough was a man of great intellectual force, and yet of kindly, gentle manners, broad charity and pure life; and as a sequence of these cardinal qualities he exerted a wide influence for good in the community in which he lived so many years.



## HENRY F. FLEISMAN.

Henry F. Fleishman was born at Charleston, S. C., in 1845; he died in this city, where he had resided a number of years, on the 13th of October, 1900. He served in the Confederate army during the Civil war, from beginning to end, participating in many of the great battles, and surrendering with General Lee's command at Appomatox. Mr. Fleishman, at the time of his death, was a member of several beneficent orders, in which, and in the community generally, he was universally respected.

## FRANK LECOUVREUR.

Our society is called upon to mourn the death, which occurred January 17, 1901, of our associate, Mr. Frank Lecouvreur. Mr. Lecouvreur, who was a native of Ortelsburg, Prussia, born June 7, 1830, came via Cape Horn to California in 1851, and to Los Angeles in 1855. He was by profession a civil engineer, and he served as County Surveyor of Los Angeles for four years; he also, first and last, surveyed many ranchos for private parties. He at one time, during the '60's served as deputy county clerk, and later was cashier and a director of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank. In June, 1877, he was married to Miss Josephine R. Smith, who survives him.

The members of this society, and of this community, in which he lived so many years, universally concede the sterling worth of our brother, and sincerely mourn his death.

## DANIEL SCHIECK.

(Los Angeles Daily Times.)

Daniel Schieck, a quaint old memento of the days when Los Angeles was a half way Mexican town, has gone from the streets forever. He lies dead in the home that he built half a century ago, on the lonely outskirts of the hamlet and lived to see sucked into the heart of a city. It is on Franklin street at the head of New High.

It was one of the first plastered houses in the pueblo. Additions and new fronts and changes have been made, but Schieck never moved from the place all through the years. When he first moved in, Mrs. Schieck was very lonely, because there would be days when not a soul passed the house. For many years the little German and his wife have been familiar figures driving about the city in their phaeton. For twenty-five years since the city reached out and ab-

sorbed his suburban place, Schieck has been living on his money in placid ease.

He was the pioneer drayman of the city, and for a time was its Gunga Din, with a water-cart, peddling Adam's ale from house to house.

He came here in 1852. He had come over from Baden in 1845 and made the trip across the plains in 1852. The journey was made on horseback, and Schieck was once abandoned by his party to die. About half way across the plains he was suddenly taken very ill, and the party would not take him on. He was too far gone to travel anyhow. They would have deserted him like a sick wolf, but he made a bargain with one of the men, who, having no horse, was walking. Schieck told him that he would buy him a good horse and saddle and bridle if he would stay and nurse him through the illness.

They put Schieck out under a tree by the side of the road and the man fell out of the party to stay with him. He was a reasonably faithful nurse for two days. Then one morning Schieck woke up to find that the man had run away in the night with his saddle, horse and outfit. He would probably have died from hunger and neglect but that he was on the road to one of the Mormon trading posts. The Mormon traders found and cared for him until he got well.

Just as soon as he could possibly travel, Schieck set out with a new horse with a Teutonic determination to find that party that deserted him. He paid the managers to take him out to Sacramento and intended to get his money's worth. By hard riding he overtook the party as it was crossing the borders of California.

They took him the rest of the way into Sacramento and gave him one of the best pair of oxen in the caravan to atone for having allowed him to make half the journey alone and without the accommodations due him.

He went to farming near Sacramento, but one of the oxen died before long, and he wandered into the gold fields. He got rheumatism, but no gold. Looking for a better climate, Schieck came down the State into Southern California.

When he hit Los Angeles, the man who peddled water was about to leave and Schieck took his place. For a little while he followed this job, getting water every morning from the zanja and delivering it around to the houses. He charged \$2 a month for each of his customers. This didn't pay and he went into the dray business.

He drove a funny, old-fashioned, two-wheeled dray cart and had a mononoply. He used to meet the Banning coaches coming in

from San Pedro, and the other stage lines. He charged about what he liked.

The little place that he bought on the outskirts of the city ran along seventy-five feet on what is now Spring street, and the whole length of Franklin street. It made him rich.

In the early days he cut quite a figure in affairs, and one of the reminiscences that he liked to tell was of serving on the first vigilance committee that introduced Judge Lynch to Los Angeles.

When he died Sunday night, January 20, 1901, he was aged 81 years, 3 months and 20 days. It was just old age that took him off. About five weeks ago he was out driving with his wife and became so dazed that he could scarcely drive home, narrowly escaping several accidents. He went to bed when he got home and never was up again.

He leaves a widow, who was his second wife, and two children, Mrs. S. E. Boecher and Mrs. C. E. Jenkins, besides a daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Schieck.

#### ANDREW GLASSELL.

Andrew Glassell was born in Virginia, September 30, 1827. When he was seven years old his parents moved to Alabama, where his father engaged in cotton planting. Andrew was educated in the University of Alabama, from which he graduated in 1848. After graduating he studied law. In 1853 he came to California, and the same year was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the State. A friend of his being United States Attorney at San Francisco, Mr. Glassell received the appointment of Deputy United States District Attorney, to assist in trying a large number of accumulated land cases pending in the Federal District Court, and was thus employed about three years. Then resuming his private practice, he did a prosperous legal business till the Civil war broke out. His sympathies were with the Confederates, but not caring to take part by discussion or otherwise on either side, he quit the practice of law and engaged in the manufacture of lumber and staves near Santa Cruz, employing a large force of men in a steam sawmill. After the war he came to Los Angeles, and in partnership with Alfred B. Chapman and George H. Smith, established the law firm of Glassell, Chapman & Smith. In 1883 Mr. Glassell retired from the practice of law, to devote his whole time to his private business.

Mr. Glassell was twice married. In 1855 he married a daughter of Dr. H. H. Toland, an eminent physician of San Francisco, by whom he had nine children. She died in 1879. His second wife he married in 1885. She was a daughter of Wm. C. Micou of New Orleans. She died about two years since. Mr. Glassell died January 28, 1901.



## List of Members Admitted Since Last Report, January, 1900.

NAME	AGE	BIRTH PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	ARR. IN STATE
Alvarez, Ferdinand	60	Mo.	Butcher	May 1, 1872	647 S. Sichel	1872
Bragg, Ansel M.	70	Maine	Retired	Nov., 1873	160 Hewitt	1867
Bright, Toney	47	Ohio	Liveryman	Sept. 1874	218 Requena	1874
Buffam, Wm. M.	68	Mass.	Storekeeper	July 4, 1850	144 W. 12th	—
Cerelli, Sebastian	55	Italy	Restauranteur	Nov. 2, 1874	811 San Fernando	1874
Compton, Geo. D.	80	Va.	Retired	May, 1867	838 W. Jefferson	—
Cowan, D. W. C.	70	Penn.	Farmer	June 1, 1868	824 W. Tenth	1849
Carter, Julius M.	64	Vt.	Retired	Mar. 4, 1876	Pasadena	1875
Davis, John W.	49	Ind.	Publisher	Dec. 10, 1872	San Pedro	1872
Davis, Virginia W.	52	Ark.	Housewife	Sept., 1852	San Pedro	1852
Delano, Thos. A.	70	N. H.	Farmer	April, 1850	Newhall	1850
French, Chas. E.	59	Maine	Retired	April, 1871	141½ N. Broad'y	1869
Griffith, Jas. R.	60	Mo.	Stock Raiser	May, 1881	Glendale	1845
Gephard, Geo.	70	Germ.	Retired	June, 1875	310 N. Grand	1850
Green, Morris M.	64	N. Y.	Retired	Nov., 1869	3017 Kingsley	1869
Hays, Wade	62	Mo.	Miner	Sept., 1853	Colegrove	1853
Hass, Sarefta S.	82	N. Y.	Housewife	April 7, 1856	1519 W. Eighth	1856
Hamilton, Ezra M.	68	Ill.	Miner	Sept. 20, 1875	310 Avenue 23	1853
Hewitt, Roscoe E.	60	Ohio	Miner	Feb. 27, 1873	337 S. Olive	1853
Kuhrts, Susan	50	Germ.	Housewife	May, 1863	107 W. First	1862
King, Laura E.	58	Flor.	Housewife	Nov. 27, 1849	412 N. Breed	1849
Klockenbrink, Wm.	60	Germ.	Book-keeper	Oct. 1870	Hewitt	1870
Ling, Robert A.	47	Can.	Attorney	Sept., 1873	1101 Downey av	1873
Lockhart, Thomas J.	62	Ind.	Real Estate	May 1, 1873	1929 Lovelace av	1872
Lockhart, Levi J.	70	Ind.	Coal Merchant	May 1, 1873	1814 S. Grand av	1873
Lockwood, James W.	68	N. Y.	Plasterer	Apr. 1, 1875	Water st	1856
Marrxon, Dora	60	Germ.	Housewife	Nov. 14, 1873	212 E. 17th	1873
Mcade, John	67	Ire.	Retired	Sept. 6, 1869	203 W. 15th	1869
Moran, Samuel	63	D. C.	Painter	May 15, 1873	Colegrove	1873
Melvill, J. H.	54	Mass.	Sec. Fid. Ab. Co.	Aug., 1875	465 N. Beaudry av	1874
Montague, Newell S.	55	Ill.	Farmer	Oct. 2, 1856	122 E. 28th	1856
McFarland, Silas R.	51	Pa.	Livery	Jan. 28, 1875	1334 W. Twelfth	1853
Proffitt, Green L.	63	Mo.	Retired	Nov., 1887	1512 W. Twelfth	1853
Russell, Wm. H.	59	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Apr 9, 1866	Whittler	—
Ruxton, Albert St. G.	48	Eng.	Surveyor	Sept., 1873	128 N. Main	1873
Smith, W. J. A.	64	Eng.	Draughtsman	Apr. 12, 1874	820 Linden	1874
Sentous, Jean	64	France	Retired	April, 1856	545 S. Grand av	1856
Shearer, Mrs. Tillie	51	Ill.	Housewife	July, 1875	1134 El Molino	1852
Thayer, John S.	42	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct. 25, 1874	147 W. 25th	1874
Vignolo, Ambrosio	71	Italy	Merchant	Feb. 17, 1857	Los Angeles	1850
Vawter, E. J.	51	Ind.	Florist	Apr. 12, 1875	Ocean Park	1875
Vawter, W. S.	55	Ind.	Farmer	July 10, 1875	Santa Monica	1875
Wartenberg, Louis	56	Germ.	Com. Trav.	Nov., 1858	1057 S. Grand av	1858
Whisler, Isaac	57	Ark.	Miner	Aug., 1852	535 San Pedro st.	1852



Organized November 1, 1883  
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PIONEER REGISTER  
Los Angeles  
1901

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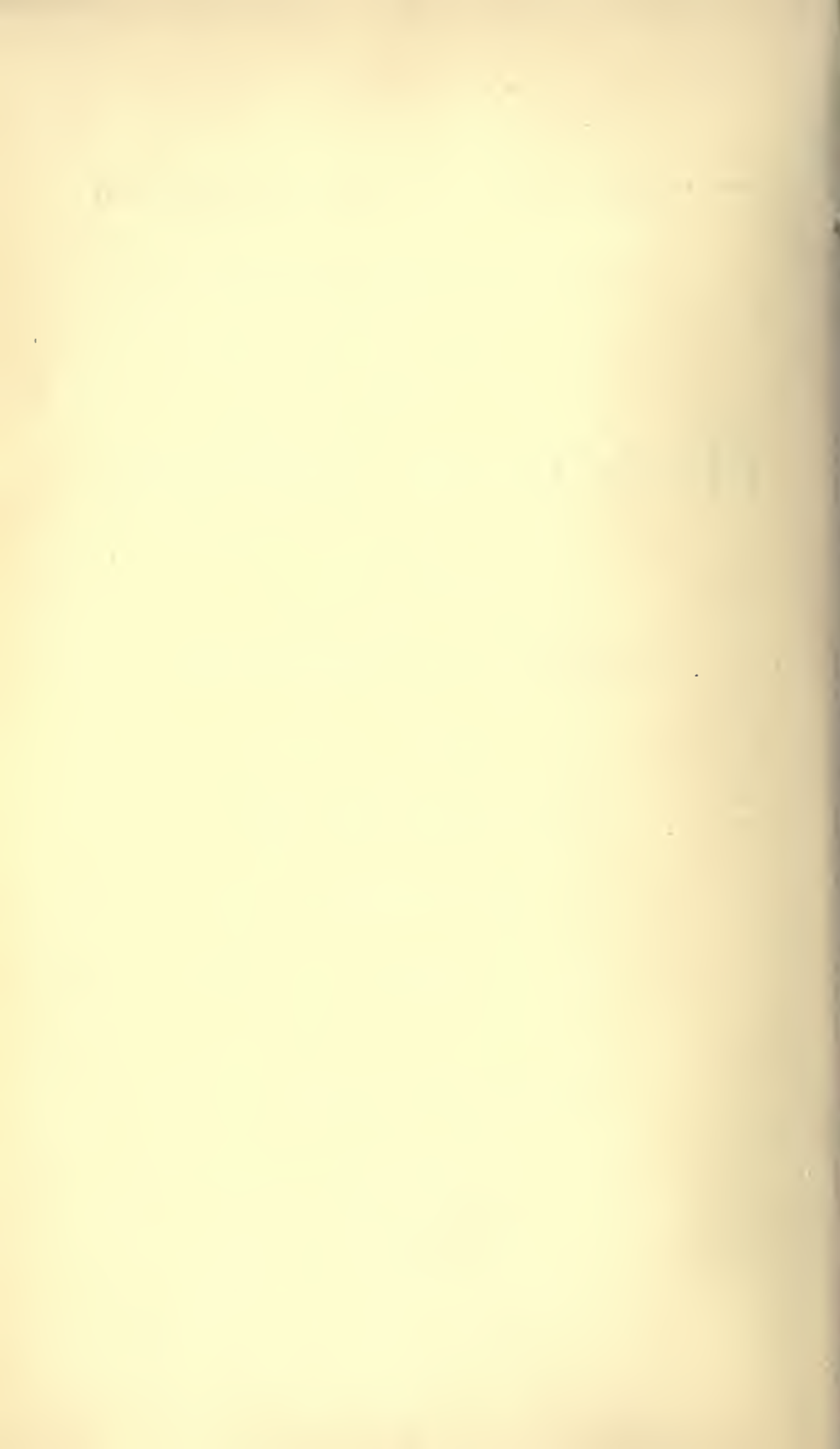
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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Geo. Rice & Sons

1902





# CONTENTS.

## HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS.

Officers of the Historical Society, 1901-1902.....	104
Pioneer Physicians of Los Angeles..... <i>H. D. Barrowes</i>	105
The Old Round House..... <i>George W. Hazard</i>	109
Passing of the Old Pueblo..... <i>J. M. Guinn</i>	113
Marine Biological Labratory at San Pedro— ..... <i>Mrs. M. Burton Williamson</i>	121
Early Clericals of Los Angeles..... <i>H. D. Barrowes</i>	127
The Original Father Junipero ..... <i>F. J. Polley</i>	134
Camel Caravans of the American Deserts.... <i>J. M. Guinn</i>	146
Dilatory Settlement of California ..... <i>Walter R. Bacon</i>	152

## PIONEER REGISTER.

Officers and Committees of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, 1901-1902.....	159
Constitution and By-Laws.....	160
Order of Business.....	164
Inaugural Address of President..... <i>H. D. Barrowes</i>	165
The Pony Express..... <i>J. M. Guinn</i>	168
Overland to California in 1850..... <i>J. M. Stewart</i>	176
Early Days in Washoe..... <i>Alfred James</i>	186

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Fred W. Wood..... <i>M. F. Quinn</i>	194
Thomas E. Rowan..... <i>Committee Report</i>	197
George Gephard..... <i>L. A. Times</i>	199
Elizabeth Langley Ensign..... <i>Committee Report</i>	199
William F. Grosser..... <i>Committee Report</i>	200
Samuel Calvert Foy (Portrait)..... <i>Committee Report</i>	202
Charles Brode ..... <i>Committee Report</i>	204
Frank A. Gibson..... <i>Committee Report</i>	206
In Memoriam .....	207
Membership Roll .....	208

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1901

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MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.....	Second Vice-President
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FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

ERECTED IN 1868 ON NEW HIGH STREET, NORTH OF TEMPLE

# Historical Society

—OF—

## Southern California

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, 1901

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### PIONEER PHYSICIANS OF LOS ANGELES

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read Oct. 7, 1901.]

The first three educated physicians who practiced their profession in Los Angeles for longer or shorter periods, of whom we have any record, were:

Dr. John Marsh, who came here in January 1836;

Dr. Richard S. Den, who arrived in California in 1843;

Dr. John S. Griffin, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who arrived in 1846.

A brief account of each of these trained physicians and surgeons ought to be of interest to the present generation.

Dr. Marsh was a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard college, and also of its medical school. He came to Los Angeles by way of Santa Fé. In the Archives of this city, Translations, Vol. 2, p. 113, (session of the Ayuntamiento or Town Council, of 18th February, 1836,) the following record is found:

" . . . A petition from foreigner, Don Juan Marchet, (John Marsh; the sound of sh at the ending of a word is unknown to the Spanish tongue;) a native of United States of the North, was read. He asks that this illustrious (honorable) Ayuntamiento consider him as having appeared, he declaring his intention of establishing (locating) in this city, and also that he is a physician and surgeon. The Ill. Aynumiento decided,



in conformity with the law of April 14, 1828, Art. 3, as follows: Record and forward the certified copy, solicited, reminding said Marchet (Marsh) that he cannot practice surgery until he has obtained permission from this Ayuntamiento." . . . (Minutes of this meeting were signed:) "Manuel Requena, Pres.; Tiburcio Tapia, Rafael Guirado, Basilio Valdez, José Ma. Herrera, Abel Stearns, Narcisco Botello." (Each with his proper Rubric attached.)

At page 117 of Archives, (session of 25th February, 1836,) this minute occurs: . . . "A petition from Mr. Juan Marchet (Marsh) asking to be permitted to practice his profession, was read. The Ill. Body decided to give him permission to practice medicine, as he has submitted for inspection his diploma, which was found to be correct, and also for the reason that he would be very useful to the community." . . .

His diploma being in Latin, it is said that, as no one could be found in Los Angeles who understood that language, the document had to be sent to San Gabriel for the Mission priest to translate, and which, as noted, was found correct. Dr. Marsh, however, only remained in Los Angeles about a year, when, early in 1837, he went north and settled finally on the rancho Los Médanos, or New York ranch, near Monte Diablo, of which he became the owner. Here he lived until his death in 1856, being murdered by natives. Dr. Marsh was naturalized as a Mexican citizen in 1844.

Dr. R. S. Den was born in Ireland in 1821. After receiving a thorough education as a physician, surgeon and obstetrician, he was appointed surgeon of a passenger ship bound for Australia in 1842. From thence he came via Valparaiso to Mazatlan, where he received with delight news from his brother, Nicolas, from whom he had not heard for some years, and who was then living at Santa Barbara. Resigning his position as surgeon, he came to California, arriving at San Pedro, August 21, and at Santa Barbara, September 1, 1843, at the age of 22 years.

In the winter of 1843-4, Dr. Den was called to Los Angeles to perform some difficult surgical operations, when he received a petition, signed by leading citizens, both native and foreign, asking him to remain and practice his profession. And so, in July, 1844, he returned to Los Angeles. From that time on, till his death in 1895, he made his home here, with the exception of a brief period in the mines, and about twelve years, from 1854 to 1866, in which he had to look after the interests of his stock rancho of San Marcos, in Santa Barbara county.

A much fuller account of Dr. Den and his long and honorable career in Southern California during the pioneer times, may be found in the "Illustrated History of Los Angeles County," published in 1889, pp. 197-200, which also contains a steel engraving and good likeness of Dr. Den.

In the Medical Directory of 1878 the following paragraph appears: "It is of record that Dr. R. S. Den, in obedience to the laws of Mexico relating to foreigners, did present his diplomas as physician and surgeon to the government of the country, March 14, 1844, and that he received special license to practice from said government." The document here referred to, Dr. Den, in the latter years of his life, showed to me. It was signed by Gov. Micheltorena; and, as it was an interesting historical document, I asked that he present it to the Historical Society, which he promised to do. At his death, I took considerable pains to have the paper hunted up, but without success. His heirs, (the children of his brother Nicolas,) apparently had but little idea of the historical value of such a document, and therefore it probably has been lost.

Dr. John S. Griffin, who for nearly half a century was an eminent citizen, and an eminent physician and surgeon of Los Angeles, was a native of Virginia, born in 1816, and a graduate of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. After practicing his profession some three years in Louisville, he entered the United States army as assistant surgeon, serving under Gen. Worth in Florida and on the southwest frontier. As I presented the Historical Society a condensed sketch of Dr. Griffin's life on the occasion of his death, three years ago, (published in the society's Annual of 1898, pp. 183-5,) I would here refer members to that sketch; and for further details, to the account that I wrote, taken down mainly from his own lips, for the Illustrated History of this county of 1889, pp. 206-7, which latter is accompanied by an excellent stipple steel portrait of Dr. Griffin. There are many citizens of Los Angeles and, in fact, of California, still living who knew Dr. Griffin well and esteemed him highly. His death occurred in this city, August 23, 1898.

Of other physicians and surgeons who practiced their profession in Los Angeles in early times, there were Doctors A. P. Hodges, the first mayor of the city, (July 3, 1850, to May 15, 1851;) and A. W. Hope, who was the first State Senator, (1850-51,) of the First Senatorial District, (San Diego and Los Angeles;) and Doctors McFarlane, Downey, (afterwards Governor of the State;) Thos. Foster, T. J. White, R. T. Hayes, Winston,

Cullen, etc.; and during the fifties and sixties and later, many others too numerous to mention, within the limits and scope of this brief paper.

My friend, Mr. Elijah Moulton, who came to Los Angeles in 1845, informs me that he knew two other doctors, who practiced here for a short time between '45 and '49: one of them a Frenchman, who went to San Diego with Dr. Griffiin to assist him in treating the wounded soldiers, and who, Dr. Griffiin said, was a first-class surgeon; and an American named Keefe. The Frenchman's name has been forgotten.



## THE OLD ROUND HOUSE

BY GEO. W. HAZARD.

"In the years from 1854 to 1886, an odd-shaped building stood on lots fronting 120 feet on Main street, Los Angeles, and running through to Spring. The latter street was in the earlier part of this time little more than a country road. The building was a conspicuous landmark of the town, and was universally known as the Round House, though within the memory of most American residents who were here then it was, strictly speaking, an octagon in shape. Its exact location was ninety-one and a half feet south of Third street, on the site of the present Pridham and Pinney blocks. The old well, from which water was drawn by a private arrangement, called a well sweep, consisting of a long pole, resting in the middle on an upright forked timber, and a rope at one end, to which the bucket was attached, and the other end weighted with rocks.

This land was granted by the Ayuntamiento of the pueblo of Los Angeles to Juan Bouvette and Loreta Cota, his wife, August 31st, 1847. On March 3rd, 1854, it was purchased by Remundo Alexander and Maria Valdez, his wife. Mr. Alexander was a native of France, and came to California as a sailor. In Africa he had seen houses of stone built cylindrical in form. So when he married Doña Maria, daughter of Señor Valdez, a prominent citizen and native of California, though a grandson of Spain, he varied the uniform style of building in Spanish-American countries and fashioned the new adobe dwelling for his bride after the architecture of Africa. The building was two stories high, with an umbrella-shaped shingle roof, and cost (Mrs. Alexander thinks), with the lawn, from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. On July 28th, 1856, it was sold to George Lehman and his wife, Clara Snyder. In transferring the property, the wording of the deed follows established custom, for in Spanish countries a woman does not lose her maiden name. After marriage that of her husband is affixed to her own with the preposition de (of) between. Mr. Lehman was a native of Germany, familiarly known to his fellow-citizens as "Dutch George." He is described by those who knew him well, as a

good-natured, kind-hearted, well-meaning man, full of vagaries and fantastic notions.

After Lehman came into possession of the Round House he enlarged it by enclosing it in a frame extension about ten feet deep, which on the exterior was an octagon, and in the interior divided into additional rooms. Over the windows he painted the names of the thirteen original States, with that of California added. Mr. Lehman had a strange hallucination (exceptional in Californians) that he had found the garden of Eden, and he set to work to make his grounds as nearly as possible his conception of the dwelling place of our first parents. He built a labyrinth of arbors, which in time were hidden under a profusion of vines and roses. He planted fruit and ornamental trees, shrubbery and plants, in quantity and variety, supposed to have delighted the senses and sheltered the bodies of the progenitors of the race.

The entrance to this modern Eden was not guarded by cherubim and flaming sword, but by something probably more effective in excluding intruders; a row of "tunas" (cactus) extended across the Main and Spring streets sides that grew from ten to fifteen feet high, with branches so closely interlaced that they formed an impenetrable hedge. This garden became a thicket of foliage and bloom, to which the owner charged a small admission fee; and he sold beer and pretzels within its shady recesses. It was embellished with cement statues representing Adam and Eve reclining under a tree, with the wily serpent presumably alluring Mother Eve to take the initial step in human progress that bequeathed her name to posterity as the first woman who aspired to a higher education. Scattered about under the trees were effigies in cement of the animals which passed in review before Adam to receive their names.

For more than twenty years this garden was one of the resorts of the town, and was used on public occasions, notably the centennial celebration of July 4th, 1876. On March 6th, 1879, it passed out of possession of Lehman, sold under foreclosure of mortgage. The cactus hedge was cut down in July, 1886, when the city ordered the laying of cement sidewalks.

The building was used as a school house after Lehman left it; then as a lodging house, and in its last estate became a resort for tramps. It disappeared before the march of progress in 1887. An air of mystery in later years surrounded the unique structure and strange stories were told of the eccentric owner, not substantiated by those who knew him best."

The foregoing is from the "Land of Sunshine" for August, 1897, written by Mary M. Bowman.

It was my pleasure to see the Round House built. It was the wonder of the town; and when I first saw it, the foundation was up about 18 inches. It was built of adobe. The exact numbers of the land it occupied are 311-313-315 and 317 South Main street. The old cactus hedge was on Spring street, where the Breed block now stands; and, to be exact, covered the space now included in Nos. 308-310-312 and 314 South Spring street. Mrs. Bowman says that Georgetown \*(called after George Lehman) was at the corner of Broadway and Fifth streets; it should read Sixth and Spring. There he built an addition of two stories of brick to the old house of José Rais, which is still standing—No. 605 (now the Owl Bakery); also No. 607 South Spring street, now known as "Bob's Place" lunch counter. That takes you to the alley. He cut the corner and made it octagon; and there today you can read "Georgetown Bakery." The Ralphs painted over it in black, but it has peeled off, so you can see the gold letters. Across the alley is the old house of José Lopez, now the Le Long building. The Ralphs brothers bought it in 1870, tore down the adobe and built the present block on the corner. Lehman, later, had a wine cellar on Sixth street, where the Lindley Sanitarium now stands, between the Widney block and the First Methodist church.

It is not true that Lehman gave the Sixth Street, or Central Park to the city. Donations were asked for, trees and shrubbery, etc.; and he was the first to donate. And he did with his own hands plant the first trees there; and he kept them watered with his five-gallon cans from his Sixth Street house.

The following extract from the Los Angeles Star of October 2d, 1858, gives an account of the opening of the resort, which was then well out in the country:

### THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.

"The handsome grounds of the Round House in the South part of Main street have lately been fitted up as a public garden,

---

\*My wife and I were at the christening of Georgetown, which took place at an adobe house on the East side of Spring street, south of Sixth street, one afternoon when George Lehman brought a bottle or two of wine and some baker's cookies and invited my wife and me to the christening; we were then living in a house owned by him where the store long known as Ralphs' grocery now stands. The native California girls who were there enjoyed it very much.—A. G. Mappa.



under the above rather high sounding title. In it are to be seen elegantly portrayed the primeval family, Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel; also the old serpent and the golden apples, all according to the record. There is beside a frame work containing what are called flying horses, for the amusement of children. A band of music stationed on the balcony of the house plays at intervals. The garden is tastefully laid out and is much frequented by citizens, especially on Sundays."

## THE PASSING OF THE OLD PUEBLO

BY J. M. GUINN.

[Read December, 1901.]

No era of California history is so little known or understood as that which may be called the transition period—the period in which California was passing from a Mexican province to an American state. This is due to the fact that the discovery of gold, shortly after the conquest, directed the attention of the world to the gold regions in Northern California, which were uninhabited before the conquest, and where no transition took place; while Southern California, where the population was centered under the Mexican régime, received but few accessions from immigration and the native inhabitants were left to transform themselves into American citizens as best they could.

The last Mexican stronghold, Los Angeles, surrendered to Commodore Stockton, January 10, 1847. A semi-military, semi-civil government was inaugurated and the inhabitants were encouraged to continue their municipal government under the Mexican laws of the Territory. The treaty of peace in 1848, made all the native Californians who elected to remain in the country, citizens of the United States *nolens volens*. For three years and a half the anomalous condition existed of citizens of the United States living in the United States governed by Mexican laws administered by a mixed constituency of Mexican-born and American-born officials.

Just what these laws were, it was difficult to find out. No code commissioners had codified the laws and it sometimes happened that the judge made the law to suit the case. Under the old régime the *alcalde* was often law-giver, judge, jury and executioner all in one. And it did not astonish the native to find the American following Mexican precedents. That such a state of affairs produced no serious difficulties was largely due to the easy good nature of the native Californians. Had their adhesion to the mother country, Mexico, been stronger there might have been strenuous protests and even armed uprising against an enforced allegiance to a government for which they could have no love. But Mexico, at best, had been to them only a step-

mother, and their separation from her caused them no heart aches.

Had they been given a choice, it is doubtful whether many of them would have elected to become citizens of the United States—a country whose inhabitants were alien to them in race, religion and customs. The conditions under which they became citizens were humiliating to their pride and were often made more so by the arrogance of fellows of the baser sort who assumed the airs of conquerors. To the credit of the native Californian be it said that throughout the trying ordeal of transition he bore himself as good citizen and a perfect gentleman.

The transition period (as I have said) from the rule of Mexico to the introduction of American laws and the inauguration of American forms of local governments lasted three years and a half. The Legislature of 1849-50 divided the State into 27 counties and provided for county, town and city governments.

The first election for city officers in Los Angeles under American law was held July 1, 1850, and on July 3, three days later, the most Illustrious Ayuntamiento gave place to the honorable Common Council. For nearly three score years and ten under the rule of Spain and her descendant, Mexico, the Ayuntamiento had been the law-maker of the pueblo. Generations had grown to manhood under its domination. Monarchy, empire and republic had ruled the territory, had loosened their hold and lost their power, but through all the Ayuntamiento had held its sway. Now, too, it must go. Well might the old-time Angeleno heave a sigh of regret at the downfall of that bulwark of his liberty, Muy Illustre Ayuntamiento.

The first Common Council of Los Angeles was organized July 3, 1850. The records say that Jonathan R. Scott, a justice of the peace, administered the oath of office to the members-elect, solemnly swearing them to support the constitution of the State of California—and yet there was no State of California and no legal constitution to support. The people of California, tired of the anomalous condition in which they were held, had rebelled against the delays of Congress and had elected State officers, a legislature and congressmen, and had put into operation a state government before the territory had been admitted into the Union. The legislature had made counties and incorporated cities, had appointed judges and provided for the election of city and county officers and these when elected had sworn to support the constitution of a state that did not exist. The State of California, at this time, was a political nondescript



—a governmental paradox. It had divested itself of its territorial condition, but it could not put on the toga viriles of statehood until Congress admitted it into the Union, and the slaveholding faction in that body would not let it in. It was actually a state *de facto* nine months before it became a state *de jure*.

The members of the first Council of Los Angeles were David W. Alexander, Alexander Bell, Manuel Requena, Juan Temple, Morris L. Goodman, Cristoval Aguilar and Julian Chavez. All of these except Goodman, who was an Israelite, had been citizens of Mexico—some by birth, others by naturalization.

The Legislature of 1849-50 passed an act, April 4, 1850, incorporating the city of Los Angeles. Fifteen years before, the Mexican Congress had decreed it a *ciudad*. Twice by different nations, it had been raised to the dignity of a city, and yet it was not much of a city after all. There was not a sidewalk nor a graded street within its bounds; not a street lamp nor a water-pipe—not a school house nor a postoffice; not a printing press nor a newspaper. It owned no municipal buildings—not even a jail. It had a church and a graveyard, neither of which belonged to the city; and yet these were the only public improvements (if a graveyard can be called a public improvement) that seventy years of Ayuntamiento rule had produced. It was high time "to ring out the old—ring in the new."

The act of incorporation gave the city an area of four square miles. Why the Legislature of a "Thousand Drinks" pared down its domain of four square leagues that for seventy years under monarchy, empire and republic it had held without dispute does not appear either in the act or in the city records. As the members of that Legislature were mostly tenderfeet, recently the plains across, they may not have known the difference between a Spanish league and an English mile, but the most charitable conclusion is that they deemed four square miles area enough for a city of sixteen hundred people. Why incorporate chaparral-covered hills and mustard-grown mesas inhabited by coyotes, jackrabbits and ground squirrels? So they made its dimension a mile to each wind from the Plaza center; and the City of Los Angeles half a century ago ended at Fifth street on the south; on the north at the Catholic cemetery; its eastern boundary skirted the mesa beyond the river and its western was hopelessly lost in the hills. No one on that side knew just where the city ended and the country began; and nobody cared, for the land was considered worthless

The first Common Council of the city was patriotic and self-denying. The first resolution passed read as follows: "It having been observed that in other places the Council members were drawing a salary, it was unanimously resolved that the members of this Council shall receive neither salary nor fees of whatsoever nature for discharging their duties as such." But some of them wearied of serving an ungrateful public and taking their pay in honors. Before sixty days passed, two of them had resigned and at the end of the year only two of the original members, David W. Alexander and Manuel Requena, were left. There had been six resignations in eight months and the first Council of seven had had thirteen different members during its short existence. It might be remarked in passing that there was no "solid six" in that Council.

The process of Americanizing the people was no easy undertaking. The population of the city and the laws were in a chaotic condition. It was an arduous task that these old-time municipal legislators had to perform—that of evolving order out of the chaos that had been brought about by the change of nations. The native population neither understood the language nor the customs of their new rulers, and the newcomers among the Americans had very little toleration for the slow-going Mexican ways and methods they found prevailing in the city. To keep peace between the factions required more tact than knowledge of law in the legislator. Fortunately the first Council was made up of level-headed men.

What to do with the Indian was the burning issue of that day—not with the wild ones from the mountains who stole the rancheros' horses and cattle. For them, when caught, like the punishment provided in the code of that old Spartan code commissioner, Draco, there was but one penalty for all offenses and that was death. The rancheros believed in the doctrine that there is no good Indian but a dead Indian and with true missionary zeal they converted poor Lo so effectually that there was no fear of his back-sliding. It was the tame Indians—the Christianized neophytes of the Missions that worried the city fathers. The Mission Indians constituted the labor element of the city and country. When sober they were harmless and were fairly good laborers, but in their drunken orgies they became veritable fiends, and the usual result of their Saturday night revels was a dead Indian or two on Sunday morning. And all the others, old and young, male and female, were dead drunk. They were gathered up after a carousal and carted to a corral and

herded there until their day of judgment came, which was Monday; then they were sentenced to hard labor. At first they were worked in chain gangs on the streets, but the supply became too great for city purposes. So the Council, August 16, 1850, passed this ordinance:

"When the city has no work in which to employ the chain gang, the Recorder shall, by means of notices conspicuously posted, notify the public that such a number of prisoners will be auctioned off to the highest bidder for private service; and in that manner they shall be disposed of for a sum which shall not be less than the amount of their fine for double the time which they were to serve at hard labor." It would have been a righteous retribution on the white wretches who sold the intoxicants to the Indians if they could have been sold into perpetual slavery. Evidently auctioning off Indians to the highest bidders paid the city quite a revenue, for at a subsequent meeting, the Recorder was authorized to pay the Indian alcaldes or chiefs the sum of one real (12½ cts.) out of every fine collected from Indians the said alcaldes may bring to the Recorder for trial. A month or so later the Recorder presented a bill of \$15.00, the amount of money he had paid the alcaldes out of fines. At the rate of eight Indians to the dollar the alcaldes had evidently gathered up a hundred and twenty poor Los.

Usually poor Lo paid a higher penalty for sinning than his white brother, but there was one city ordinance which reversed this custom—Article 14—"For playing cards in the streets regardless of the kind of game; likewise for playing any other game of the kind as is played in houses that are paying a license for the privilege, the offender shall be fined not less than \$10 nor more than \$25, which shall be paid on the spot; otherwise he shall be sent to the chain gang for ten days. If he be an Indian then he shall be fined not less than \$3 nor more than \$5, or sent to the chain gang for eight days."

At first glance this ordinance might seem to have been drafted in the interests of morality, but a closer inspection shows that it was for revenue only. The gambling houses paid a license of \$100 a month. So, for their benefit, the Council put a protective tariff on all outside gambling.

The whipping post, too, was used to instil lessons of honesty and morality into the Indian. One court record reads: Chino Valencia (Indian) was fined \$50 and twenty-five lashes for stealing a pair of shears; the latter fine—the lashes—was paid promptly in full; for the former he stands committed to the chain



gang for two months unless sooner paid." At the same session of the court Vicente Guera, a white man, was fined \$30 for selling liquor to the Indians—"fine paid and defendant discharged." Drunkenness, immorality and epidemics, civilization's gifts to the aborigines, settled the Indian question in Los Angeles—settled by exterminating the Indian.

Under Spanish and Mexican rule in California there was no municipal form of government corresponding to our county organizations. The Ayuntamientos exercised control over the contiguous country districts, but there were no district boundary lines. The Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles exercised jurisdiction over territory now included in four counties and the old pueblo was the seat of government for a district as large as the Emerald Isle. The only drawback to the old town's greatness was the lack of inhabitants in its back country. The first legislature divided the State into counties beginning with San Diego. The original county of Los Angeles was an empire in itself. It extended from the Pacific Ocean on the west to the Colorado River on the east, and from San Diego County on the South to Mariposa on the north. Its area was about 32,000 square miles, or over one-fifth of the area of the entire State. It was equal in size to the aggregate dimension of five New England States, namely, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont and New Hampshire. In 1853, San Bernardino sliced off from the eastern side of Los Angeles about 23,000 square miles. In 1866 Kern County chipped off about 4000, and in 1889 Orange County cut off nearly a thousand, leaving its present area a little less than 4000 square miles. The county of Los Angeles set up in business for itself June 24, 1850. The Court of Sessions, an institution long relegated to oblivion, was the motive power that started the county machinery running. The first judge of that court was Augustin Olvera, one of the signers of the treaty of Cahuenga. His house still stands on the north side of the Plaza and a misspelled street name tries to perpetuate his memory. The associate justices were Jonathan R. Scott and Louis Roubideau. Roubideau was the owner of what is now the site of Riverside, then an arid waste so barren and waterless that the coyotes were compelled to carry haversacks and canteens when they crossed it.

The first Mayor of the city, Dr. A. P. Hodges, was the first County Coroner; and the first County Clerk, B. D. Wilson, was the second Mayor. The Mayor took his pay in honors, but the office of Coroner was exceedingly lucrative. It cost \$100 to

hold an inquest on a dead Indian, and as violent deaths were of almost daily or nightly occurrence the Coroner could afford to serve the city as Mayor for the honor. Los Angeles, in the early 50's, was an ungodly city, yet some of the verdicts of the Coroner's juries showed remarkable familiarity with the decrees of the deity. On a native Californian named Gamacio, found dead in the street, the verdict was, "Death by the visitation of God." Of a dead Indian found near the zanja the Los Angeles Star says: "Justice Dryden and a jury sat on the body. The verdict was 'Death from intoxication or by the visitation of God'—the jury cannot decide which." "Bacilio (said the verdict) was a Christian Indian and was confessed by the reverend padre yesterday afternoon."

Some one has sneeringly said that the first public buildings the Americans erected in California were jails. The first county jail in Los Angeles was an adobe building on the hill back of the Downey Block. There were no cells in it. Staples were driven into a heavy pine log that reached across the building and short chains attached to the staples were fastened to the handcuffs of the prisoners. Solitary confinement was out of the question then. Indian prisoners, being considered unfit to associate with the high-toned white culprits inside, were chained to logs outside of the jail where they could more fully enjoy the glorious climate of Southern California. This building was not built by the county, but in 1853 the city and county did build a jail on the present site of the People's Store, and it was the first public building erected in the county.

Even at this early day, before California had become a State, there were what the native Californians called "Patriotas de Bolsa"—patriots of the pocket—men who knew how to set a high value on their public services. In the summer of 1850 an expedition under Gen. Joseph C. Morehead was sent against the mountain Indians, who had been stealing horses from the Los Angeles rancheros. In a skirmish with these Indian horse thieves a militiaman named Wm. Carr was wounded. Gen. Morehead sent him back to Los Angeles to be taken care of. At a meeting of the Court of Session the medico who doctored the wounded soldier presented a bill of \$503; the patriotic American who boarded him demanded \$120, and the man who lodged him charged \$45 for house rent. The native Californian who nursed him was satisfied with \$30, but then he was not a patriot; he did not set high enough value on his services. The bills were approved, but as the county treasury was as empty as the rancheros' corrals after an Indian raid, the accounts were re-

ferred to the incoming Legislature for settlement. It is gratifying to know that this valuable soldier lived to fight another day; but from motives of economy it is to be hoped he kept out of reach of Indian arrows and "patriots of the pocket."

The transition from Mexican forms of municipal government to American was completed in about three years and a half, but the transformation of the old pueblo from a Mexican hamlet to an American city continued through at least three decades after the conquest. The Council proceedings for four years after the organization of that body were recorded in the Spanish language because a majority of its members understood no other. The ordinances of the Council and the laws enacted by each legislature were published in both Spanish and English for a quarter of a century after the American occupation. Twenty-five years after the organization of the county the Board of Supervisors employed an interpreter at its sessions because two of its members did not understand the English language.

The merchant of Los Angeles, if he wished to do business with the native Californians, had to acquire a speaking knowledge of the Spanish language, for the old time Angeleno, either through pride or perversity, would not learn English.

The sign that we occasionally see on a show window: *Se habla Español aquí* (Spanish is spoken here), would have been a superfluity, if not an insult, half a century ago. If the merchant then *hablaed* no Spanish he would have no trade.

The physical transformation of the old pueblo was as slow-moving as its lingual. During the first decade of American occupation brick and wood began to supplant adobe in building—the wooden and iron-barred windows were set with glass and shingled roofs began to replace asphaltum covered thatch. During the second decade patches of sidewalk at intervals relieved the pedestrian's bunions from contact with cobble-stones; and ner its close, gas illuminated streets, that, for nearly a century, had been lighted only by tallow dip lanterns which the householders hung over their front doors at night.

In the third decade the water cart gave place to the water pipe and the street cars crowded the caballero with his jingling spurs, his bucking mustang and swinging riata off the business thoroughfares. In this decade the city began its migration southward. The Plaza fronts of the proud old Dons became the dens of the "Heathen Chinees" and the dragon flag of the Flowery Kingdom floated over the olden time business center of the old pueblo.

The passing of the old pueblo had been accomplished.



## THE MARINE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY AT SAN PEDRO

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON. °

[Read November 4, 1901.]

As it is the aim of our Historical Society to collect and preserve data in regard to any important event or undertaking in Southern California, a brief sketch of the Marine Biological Laboratory at San Pedro will be given. Of the necessity for such a zoological station in Southern California there can hardly be a doubt. Whether this beginning may be only a temporary effort that cannot serve many summers, or whether it is the nucleus of an immense zoological station, like the Stazione Zoologica, that stands along the water front of the city of Naples, who can tell?

That this is the desire of the founders of the marine laboratory, there is no doubt. The fulfillment depends upon monetary considerations.

During the latter half of the past century scientific researches added a new glory to the sea. Science had emphasized the fact that "*Omne vivum ex vivo*," "all life" came "from life," but investigation added a new truth that has revolutionized the study of life. The evolution of life from a one-celled form gives a new significance to the study of marine life. The ocean as the first cradle of humanity assumes a new dignity. The animals of the sea no longer remain as segregated forms, having no close kinship, but are studied as possible links in the chain of organic life. The study of comparative anatomy and physiology has become a necessity, for these marine forms show some of the variations that life assumed before man was evolved from the earlier protoplasmic cell. Although the morphology of oceanic life is of recent date the interest in scientific research is becoming universal. At a comparatively short time ago there was but one marine biological laboratory in the United States. Now these zoological laboratories, or experiment stations, are a marked feature in courses of study required by universities.

On the Pacific shore the Leland Stanford, Jr., University has its marine biological laboratory at Pacific Grove, and the summer school of marine biology at San Pedro has been started by the zoological department of the State University at Berkeley.

An important undertaking represents the growth of an idea expressed in action. Tentative trials often precede work of greater significance. There are several links in the development of the marine biological laboratory at San Pedro. One link in the chain of events was begun in the summer of 1891 at Pacific Grove. In the summer of 1893 investigation was carried on at Avalon for about one month. In the summer of 1895 a party was located at Timm's Point, in San Pedro Bay. This preliminary work had been carried on under the supervision of Prof. William E. Ritter, now at the head of the Department of Zoology at Berkeley. In the summer of 1899 Prof. Ritter was with the Harriman party in Alaska and had charge of the marine vertebrate work.

The undertaking at San Pedro is the expression of Prof. Ritter's hope for a permanent station in Southern California. On the 15th of May of this year (1901) the gasoline launch Elsie was hired for the purpose of dredging. The Duffy bathhouse on Terminal Island—locally known as East San Pedro—was leased for the use of the laboratory. This bathhouse, situated on the breakwater of San Pedro Bay, was prepared for the use of the summer school, under the immediate supervision of Prof. Ritter. In June the bathhouse was ready for occupancy. The building, facing the inner harbor of the bay, stands a long, white, one-story structure containing seven little rooms,, a small room for laboratory stores and a long room for the use of the summer classes. In this room each student had the use of a window above the long tables, fitted out for the accommodation of about fifteen pupils. On the outside of these windows, of which there are nine, on the channel side, each one is covered with a white tent awning. The row of little rooms referred to was for the use of Prof. Ritter and his corps of teachers, the library, and for the use of specialists. Fresh water and water from the bay was piped into the room.

The library and equipments were brought from the north. The use of aquarium facilities, glassware, reagents, microscopes and books were furnished the pupils, but not dissecting instruments, paper, etc.

The following were in charge: Prof. Wm. E. Ritter, As-

sistant Professor W. J. Raymond, Hydrography; Assistant Professor C. A. Kofoed, Zoology; Dr. F. W. Bancroft, Physiology, and Mr. H. B. Torrey, Zoology. Among the specialists present from Eastern colleges were Prof. Wesley Coe of Yale, Prof. Samuel J. Holmes of Michigan University, and Prof. T. D. A. Cockerell of the State Normal School at Los Vegas, New Mexico.

Lectures were delivered on an average of about twice a week during the term. They were given in the evening, and with one exception,—when one of the ladies on the island gave the use of her summer cottage,—they were delivered in the classroom of the school. The following list of topics will give an idea of the scope of these lectures:

"The Ocean as a Habitat of Living Beings:" Prof. William E. Ritter. (July 3.)

"A Sketch of the History and Methods of Marine Biological Exploration:" Dr. C. A. Kofoed. (July 5).

"Geographical Distribution of Terrestrial Animals in the West:" Prof. T. D. A. Cockerell. (July 12).

"The Habits of Amphipod Crustacea:" Dr. S. J. Holmes. (July 12).

"Some Problems of Regeneration:" Mr. H. B. Torrey. (July 16).

"Locomotion of Marine Animals:" Dr. Frank W. Bancroft. (July 18).

"Biological Exploration:" Prof. William E. Ritter. (July 26).

"The Study of Variation:" Dr. F. W. Bancroft. (Aug. 1).

"Distribution of Mollusca on the Pacific Coast of North America:" Dr. William H. Dall. (Aug. 5).

"Phototaxis:" Dr. S. J. Holmes. (Aug. 6).

One of the lecturers in this course was Dr. William H. Dall of the Smithsonian Institution, who was a visitor at the Marine Station for a few days.

Dr. F. W. Bancroft and Mr. H. B. Torrey, who had immediate supervision of the class work, were untiring in their efforts to assist students in their departments. Five, and more often six, days in each week, from June 27, to August 7, were covered by the course of instruction. Occasionally students went out with the dredging launch Elsie. Little parties also made early morning excursions in quest of marine invertebrates for class work.

As we all know, it was during the session of the school that



the wonderful phosphorescence appeared on our Southern waters. The presence of the peridinium, the cause of the luminosity of the ocean, added to the interest of the class-room, and caused thousands of persons to visit the various beaches.

On the evening of July 11, 1901, Prof. W.R. Raymond asked the writer if she had noticed a peculiar light, or phosphorescence, in the bay on the ocean side. He had remarked its presence in the channel. That evening the phosphorescence was plainly visible on the ocean side of the bay, and each evening after, for several days the peculiar light was intensified in brilliancy, and the illumination increased in area. During the rest of the month of July and the first week in August this display of phosphorescence continued. During this time it was visible, with varying degrees of luminosity, from Santa Barbara, Ventura, Santa Monica, Redondo, San Pedro Bay, including Long Beach and down the coast to Coronado and San Diego.

At the cove, on Terminal Island, when the waves dashed high and immense breakers rolled in, each billow was capped by a blaze of light that broke against the rocks or lost itself in a spreading sheet of glimmering undulations. A pail of this water gently stirred in a dark room was brilliantly starred with tiny lights, and a scintillating mass of light followed a more vigorous agitation of the water. Any object, like a hand, immersed in the pail was covered with little sparks, as of fire, when it was removed from the water.

Rowing in a skiff over the water at night, one could plainly see fishes darting away from their enemies, sharks and stingrays in search of prey. The movement of the boat caused a brilliant display of phosphorescence on either side of it, and the splash of the paddle was like playing with burning brimstone.

Over the ocean the crest of the waves shone with a brilliant flame, and the light merged into a glistening, yellowish-green illumination that died away in a fringe of red.

In the daytime the ocean was of a red or reddish-brown color.

On Sunday morning, July 21, we were conscious that there was some unusual condition of affairs on the beach at the cove. The sea-gulls were flying in flocks, or quacking in groups on the wet sand at the water's edge, and the beach was strewn with squirming and flopping young stingrays, which the gulls eagerly devoured. While on the sand, on the breakwater side, the beach was covered by dead fish. In a short space of time Mr. Torrey and Miss Robertson of the laboratory had collected almost a

dozen different species of fish in a small area on the sand. These fishes included flat sharks, stingrays, edible fishes, and several devil-fish or octopi; hundreds of sea cucumbers and thousands of small crabs were also lying lifeless on the wet sand.

Some of these were too far gone for laboratory use, but some of them were opened to see what could be the cause of this wholesale destruction of life. The gills of the fishes were studied to see if they contained many of the peridinium,—which were now dying in immense quantities,—and the stomachs of the fishes were dissected for the same purpose. When the peridiniums were dying and dead, the odor from the ocean was unbearable, and even enthusiasts, who are supposed to be oblivious of rank odors, were annoyed and enervated by the rank odor wafted by the sea breeze.

For days these little protozoas had been the subject of much study in the laboratory. The peridiniums appeared to keep together in flocks or colonies. In a glass tube these microscopic animals could be seen moving as a flock of birds might move, some leading, others following. Their appearance, as a whole, was that of a light, yellow-brown gelatinous looking substance, passing upward in a glass of water. Even in a tube, their gregarious nature was visible.

Although the season of the summer school at the Biological Station was such a success, everyone knows this was only of secondary importance. The real object in locating the Biological Station in San Pedro Bay was on account of the rich faunæ of the San Pedro region, Santa Catalina region and that of San Diego Bay. To make hydrographic investigations, including a study of the temperature and salinity of the waters, currents and tides, exploring from 100 to 150 fathoms, and collecting at various depths the rare and new specimens sure to be found in these rich areas—these were of first importance. The results more than equaled the expectation. Eighty-six stations were dredged, and 157 hauls were made. Several (12) barrels of valuable material was secured for the University at Berkeley. Common species were placed in the station for school use, but the rarer specimens were reserved for the State University. The dredging was under the supervision of Dr. C. A. Kofoid, recently from Berkeley, but formerly from Champlain, Ill. He and his corps of assistants—Dr. C. A. Whiting of Los Angeles, Mr. Cook of Whittier, and others—dredged in the vicinity of San Diego for nearly three weeks. In the San Diego region there is a deep depression or cañon, and dredging in this deep

gorge descended to over 630 fathoms. The hydrography of the Catalina and San Pedro regions was in charge of Prof. W. R. Raymond, who had also the work of determining the molluscan species. In this he was very ably assisted by Mrs. T. S. Oldroyd. This meant the sorting out and classifying of immense quantities of drift material, rich in molluscan life.

All material collected was, after sorting out species, or genera, tied in little cheese-cloth bags, containing labels of the station from which each specimen was collected, then these bags were packed in barrels in alcohol. Small or very rare specimens were placed in vials or bottles containing alcohol. Miss Robertson of Berkeley had charge of the material temporarily left at the Biological Laboratory. Miss Gulilema R. Crocker sorted and identified the echinoderms; Prof. Wesley R. Coe of Yale had charge of the nemertina, (worms), making drawings and naming a number of new species, and Dr. S. J. Holmes of Michigan University had supervision of new forms of crustacea. Besides these, there were a number of persons engaged in special study of various branches. Diatoms, Dr. W. C. Adler-Muschowsky; Peridiniums, Mr. H. B. Torrey; Echinoderms in connection with the reproduction of rays, Miss Monks; Bryozoa, Miss Robertson; Ascidians, Dr. Bancroft; Enteropneusta, Prof. Rtitser; Sea Slugs, Prof. Cockerell.

Although the university's endowment is capitalized at about "eleven million dollars," and its yearly income is about "five hundred thousand dollars," and it has received "private benefactions to the amount of four million dollars," there does not seem to have been any adequate sum set apart for research in Southern California. Capitalists in Los Angeles were appealed to, and they responded, as the following note of acknowledgment, issued in the University Bulletin of April, 1901, attests. After this was issued, other friends of the enterprise in Los Angeles responded. These are now added to the other names:

"The investigations here projected are made possible, financially by the co-operation with the university of Mr. H. W. O'Melveny, Mr. J. A. Graves, Mr. Jacob Baruch, Mr. Wm. G. Kerckhoff, Mr. Wm. R. Rowland, the Los Angeles Terminal Railway, Mr. J. H. Shankland, Mr. Jno. E. Plater, and the Banning Company," Mr. I. N. Van Nuys, Mr. C. M. Wright, Mr. H. Newmark, Mr. H. Jevne, Miss M. M. Fette, Mr. H. H. Kerckhoff, Mr. R. H. F. Variel, Mr. W. J. Variel, Mr. L. R. Hewitt, Mr. Russ Avery, E. K. Wood Lumber Co., Standard Oil Company, all of Los Angeles.



## EARLY CLERICALS OF LOS ANGELES

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read before the Historical Society Dec. 2, 1901.]

As Alta California was settled by Spanish-speaking people who tolerated no other form of religion except the Roman Catholic, of course there were no churches except of that faith in Los Angeles, from the time of the settlement of the ancient pueblo, in the year 1781, until the change of government in 1846.

From and after the founding of the mission of San Gabriel, in 1778, until, and after the completion of the old Plaza church in the latter part of 1822, that mission became and remained the center of industrial activity, as well as the headquarters of clerical authority for this portion of the province.

Fathers Salvadea, Sanchez, Boscana and Esténega managed with zeal and great ability the extensive concerns, both spiritual and temporal, of the mission, sending a priest occasionally to the pueblo, or coming themselves, to say mass, at the capilla or chapel which had been erected north and west of the present church. After the latter was built, Father Boscana became the first regular rector or pastor, serving till 1831. He was succeeded by Fathers Martinas, Sanchez, Bachelot, Esténega, Jimenez, Ordaz, Rosales, etc., who served as local pastors, for longer or shorter periods, of the only church in the town, from 1831 to 1851.

The first priest, whom I knew of, but did not know personally, was Padre Anacleto Lestrade, a native of France, who was the incumbent from '51 to '56. Padre Blas Raho, who came here in 1856, I knew well, and esteemed highly. He was broad-minded and tolerant. He told me that he had lived sixteen years in the Mississippi valley before he came to Los Angeles. He was a native of Italy.

It was during his pastorate that the old church building was greatly improved. It was frescoed inside and out, by a Frenchman, Mr. H. Penelon, the pioneer photographer of Los Angeles. The lettering on the front of the building as seen to-day was done by Penelon, viz.: "Los Fieles de Esta Parroquia

A la Reina de Los Angeles, 1861;" and also on the marble tablets:

Dios Te Salve, Maria Llena De Gracia.

El Señor Esta En Su Santo Templo: Calle La Tierra ante su Acatamiento.

Habac. 2, 20.

Santa Maria Madre de Dios, Ruega por nosotros Pecadores.

Padre Raho was the first Vicar General of the diocese, under Bishop Amat.

Later, Padre Raho, who served his parish faithfully for a number of years, and who was respected and revered by his parishoners, fell sick and went to the Sisters' Hospital, which was then located in the large two-story brick building which stood, and I think still stands, to the east of the upper depot, and between the latter and the river, which the Sisters bought of Mr. H. C. Cardwell, who built it.

I visited Padre Raho here during his last illness, at his request. He told me that he had not a cent of money (having taken vows of poverty,) in the world; and that the good sisters furnished him refuge, etc. The venerable Sister Ann, whom many will remember, and who, I believe, is still living at an advanced age, at the home of the order of Sisters of Charity, at Emmetsburg, Pa., was at that time the superioress of the order here.

Fathers Duran and Mora succeeded Father Raho. There were other priests whom I did not know so well, who made their home at different times at the parsonage adjoining the old church. But none of these, so far as my acquaintance permitted me to know, with the possible exception of Father Mora, were as liberal as Father Raho. The bishop of the diocese during these times was Tadeo Amat, who, though his jurisdiction extended to Monterey, made his headquarters first for a time at Santa Barbara, and then at this old church of "Nuestra Señora, la Reyna de Los Angeles." Bishop Amat was succeeded by Bishop (formerly Father) Mora, a gentle and scholarly prelate. It was during the latter's administration (in 1874, I think,) that the cathedral (and bishop's residence) was built, on Main street, and the official headquarters of the diocese were removed thither. Bishop Mora was succeeded by Bishop Montgomery, the present head of the local church|.

When Father Mora was made bishop, Father Peter Verdager, who was a very eloquent Spanish orator, became pastor of the old church. "Father Peter," as he was widely known, was

made a bishop a few years ago, and he was succeeded by the present rector, a young and talented priest, Father Liébana. "Father Peter," now Bishop Verdaguer, presides over the diocese of Texas.

Bishop Mora, and genial, gentle Father Adam, long his Vicar General, and long an honored and active member of our Historical Society, both now reside with their relatives, in retreat, during the closing years of their lives, at Barcelona, Spain.

Of the early Protestant ministers who came to Los Angeles, I knew personally nearly all of them, as they were comparatively few in numbers; whilst of the many, many who now reside here, I hardly know one, intimately.

One of the first to come here, I think, was Parson Adam Bland, who had the reputation of being a smart preacher and a shrewd horse-trader. But I heard—how truly I know not—that after laboring here a year or two in the early '50's, he abandoned the field as hopeless, though in after years he came to the county again, when he found the gospel vineyard vastly more encouraging than during his former missionary labors. Where Parson Bland is now located, or whether he is still living, I do not know.

When I came here in '54, there was only one church building in town—that fronting the Plaza; and no regular Protestant church edifice at all.

Rev. James Woods, a Presbyterian, was holding protestant services then in the adobe that stood on the present site of the "People's Store;" and he came to me and asked me to assist in the music each Sunday, which I did. Just how long he preached here, I cannot now recall. But I remember that when the bodies of the four members of Sheriff Barton's party, who were killed in January, 1857, by the Juan Flores bandits, were brought here to town from San Juan for burial, there was no Protestant minister here then to conduct funeral services. But, as it happened, two of the murdered men were Masons, and that fraternal, semi-religious order, whose organization extends throughout the civilized world, in sheer pity, turned aside, after decorously and reverently burying their own two brethren, and read a portion of the Masonic burial service over the bodies of the other two men, who were not Masons. The alternative, which at that time was imminent, of dumping those two bruised, dumb human beings into the ground without any religious service whatever, seemed to me then, and has seemed to me since, a ghastly one.



Rev. J. W. Douglass, founder of the "Pacific" newspaper, who taught a private school in the family of Wm. Wolfskill in the forepart of 1854, was a minister, but I believe he never held public religious services here. A Dr. Carter, and also W. H. Shore, deputy county clerk, read the Episcopal service for brief periods during the late '50's; but with these exceptions, my impression is that there was no resident Protestant clergyman, or lay reader, who conducted religious services here from the time Rev. Mr. Woods left, sometime in 1855, till 1858, or '59, when Rev. Wm. E. Boardman, a Presbyterian clergyman, came here and held regular Sunday services, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, until 1861 or '62, or until after the commencement of the Civil War, when he went east and entered the service of the "Christian Commission," an organization which did a noble work, similar to that done by the Red Cross Society in the late Spanish war.

Mr. Boardman was an able and eloquent preacher and writer, and the author of a popular book, entitled "The Higher Christian Life." The want of a commodious place of meeting, stimulated a movement to raise funds for the erection of a church building; and, as good Benjamin D. Wilson had donated a lot,—a portion of the hill on which the county court house now stands—to the "First Protestant Society," which should build a house of worship, people of various denominations, who, without regard to sect, attended Mr. Boardman's ministrations, formed an organization, under the name of "The First Protestant Society of Los Angeles," and erected the walls and roof of a church on the lot donated by Mr. Wilson. But this work came to a standstill after Mr. Boardman left; and not until the arrival of Rev. Mr. Birdsall, about Christmas, 1864, was any further progress made in the erection of "The First Protestant Church building in Los Angeles.

I do not pretend here to give a consecutive account of all the Protestant ministers who, a quarter of a century or more ago, helped to establish churches of the different denominations here, much less to connect them chronologically with the many churches of today; but rather to give some recollections of those of the former epoch, whom I knew well, either personally or by reputation.

Rev. J. H. Stump was a Methodist minister here in the '60's. Rev. A. M. Hough was another early preacher of the same denomination, who came in 1868, and who, with the exception of brief intervals, resided here till his death, in August, 1900. On

the establishment of the "Southern California Conference," Mr. Hough became the Presiding Elder. Revs. Mr. Hendon and Mr. Copeland were other local Methodist pastors of that period. It is said that Rev. J. W. Brier preached the first sermon ever preached in Los Angeles, in 1850; but I do not think he stayed here long, as there were neither Methodist worshippers nor a house of worship in Los Angeles at that early period.

Rev. A. M. Campbell, now deceased, was the pastor of the first "Methodist Church, South," established here in 1873. His widow, daughter of Judge B. L. Peel, is now a missionary in the peninsula of Corea.

Rev. Elias Birdsall, who came to Los Angeles in December, 1864, soon after his arrival organized an Episcopalian church, of which he was the rector for many years. I knew Mr. Birdsall very well, and learned to admire and respect him as one of the best men whom I ever knew. Although he was a zealous churchman, he was in all respects an admirable citizen. He was a logical thinker and a fine elocutionist. He believed—and most laymen will certainly agree with him—that every person who is to become a public speaker should make a special preparatory study of elocution.

At the funeral services of President Lincoln, held in this city, simultaneously with those held throughout the United States on the 19th of April, 1865, Mr. Birdsall delivered an admirable oration before a large concourse of our citizens. Mr. Birdsall died November 3, 1890.

Other rectors of the original Saint Athanasius Church of Los Angeles (afterwards changed to Saint Paul's) were Dr. J. J. Talbot, H. H. Messenger, C. F. Loop, Wm. H. Hill, J. B. Gray, G. W. Burton, and again, subsequent to 1880, Mr. Birdsall. Dr. Talbot, who came here in 1868, from Louisville, Ky., where he had had charge of a wealthy church at a salary of \$3,500 a year, was a very gifted and impassioned orator, and he had withal a slight tinge of the sentimental or poetical in his character, and his sermons were much admired, especially by the ladies. His published address on the occasion of the death of President Lincoln, delivered in the East before he came to Los Angeles, was considered one of the best of the many public orations delivered on that sorrowful theme. Dr. Talbot, sad to say, however, was only another instance of a man with brilliant talents who threw himself away and went to the bad. He lived, in the main, an exemplary life here, at least up to within a short time before he left.

To those who knew him intimately during his brief residence in Los Angeles, he used sometimes—I remember it well—to speak with tenderest regard of his dear children and his “wife, Betty,” in their pleasant home near Louisville. And to them, i. e., his friends here—his last words, uttered at the very threshold of death, as quoted by Major Ben. Truman in the “Alta California,” in 1884, are full of startling pathos and inexpressible sadness; indeed, I know of no sadder passage in all literature:

“I had children—beautiful, to me at least, as a dream of morning, and they had so entwined themselves around their father’s heart that no matter where he might wander, ever it came back to them on the wings of a father’s undying love. The destroyer took their hands in his and led them away. I had a wife whose charms of mind and person were such that to ‘see her was to remember; to know her, was to love.’ ‘I had a mother, . . . and while her boy raged in his wild delirium two thousand miles away, the pitying angels pushed the golden gates ajar, and the mother of the drunkard entered into rest. And thus I stand a clergyman without a church, a barrister without a brief or business, a husband without a wife, a son without a parent, a man with scarcely a friend, a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink!’”

It seems that Dr. Talbot, after he left here, went back east, and was put out of the ministry, became a lawyer, was again permitted to resume his clerical functions, again fell, and again was compelled to retire from his rectorship in 1879; shortly after which he died as above, with the above pathetic words on his lips.

Mr. Messenger, prior to his coming here, had been a missionary in Liberia, Africa. After his rectorship here, he, I think, founded the Episcopal church of San Gabriel.

Mr. Messenger was a jovial, optimistic, but withal a zealous servant of the church, possessing not a little of the missionary spirit. Afterwards he went to Arizona.

There are many old-timers still living who well remember Revs. Messrs. Loop, Hill and Gray. Mr. Loop, after serving the parish here for a considerable period, moved to Pomona, where he became a prominent, public-spirited citizen, and where he died a year or two ago. Mr. Hill moved from here to San Quentin, where, for some years, he was chaplain of the State Penitentiary, and where, I understood, he became totally blind. He died several years ago. Mr. Gray went from here to Ala-



bama. I know not if he is still living. Mr. Burton is still a resident of this city, where he has been for years connected with the daily and weekly press.

The early ministers of the Congregational church in Los Angeles were Revs. Alexander Parker, (1866-7); I. W. Atherton, (1867-'71); J. T. Wills, (1871-3); D. T. Packard, (1873-9); C. J. Hutchins, (1879-'82); and A. J. Wells, (1882-87).

The first church building, erected under the ministration of Mr. Parker, was on New High street, north of Temple, a photograph of which I herewith present to the Historical Society.

Early Baptist clergymen were Revs. Messrs. Hobbs, Zahn Fryer, Reed, etc., all of whom have deceased.

Rabbi A. W. Edelman organized the Hebrew congregation, B'nai B'rith, in 1862. Rabbi Edelman is still a citizen of Los Angeles.

I should mention that Drs. J. W. Ellis, A. F. White and W. J. Chichester were comparatively early pastors of the Presbyterian church; and also that Dr. M. M. Bovard was president of the University of Southern California.

Dr. Eli Fay was the first Unitarian minister to hold public religious services here. Dr. Fay was, intellectually, a very able man, though somewhat aggressive and self-assertive. His sermons, barring a rather rasping flavor of egotism, were models of powerful reasoning. Before coming to Los Angeles, Dr. Fay had been pastor of Unitarian congregations at Leominster, Mass., and at Sheffield, England. In addition to his sacerdotal qualifications, Dr. Fay was a very good judge of the value of real estate. Soon after he came here from Kansas City, he bought what he called "choice pieces of property," on which it was understood he afterwards made big money. Like many other shrewd saints who came here from many countries, his faith in Los Angeles real estate seemed to be only second to his faith in the realty of the land of Canaan, or, in other words, in "choice lots" in the "New Jerusalem."

I might recount many anecdotes concerning those ministers and priests of Los Angeles of a former generation, of whom I have spoken; for in those olden times, in this then small town, everybody knew almost everybody. In a frontier town,—which this then was,—there are always picturesque characters, among clericals as well as among laymen.

## THE ORIGINAL FATHER JUNIPERO

(Legends from the "Flowers of St. Francis.")

BY F. J. POLLEY.

We know little of Father Serra prior to his work in the New World; yet he was then a man of mature years, with refined powers of mind and a character so firm of purpose and a plan of work so well considered that he seldom swerved from the ideals of his youth.

It becomes an interesting problem to trace the growth of this man's ideals, and, if possible, to ascertain who had an ascendancy over him, and what influences helped him to shape his life.

As time passes, I see more clearly that Father Serra was not of the eighteenth century, but of those before. I see that he was highly gifted in the spiritual sense, a devout churchman, one highly susceptible to the influence of his order, and an admirer of those in whose footsteps he forged to follow. But just here arises the question, Who were his ideals?

Naturally, the modern mind turns to St. Francis as the chief among those whose lives had influenced our priest. The literature of St. Francis and his times is abundant and accessible. This we are entitled to use, having due regard for critical canons in helping out the unknown history of Serra's formative years; but yet the fact remains we are lacking in the main details of Serra's growth.

That he had an ideal is well known. His assumption of the name "Junipero" perhaps may have been influenced by the current belief that nothing evil in animal life could live under the shade of the juniper tree; so Serra had hoped by his labors to route the Devil and like a juniper banish evil from the world.

Another mentions a certain Brother Juniper, a companion and follower of the Holy St. Francis, and a man whose life appealed so strongly to Serra that he assumed the name in connection with his own. Father Palou says:

"At an early age Junipero was well instructed by his parents in the rudiments of the Holy Catholic faith." Later he pursues his studies at the Convent of Jesu. I now quote Palou:

"During the year of his novitiate, Junipero studied carefully the austere rules of the Franciscans, and read the lives of many saints which that glorious order had given to the church; like another, Ignatius of Loyola. This reading inflamed his heart with love and zeal for souls. . . . The year of his probation being ended, Fr. Junipero was professed on the 15th of September, 1731. On account of his great devotion to one of the just confessions of St. Francis—Friar Juniper—he took that name in his profession. Such was his spiritual joy on that solemn day that each year he renewed his vows on the anniversary."

There is nothing scientifically accurate in thus retelling these vague surmises; nor is there in what follows, yet it is of this Friar Juniper I wish to speak. Such a man existed, and his life was undoubtedly known to Father Serra. Beyond this, it is merely a question of inference.

You will find no mention of this old saint in the general discussion of our local history, and yet, if we grant a grain of truth back of the reason assigned for Serra's name Junipero, he must have known and approved the main outlines of the life I now present. I trust I shall not be misunderstood as claiming either absolute truth for the old biography and collection of monkish legends that I have drawn upon, nor as stating it to be more than a reasonable hope that I may be correct when I make my suggestion that in this collection lay one of the inspirational sources of Serra's life.

Edward Everett Hale has published a paper on the probability of the name California having been borrowed from a romance widely known in that period of discovery, and hence in the minds of the men who first visited our coasts. The argument of Dr. Hale is equally useful in my present inquiry, and I adopt it in the main as applicable to my paper, i. e., a book existed telling of the life of a certain Brother Juniper, and our Serra had read and believed it all. Understand, then, that what follows is offered solely as a contribution towards the solution of an interesting point in our local annals and nothing more.

First, as to the prevalence of monkish legends of the past. You see from the quotation from Father Palou that Junipero Serra was deeply read therein. They constitute an important part of the early literature of the Romance nations. The collections were widely known and extensively copied, were read, discussed, used in sermons with a firm belief in their literal truth by the mass of the people, though modern criticism can now



detect the symbolic nature of parts that once passed for truth as sacred as lips could utter. I have spent days in the ancient libraries of Europe, and the charm of these old records, with their beautiful vellums and lovely lettering, grows greater as each opportunity arises to examine them. It is impossible to make one realize in California what tangible evidence these old manuscripts offer of the loving care bestowed upon them and how highly their contents were prized. Mr. Aldrich, in *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book*, has done more than tell a legend; he has entered into the true spirit of the past. As printing arose, the *Golden Legend of Caxton*, with its lives of saints, at once testifies to the importance of these stories as material for books. Not to be tedious on a non-debatable subject, think of the vast later compilations known as *Butler's Lives of the Saints* and their present importance. You will find full legends of our Padre Juniper in a book entitled "*The Flowers of St. Francis*," and long used by the common people of Italy.

The earliest dated manuscript is 1390. The book is almost unknown to the Protestant people. It is accessible to the translators, by T. W. Arnold, printed by Dent & Co., of London.

In the Italian compilation known as the *Flowers of St. Francis*, the life of Padre Juniper is placed toward the latter part of the book.

As to the book from which I have drawn these legends, it is not my purpose to speak.

My paper is not critical, because the legends are not historically true as to facts; no one pretends they are, and my aim is simply to enforce this well-known fact to your minds that they were immensely popular in the centuries succeeding St. Francis' life and death. In the Italian our brother is known as Borthor Ginipero. It was the pun made by St. Francis that converted the name into Junipero, or the Juniper tree.

Mrs. Alithaut retells a few legends in her work on St. Francis, but Sabatier, in his great critical work on St. Francis, p. 415, et seq., goes so fully into the authorities for these Fioretti that nothing more need be said in this paper except to copy a couple of short extracts.

#### THE FIORETTI.

"With the Fioretti we enter definitely the domain of legend. This literary gem relates the life of Francis, his companions and disciples, as it appeared to the popular imagination at the beginning of the fourteenth century. We have not to discuss the lit-

erary value of this document, one of the most exquisite religious works of the Middle Ages, but it may be said that from the historic point of view it does not deserve the neglect to which it has been left.

"Yet that which gives those stories an inestimable worth is what, for want of a better term, we may call their atmosphere. They are legendary, worked over, exaggerated, false even, if you please, but they give us, with a vivacity and intensity of coloring, something that we shall search for in vain elsewhere—the surroundings in which St. Francis lived. More than any other biography, the Fioretti transport us to Umbria, to the mountains of the March of Ancon; they make us visit the hermitages, and mingle with the life, half childish, half angelic, which was that of their inhabitants.

"It is difficult to pronounce upon the name of the author. His work was only that of gathering the flowers of his bouquet from written and oral tradition. The question whether he wrote in Latin or Italian has been much discussed, and appears to be not yet settled; what is certain is that though this work may be anterior to the Conformities, it is a little later than the Chronicle of the Tribulations, for it would be strange that it made no mention of Angelo Clareno, if it was written after his death.

"The stories crowd one another in this book like flocks of memories that come upon us pell-mell, and in which insignificant details occupy a larger place than the most important events; our memory is, in fact, an overgrown child, and what it retains of a man is generally a feature, a word, a gesture.

"It is easy to understand the success of the Fioretti. The people fell in love with these stories, in which St. Francis and his companions appear both more human and more divine than other legends; and they began very soon to feel the need of so completing them as to form a veritable biography.

"The second, entitled *Life of Brother Ginepro*, is only indirectly connected with St. Francis; yet it deserves to be studied, for it offers the same kind of interest as the principal collection, to which it is doubtless posterior. In these fourteen chapters we find the principal features of the life of this Brother, whose mad and saintly freaks still furnish material for conversation in Umbrian monasteries. These unpretending pages discover to us one aspect of the Franciscan heart. The official historians have thought it their duty to keep silence upon this Brother, who, to them, appeared to be a supremely indiscreet personage, very much in the way of the good name of the Order in the eyes

of the laics. They were right from their point of view, but we owe a debt of gratitude to the Fioretti for having preserved for us this personality, so blithe, so modest, and with so arch a good nature. Certainly St. Francis was more like Ginipero than like Brother Elias or St. Bonaventura."—Sabatier, p. 415.

I have drawn from the book alluded to by Sabatier the following legends of this Brother Ginipero, making my abstract as brief as possible to economize time and space, though by so doing the literary flavor of the original is hopelessly lost to you. It certainly is "an exquisite religious work."

The narrative begins abruptly, as follows: "Brother Juniper was one of the most elect disciples and first companions of St. Francis, a man of deep humility, of great fervor and great charity, of whom St. Francis, speaking on a time with his holy companions, said: 'He would be a good Brother Minor who had conquered himself and the world like Brother Juniper.'"

This is all by way of prelude. The brother thus introduced is taken rapidly through a series of episodes in his life that illustrate his character.

In the first legend he is visiting a sick man, and, all on fire with love and compassion, he asked, "Can I do thee any service?" The sick man replied, "Much comfort would it give me if thou couldst get me a pig's trotter to eat."

Brother Junipero rushes to a forest, seizes a pig, severs its foot, prepares the morsel and presents it to the sick man. But while Brother Juniper, with "great glee for to glad the heart of the sick man," is telling him the tale of its capture, a different scene is being enacted: The owner who saw the mayhem of his pig, reports to his lord, and from thence hurries to the house of the brothers, whom he upbraids with a copious selection of choice epithets as hypocrites, thieves, liars, rogues, knaves, etc. St. Francis could not appease him, even though he offered the man restitution, for he leaves in a rage, telling his woes to all he meets upon the road.

St. Francis is shown as a student of human nature. He keeps counsel and wonders if Brother Juniper be not the culprit "in zeal too indiscreet," so, secretly calling, he asks him. The brother, glorying in the deed, details the facts, and thinks 100 pigs could be similarly sacrificed and yet he would say "well done." But St. Francis' level head, foreseeing the evil effect of the owner's wrath, gently reprimands Brother Juniper, who now goes forth charged to apologize until the man is pacified.

Juniper is unable to understand the nature of his wrong, "for



it seemed to him these temporal things were naught save so far as men of their charity shared them with their neighbors."

A doctrine certainly now objected to by the property owners and governing classes of our age and by those of the past as well.

The man heaps abuse upon our brother, who cannot understand why the owner should do so, for it seems to him a matter of rejoicing rather than wrath; but yet he rejoiced to be "ill spoken of."

Once again the incredulous brother retells his tale, and by tears and caresses so works up the irate fellow that he capitulates, and, conquered by the devotion and humility of Brother Juniper, kills his pig, cooks it and serves it to St. Francis at St. Mary of the Angels. The episode ends with the sentence that I think lodged in Father Serra's memory and influenced his life—"And St. Francis, pondering on the simplicity and the patience of said holy Brther Juniper, in the hour of trial, said to his companions and others standing around, "Would to God my brothers that I had a whole forest of such Junipers."

It is not my intention to give a full analysis of this valuable record, and I have given one chapter more in detail as a type of the rest than for any special interest attached to it beyond the closing sentence last quoted, and which is so pertinent to my theme.

Of the remaining chapters it must suffice for the limits of my paper to say that in each and every one Brother Juniper, out of many adventures, emerges more holy and beloved by all. I will now abstract a few narrations and anecdotes.

A man afflicted with demons had a rational moment, because, Juniper passing that way, the devils, by their own confession, could not endure his holiness, and fled until he passed. After this, when an afflicted man was brought him, St. Francis would say, "If thou come not out of this creature straight away, I will send for Brother Juniper to deal with thee." A most efficacious threat, and far more sure of a cure than all the medical science in our modern asylums, if we are to believe this little book.

The most detailed episode relates how this devil attempted revenge by assuming the guise of a peasant, and then in this form warning the tyrant Nicolas of a spy who will attempt his life. Says the wily devil: "He will come as a beggar, in garments torn and patched, his cowl hanging all tattered on his shoulder, and he will bring with him an aul wherewith to kill you, and a tinder box to set fire to your castle."

Here we have a true picture of Brother Juniper, who is now on his travels. Later he is assaulted by youths, noted by the guards, and dragged before Nicolas. He testifies that he carried the aul to mend his sandals; the tinder box was for his fire when he slept alone in the lonely woods on chill nights.

The examination begins with torture, but he courts it, and, entering into the spirit of the inquiry, and to increase the torture, says, "I am the worst of traitors," and as to killing and burning, "much worse things would I do if God permitted it."

Next we find him tied to the tail of a horse and dragged to the place of execution, happy in his persecution, and saying, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you," etc.

His voice is recognized amid the hooting crowd. A friend rushes to the tyrant, there is a stay of proceedings, an investigation, a pardon, an apology, and the tyrant does all in his power to make amends for having tortured a brother, and even though it appears he evidently wanted the persecution, yet for the torture administered the tyrant knows he has lost favor with God, "and God suffered it that a few days thereafter that tyrant, Nicolas, ended his days with a cruel death;" (and this, mind you, though Brother Juniper had at once before this event freely forgiven the tyrant) but the old chronicler must make his point, and men who interfere with brothers must be warned. Having made God cruel, all is ended. And Brother Juniper departed, leaving all the people edified."

And, if I may add to such a dramatic little recital, "and the modern reader much mystified"—at the morality of the entire tale.

Brother Juniper was so accustomed to giving even his robe and cowl to any one who chose to beg that his guardian forbade it.

Upon the next occasion, the brother repeats his guardian's orders to the beggar, but adds that while he may not give it, nor any part thereof, yet "if thou take it from my back, I will not say thee nay." He spoke not to the deaf, and Brother Juniper returned naked. When asked for details, he merely said, "A good man took it from my back and went away with it."

Such quibbling as this evidently was not considered deceitful or evasive of the truth, not to call it by the modern term of downright lying, and it is practiced today by many a witness who glibly repeats the solemn oath "to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God," and then invariably holds back the "whole truth," and considers himself

clever just in proportion as he is able to baffle the opposing attorney who asks for it. It is a matter that can be relegated to Hamlet's class of "things more honored in the breach than in the observance," and we who live in glass houses ought to be tender with Brother Juniper, with his quibbles and white lies.

Our Brother Juniper seems to have had no conception of private ownership, giving away everything that came to his hands, or, more properly, what his hands came to, for he levied toll upon all until books, vestments and mantels were locked and guarded from him.

The altar especially rich in decorations had a zealous guardian, who took much pride in an altar piece fringed with gold and set with silver bells of great price. While at the table, a sudden fear of Brother Juniper, who was at solitary worship, caused him to rush suddenly from the table. He was too late; a woman had solicited alms, and the brother, meditatively saying, "These things are a superfluity, had cut them from the fringe and given them to the poor woman, "for pity's sake." What follows is a delightful picture of a monastic tempest. We have details of the sacristan's rage, his search throughout the city for the fringe, the formal complaint to the Father General, who severely alludes to the sacristan's stupidity, he well knowing Juniper's weakness, but he adds, "Nevertheless, I will correct him well for this fault."

Juniper is summoned, and the Father General is so lovingly true to his promise that eventually, from over-wrath, has to desist from hoarseness and inability to scold more. The brother, however, "cared little and well-nigh nothing for his words, for he took delight in insults whenever he was well abused, but in piety for the hoarseness of the General, he began to bethink him of a remedy." Juniper wishes to cure the throat, so that he can be cured at great length. Next we find the remedy in process—a pottage of flour and butter. It is well into the morning hours when Juniper knocks at the General's cell. They have another scene, the irate General calling him scoundrel and caitiff for disturbing him at that unseemly hour, for how can he eat in semi-darkness? At last Juniper, in the simplicity of his heart, proposes that the General hold the candle while he (the brother) consumes the pottage, "that it be not wasted." This breaks the General's wrath. He is reconciled, and together "they twain eat the pottage of flour, by reason of his unfortunate charity, and they were refreshed much more by devotion than by the food."

Devotional acts were not neglected, and another side of the



picture shows Juniper silent for six months—the first day for love of God, the next for the Son, for the Holy Spirit, for the Virgin, and then a saint for each succeeding day. Surely the list of saints did not give out, but presumably the brother's theory did, and he welcomed a change; else there might have been eternal silence and no more tales to chronicle. Once to abase himself, he made a bundle of his clothes and stood half naked the day in the market place of Niterbo. The description of the howling, taunting, mud-slinging, rock-casting mob is quite vivid, as is also the fierce rage of his brothers, when they heard of it. They said he was a madman and deserved jail and hanging for the disgrace and ill repute brought upon the convent. And "Brother Juniper, full of joy, replied in all humility, 'Well and truly have you spoken, for these punishments am I worthy, and of much more.'"

Upon another occasion, hearing of a festival to be held at Assisi, he stripped himself to his breeches, and so made the journey to its convent. These brothers were for hanging him, and when the General reproved him severely for the disgrace and ill repute he brought upon them, all, until he knew not what penance he could inflict, Juniper asked "That in the same manner as I came hither, so for penance' sake I should return to the place whence I started for to come to this festival."

Such an utterly silly and illogical request carries its own commentary; yet apparently his reputation for sanctity grew with each new episode.

When a friend and brother died, he wished to go to the grave, disinter the body, sever the head and from it make two porringers to use in his eating and drinking in memory of the deceased. Only his certain knowledge of the rage of his brothers at such an act prevented its accomplishment.

At his devotions he was wrapped in ecstasies. He saw a hand in mid air and heard a voice say, "O, Brother Juniper, without this hand thou canst do nothing;" and for days after he went about repeating in a loud voice, "'Tis true, indeed; 'tis true indeed."

One episode is partly comic, though the writer meant it as a glorious recital. It is long, and I brief it baldly.

Visiting a monastery, Juniper is asked to prepare food for the brothers' return. He plans to provide a week's rations at one cooking that more time may be had for prayer. He begs cooking pots, provisions and fuel and begins.

"Everything is thrown into the pots—flowls with their fea-

thers on and eggs in their shells, and all the rest in like fashion." The roaring fire burns him. He lashes a plank in front of his body, and thus warded, skips and jumps from pot to pot in a fever of earnestness. Brothers return, peep in and are lost in wonder. The summons comes for refreshment. Brother Juniper, all heated and flushed, serves his stew, and says, eat quickly that we may hasten to prayer. When the covers are lifted, the stew gives forth such a frightful odor that not a pig in the land of Rome could have eaten it.

The brothers rage over the waste of so much food, and the guardian rebukes him for stupidity. When the evil is done, Juniper begins to see the effects of his unthinking acts, and with tears and lamentations begs that his eyes be put out or that he be hung for the waste to the Order committed.

He hides for a day in shame. "Then, quoth the guardian, my brothers dear, if only we had it, I would that every day this brother spoiled as much as he hath today, if so we might be edified, for great simplicity and charity have made him do this thing."

Upon a journey to Rome, our brother displayed another trait. People crowded from Rome to welcome and escort him to the convent of the Brothers Minor, but he wished to turn their devotion to scorn, and so we are told that upon the road "There were two children playing at see-saw, to wit, they had put one log across another log and each sat at his own end and so went up and down." Brother Juniper, displacing one child, assumed its place upon the log. The people gather, salute and wait.

"And Brother Juniper paid little heed to their salutations, their reverence and their waiting for him, but took great pains with his see-sawing." Some thought him mad; others more devout than ever; but the crowd disperses and then Brother Juniper remained altogether comforted, because he had seen some folk that made a mock at him. So he went on his way and entered Rome with all meekness and humility, and came to the convent of the Brothers Minor."

And here, for the limitations of time, we must leave him, and even forbear critical comment upon the strange episodes enumerated. In this brief summary no attempt has been made to reproduce the genuine charm of the child-like narrative.

As a guide for modern life, it may lapse into obscurity, but as a naive, unconscious picture of the past, it is worth more than a half contemptuous glance.

Absurd as many of the acts enumerated are now, they were the acts of so-called holy men, and the authors who wrote, and the people who read, saw only the deeds of saintly persons, fit to be held up for profitable imitation.

If we lose sight of the fact that such recitals formed the basis and guide for preaching and practical living, and consider them merely as literature, we miss the key that unlocks the inner meaning of a past religious life, just as surely as will the future historian misunderstand our age who one day writes of the nineteenth century Bible, considered purely as literature and not as the religious guide of the century under his critical discussion.

The vital question is not how we judge the tales, but how Father Serra did. The problem of his life, to us, in the present inquiry, lies in the sources from which he drew his inspiration. He lived according to his light, for he was not great enough like Wiclif to be a beacon for a waiting world. Father Serra was no "morning star of a Reformation." He was a disciple, not a creator—spiritual within his narrow credulities, but not an originator of his ideals. Through life until death he was zealous for the interests intrusted to him, and within the lines of his trust he brought such worthy characteristics into action that he was then and now a man among men in the history of the West.

Yet in all this any sincere admirer of Serra sees his limitations, and reasoning from the causes of early piety and inspirations, can trace the effects of a highly developed belief in miracles and special providences that are to be opportunely furnished when unreasoning zeal had rendered a natural solution of difficulties incurred almost an impossibility. The man with a call on miracles does not have to look before he leaps, and the doctrine and its effects are often serious for the world.

This book of tales must have proved a great comfort to one of Serra's temperament. He could read of men wholly devoted to their order—over-zealous, meek beyond reason; almost senseless in the extreme to which their emotional instincts led them—seeking martyrdom, assuming burdens, mocked at and generally themselves inviting the occasion for trouble, yet, all in all, triumphing in each and every case of wild folly of conduct; revered by high and low, and at their death received among the saints by miracles so taxing nature that the episodes of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection seem to pale beside the reversal of natural laws called out to do honor to these dead.

This, however, is dead issue with us, but when, in studying



the development of our land and noting the part played by its developers, the source of their seemingly strange beliefs often becomes of interest; thus the acquisition of such a little guide book and text of practical works as the one I have briefed for the society, assumes an importance long lost to it, and this one sentence in it deserves enrollment among the chance sayings that have helped make history: "Would to God, my brothers, that I had a whole forest of such Junipers."

## CAMEL CARAVANS OF THE AMERICAN DESERTS

BY J. M. GUINN.

[Read May 6, 1901]

The story of the experiment made nearly fifty years ago, to utilize the Arabian camel as a beast of burden on the arid plains of Arizona, New Mexico and the deserts of the Colorado is one of the many unwritten chapters in the history of the Southwest. A few fugitive locals in the newspapers of that time and the reminiscences of some of the camel drivers who survived the experiment are about the only records of a scheme that its progenitors had hoped would revolutionize travel and transportation over the American deserts. The originator and chief promoter of the project was Jefferson Davis, late president of the Southern Confederacy.

During the last days of the session of Congress in 1851, when the army appropriation bill was under consideration, Mr. Davis, then Senator from Mississippi, offered an amendment providing for the purchase and introduction of 30 camels and 20 dromedaries, with ten Arab drivers and the necessary equipage.

In advocating his amendment, Mr. Davis alluded to the extent to which these animals are used in various countries in Asia and Africa as beasts of burthen; and among other things stated that they are used by the English in the East Indies in transporting army supplies and often in carrying light guns upon their backs; that camels were used by Napoleon in his Egyptian campaigns in dealing with a race to which our wild Comanches and Apaches bear a close resemblance. Mr. Davis thought these animals might be used with effect against the Indians on our Western frontier. Drinking enough water before they start to last for one hundred miles; traveling continually without rest at a rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour, they would overtake these bands of Indians, which our cavalry cannot do.

They might be made to transport small pieces of ordnance with great facility; and in fact do here all that they are capa-

ble of doing in the East, where they are accustomed to eat the hardiest shrubs and to drink the same kind of brackish water which is stated to exist in some portions of our Western deserts. Ewing of Ohio expressed the opinion that our climate was too cold for the camel. Mr. Rantoul of Massachusetts had no doubt the camel might be useful, but thought \$200 apiece sufficient to pay for the animals.

The amendment was lost—19 yeas and 24 nays. The appropriation of \$30,000 to buy camels with was a reckless extravagance that the Senators could not sanction.

This was long before the days of billion dollar Congresses. The total appropriations for all purposes by that Congress was \$41,900,000—eight millions less than the appropriation of the River and Harbor bill alone that Senator Carter of Montana talked to death in the last Congress.

Then the newspapers of California took up the scheme, and the more they agitated it, the mightier it became. They demonstrated that it was possible to form a lightning dromedary express, to carry the fast mail and to bring eastern papers and letters to California in 15 days.

It would be possible, too, if Congress could only be induced to import camels and dromedaries to have fast camel passenger trains from Missouri River points to the Pacific Coast. The camel, loading up his internal water tank out of the Missouri and striking straight across the country regardless of watering places, and boarding himself on sage brush the plains across, would take his next drink of the trip out of the Colorado River; then after a quiet *pasear* across the desert he would land his passengers in the California coast towns in two weeks from the time of starting. No more running the gauntlet of Panama fevers and thieving natives on the isthmus. No more dying of thirst on the deserts. No freezing to death in the snows of the Sierras; no more shipwrecks on the high seas. The double-decked camel train would do away with all these and solve the transportation problem until the Pacific railroad was built.

Although beaten in his first attempt at camel importation, Jefferson Davis kept his scheme in view. While Secretary of War under President Pierce from 1853 to 1857 he obtained reports from army officers stationed on the Southwestern frontier in regard to the loss of animals on the plains—the cost of transportation of army supplies and the possibility of utilizing the camel in hunting Indians. These reports were laid before Congress and that body authorized the sending out of a commission



from San Antonio, Texas, to Arizona to ascertain the military uses to which camels could be put in the Southwest. The commission made a favorable report and Congress in 1854 appropriated \$30,000 for the purchase and importation of camels.

In December, 1854, Major C. Wayne was sent to Egypt and Arabia to buy seventy-five camels. He bought the first lot in Cairo and taking these in the naval store ship "Supply," he sailed to Smyrna, where thirty more of another kind were bought. These had been used on the Arabian deserts. They cost from seventy-five to three hundred dollars each, somewhat more than had been paid for the Egyptian lot. The ship "Supply" with its load of camels reached Indianola, Texas, on the Gulf of Mexico, Feb. 10, 1857. Three had died during the voyage, leaving seventy-two in the herd.

About half of these were taken to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where an expedition was fitted out under command of Lieut. Beale for Fort Tejon, California. The route lay along the 35th parallel, crossing the Mojave desert. The expedition consisted of 44 citizens, with an escort of 20 soldiers, the camels carrying the baggage and water.

The expedition arrived safely at Tejon and the camel caravan made several trips between Fort Tejon and Albuquerque. The other half of the herd was employed in packing on the plains of Texas and in the Gadsen Purchase, as Southern Arizona was then called.

The first caravan to arrive in Los Angeles reached the city, Jan. 8, 1858. The *Star* thus notes its arrival:

"A drove of fourteen camels under the management of Lieut. Beale arrived in Los Angeles. They were on their way from Fort Tejon to the Colorado River and the Mormon country, and each animal was packed with one thousand pounds of provisions and military stores. With this load they made from 30 to 40 miles per day, finding their own subsistence in even the most barren country and going without water from six to ten days at a time."

Again, the *Star* of July 21, 1858, makes note that "the camels have come to town." It says: "The camels, eight in number, came into town from Fort Tejon, after provisions for that camp. The largest ones pack a ton and can travel sixteen miles an hour."

It would seem that a beast of burden that could pack a ton, travel sixteen miles an hour, subsist on sage brush and go from six to ten days on one drink would have supplied most effectually

ally the long-felt want of cheap and rapid transportation over the desert plains of the Southwest. The promoters of the scheme, to utilize the camel in America, made one fatal mistake. They figured only on his virtues; his vices were not reckoned into the account.

Another mistake they made was in not importing Arab drivers with the camels. From the very first meeting of the camel and the American mule-whacker who was to be his driver there developed between the two a mutual antipathy.

To be a successful camel driver, a man must be born to the business. Indeed, he must come of a guild or trade union of camel drivers at least a thousand years old; and, better still, if it dates back to the days of Abraham and Isaac. The first disagreement between the two was in the matter of language. The vigorous invective and fierce profanity of the quondam mule-driver irritated the nerves and shocked the finer feelings of the camel, who never in his life, perhaps, had heard anything more strenuous than "Allah, el Allah" lisped in the softest Arabic.

At first the mild submissiveness of the camel provoked his drivers. They could appreciate the vigorous kicking of an army mule in his protest against abuse. But the spiritless dejection and the mild-eyed pensiveness of the Arabian burden-bearer was exasperating; but they soon learned that in pure meanness one lone camel could discount a whole herd of mules. His supposed virtues proved to be his worst vices. He could travel 16 miles an hour. Abstractly that was a virtue; but when camp was struck in the evening and he was turned loose to sup off the succulent sage brush, either to escape the noise and profanity of the camp or to view the country, he was always seized with a desire to take a *pasear* of twenty-five or thirty miles before supper. While this only took an hour or two of his time, it involved upon his unfortunate driver the necessity of spending half the night in camel chasing; for if he was not rounded up there was a delay of half the next day in starting the caravan. He could carry a ton—this was a commendable virtue—but when two heavily laden "ships of the desert" collided on a narrow trail, as they always did when an opportunity offered, and tons of supplies were scattered over miles of plain and the unfortunate camel pilots had to gather up the flotsam of the wreck; it is not strange that the mariners of the arid wastes anathematized the whole camel race from the beast the prophet rode, down to the smallest imp of Jefferson Davis's importation.

The army horses and mules shared the antipathy of the drivers for the Arabian desert trotters. Whenever one of the humpbacked burden bearers of the Orient came trotting along past a corral of horses and lifted his voice in an evening orison to Mahommed or some other Turk, every horse of the caballada was seized with fright and broke loose and stampeded over the plains.

All of these little eccentricities did not endear the camel to the soldiers of Uncle Sam's army. He was hated, despised and often persecuted. In vain the officers urged the men to give the camels a fair trial. No one wanted anything to do with the misshapen beast. The teamsters when transformed into camel drivers deserted and the troopers when detailed for such a purpose fell back on their reserved rights and declared their was nothing in army rules and regulations that could compel American soldiers to become Arabian camel drivers. So because there was no one to load and navigate these ships of the desert their voyages became less and less frequent, until finally they ceased altogether; and the desert ships were anchored at the different forts in the Southwest.

It became evident to the army officers that the camel experiment was a failure. Every attempt to organize a caravan resulted in an incipient mutiny among the troopers and teamsters. No attempt, so far as I know, was ever made to utilize the camel for the purpose that Davis imported him—that of chasing the Apache to his stronghold and shooting the Indian full of holes from light artillery strapped on the back of a camel. Instead of the camel hunting the Indian, the Indian hunted the camel. In some way poor Lo's untutored appetite had learned to love camel steaks and stews. So, whenever an opportunity offered, the Apaches killed the camels; but the camel soon learned to hate and avoid the Indian, as all living things learn to do. Some were allowed to die of neglect by their drivers; others were surreptitiously shot by the troopers sent to hunt them up when they strayed away—the trooper claiming to have mistaken the woolly tufts on the top of the twin humps of the camel as they bobbed up and down in the tall sage brush, for the top-knot of an Indian, and in self-defense to have sent a bullet crashing, not into an Indian, but into the anatomy of a camel.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, some thirty-five or forty of the camel band were herded at the United States forts—Verde, El Paso, Yuma and some of the smaller posts in Texas. When the Eastern forts were abandoned by the government



the camels were turned loose to take care of themselves. Those at Yuma and Fort Tejon were taken to Benicia, condemned and sold at auction to the highest bidder. They were bought by two Frenchmen who took them to Reese River, Nevada, where they were used in packing salt to Virginia City. Afterwards they were taken to Arizona and for some time they were used in packing ore from the Silver King mine down the Gila to Yuma. But even the Frenchmen's patience gave out at last. Disgusted with their hunch-backed burden bearers, they turned the whole herd loose upon the desert near Maricopa Wells.

Free now to go where they pleased, instead of straying away beyond the reach of cruel man, the camels seemed possessed with a desire to linger near the haunts of men. They stayed near the line of the overland travel and did mischief. The apparition of one of these ungainly beasts suddenly looming up before the vision of a team of mules frightened the long-eared quadrupeds out of all their senses; so they ran away, scattering freight and drivers over the plains. The mule drivers, out of revenge, shot the camels whenever they could get in range of them. In 1882 several wild camels were caught in Arizona and sold to a menagerie, but a few have survived all enemies and still roam at large in the desert regions of Southern Arizona and Sonora, Mex. The International Boundary Commission that recently surveyed the line between the United States and Mexico, reported seeing wild camels on the alkali plains amid sage brush and cactus. These are probably descendants of the imported ones, as those seen appeared to be in their prime. Occasionally the soldiers in the garrisons of New Mexico and Arizona catch sight of a few wild camels on the alkali plains. All reports agree that the animals have grown white with age. Their hides have assumed a hard leathery appearance and they are reported to have hard prong hoofs, unlike the cushioned feet of the well-kept camel. Whether these are some of the survivors of the original importation brought into the country nearly fifty years ago, or whether their descendents are gradually being evolved to meet the conditions with which they are surrounded, I do not know.

# THE DILATORY SETTLEMENT OF CALIFORNIA

BY WALTER R. BACON.

(Read Nov. 4, 1901.)

We have read considerable of late about the influence of the Japanese current upon our climate and of the possible effects from a deflection of it from its accustomed course. One writer lately claims to have discovered that owing to seismic disturbances to the east and north of Japan that the current is turned southward five hundred miles from its usual path. This, of course, brings it to our shores at a higher temperature than it would have, had it flowed farther north to meet the cold currents (as it usually does) that flow out of Behring sea, and being warmer will cause more humidity in the atmosphere, more rain on land, larger crops on the farms, more money in the pockets of the people, making necessities easier and luxuries possible, life better and a higher civilization for all the people, all flowing from a casual earthquake in the west Pacific Ocean. This may be a fanciful conclusion, but if the earthquake did happen, and the current was deflected, all these things are easily possible as a result of that simple event.

The summer trade winds blowing shoreward from the northwest, and they alone make this country comfortably habitable during the summer. Next to the winter rains these winds are the most valuable of our climatic assets, yet these same winds were without doubt the most potent factor of delay in the settlement of the country after its discovery and exploration by the Spaniards.

California was known to the maritime nations more than 400 years ago. The Spanish, the Portuguese and the English knew of its salubrity and many of its natural resources, and that its settlement would be practically without opposition from aborigines, yet the English planted their colonies in India, the Spanish theirs on the west coast of South America and in the tropical Philippines, the Dutch in Sumatra and Java, while California, nearer to Spain via Mexico than any other of its Pacific possessions, was left entirely at one side, and its settle-

ment never attempted—that is to say, the usual Spanish settlement was not attempted; for the missionary invasion of 1769 was not for commercial aggrandizement nor for gold or trade, for as long as the Missions existed trade was discouraged and isolation courted. It can be demonstrated that the beneficent Northwest summer trades had much to do with this state of affairs. Just think of it, in 1578 Sir Francis Drake landed in California just north of San Francisco; Raleigh had not yet sailed on his first voyage to Virginia, and nine-tenths of the Pilgrims who afterward landed on Plymouth Rock, had not yet been born. But 36 years before this, in 1542, Cabrillo, the Spanish explorer, had discovered and named many bays and islands including Cape Mendocino and the Farralone Islands. The Monks in the Philippines were thrifty and soon developed a large trade with Spain, a large part of which passed through Mexico. Their westbound vessels left Acapulco and kept in a sea lane between latitude  $10^{\circ}$  and  $15^{\circ}$  N., thus getting the benefit of the westerly tropic breeze and returned at about latitude  $35^{\circ}$  to  $37^{\circ}$  North to get the benefit of the northwest trades. They thus sighted California near San Francisco, from whence they coasted down to Acapulco. There the cargo was transferred by mules to Vera Cruz and thence by sail to Spain. This trade was of great magnitude, as evidenced by the fact that Anson, an English commodore, in 1742 took one of the vessels engaged in this trade and realized \$1,500,000 in coin from the single transaction. The vessels were half men-of-war and half merchantman, but wholly lazy, as it usually took six months to make one way of the voyage, and scurvy was almost invariably present at the close of the trip. They were improvident, as witnessed by their dependence for drinking water, upon catching rain water en route.

This trade was carried on for centuries. The Spanish vessels engaged in it and the British pirates that preyed upon it drifted along our coasts for hundreds of miles and no doubt prior to the Missions, the entrance of San Francisco Bay was in view from the decks of more than a hundred of these vessels that passed it lazily to the South.

The Count of Monterey, then Viceroy of Mexico, under the direction of the King, sent out an expedition in charge of Sebastian Viscayno, that landed at Monterey and named the place, on December 16th, 1602, and there is no record or tradition, oral or written, that it was again visited by a white man for 168 years.



The vessels engaged in California exploration by the Spanish were mostly constructed at Acapulco, and the Northwest trade wind seems to have been an almost insuperable obstacle to their coasting north, as there was hardly a vessel so engaged, however well equipped and provisioned, but that landed its men in California in ill health and generally afflicted with scurvy. Even the late expedition of Junipero Serra had much trouble to get even as far north as San Diego, their first landing place in Alta California.

In 1769 the history of white men in California began, and in the expedition of the Franciscan friars of that year was wafted to the shores of California the last ripple of the wave of Spanish conquest that for two hundred years had rolled along the shores of the Pacific. The story of their effort, the establishment and decline of the Missions is familiar. Their efforts, as such, were appreciated at their full worth, and the Mission buildings that still remain are held in proper regard as interesting survivors of a curious incident in our history, but the enterprise with all its effort, had little influence upon civilization.

Sixteen years after the first voyage of Serra, La Perouse, a celebrated French explorer, came to Monterey in the month of September, 1786, and made a ten days' stay; he was a Catholic, and carried credentials that gained him the co-operation of the Fathers in securing all possible information concerning the country; of course, the Mission was the country. All their methods were the most primitive and laborious, and he presented the Mission with a small hand-mill for grinding corn, which was for many years the only mill of any kind in California.

In November, 1792, George Vancouver dropped anchor in San Francisco Bay. La Perouse and Vancouver, besides the Mission Fathers, were the only recorded visitors to California after Drake, and before the beginning of the 19th century. Menzies, the celebrated naturalist, whose name is inseparably interwoven in the nomenclature of California flora, accompanied Vancouver.

They were hospitably received and given opportunity for observation, and their narrative corroborates La Perouse as to the primitive conditions that prevailed among the converts at the Missions. Vancouver spent the following year exploring the coast to the northward, and on his return was received coldly, the habitual jealousy of race overcoming the natural hospitality of the Spanish fathers.

For fourteen years after this visit, the pious Franciscans of San Francisco and Monterey saw no foreign ships. They had no occasion for fear of invasion and contamination. Then in March, 1806, the Russian ship *Juno* came to San Francisco for supplies for the Russian settlement at Sitka, then in a starving condition. Langsdorff, an officer of the expedition, wrote the best detailed account of California as it then existed that was ever written. The jealousy of foreigners prevented their landing for some time. The Spanish had notice that two Russian vessels would call, and the authorities had been directed to receive them courteously, and the Russian commander of this expedition with the usual Russian diplomacy, by shrewdly representing that he came instead of the expected vessels, secured for himself the courtesies reserved for them, and was allowed to purchase provisions and make repairs. While their ship was thus lying in the Bay, Langsdorff and two men tried to make the San Jose Mission in a small boat; after many hardships they got back to the ship, barely escaping death. Langsdorff says that there was not a single Spanish boat on San Francisco Bay, that they knew nothing at all of the North and East shore of the bay from lack of facilities for crossing the bay. That part of the country accessible on foot they never explored, and had no knowledge of, except such as was derived from the excursions of the soldiers who went into the interior hunting for converts.

On these pious crusades the soldiers had penetrated to the East and South as far as the San Joaquin River, which they discovered.

These outposts of Spain were truly afar off—it took two months by courier from Mexico, though the route and stations for the entire distance were kept by the military, and the European news that the courier brought was six months old when they started with it. Langsdorff comments on this isolation and upon the filth, vermin and general misery with which the converts were inflicted, he says that the monks complained of the Indian converts, that as soon as one got sick he became despondent, and was hard to do for. The only medicines possessed by the monks were emetics and cathartics, which they reserved exclusively for themselves.

On October 1st, 1816, Kotzebue, another distinguished Russian, entered San Francisco Bay and stayed a month for repairs. He is authority for the statement that at that time trading vessels were not allowed at the ports of San Francisco and Monterey. He came again in 1824.

Between his two visits, California, with Mexico, had declared its independence of Spain, and from lack of support of the imperial arm, the Mission Fathers had lost prestige, the control of the soldiers and many of their converts, all of which contributed to one of those opera bouffe incidents that seem to happen only in Spanish-ridden countries or in China. As Kotzebue passed the fort, he noticed that all of the populace were out, and that all of the military in full regimentals were in attendance on the guns and under arms in battle array. In their honor he fired a salute, which, to his amazement, was not returned. Shortly a boat put off from the shore containing an officer, who, being taken aboard, begged that he be supplied with powder (of which the garrison had none) sufficient to return the salute. This incident fairly illustrates the comic opera phase of military operations of that period, which is so strongly characteristic of all the Spanish troops that were in California from the foundation of the missions to the Mexican war.

Kotzebue observed and remarked the utter lack of people in the country. He saw not a single canoe on this voyage; but some of his remarks about the future of the country seem prophetic. He says: "It has hitherto been the fate of these regions, like modest merit or humble virtue, to remain unnoticed, but posterity will do them justice. Towns and cities will hereafter flourish where all is now desert; the waters over which scarcely a solitary boat is seen to glide will reflect the flags of all nations, and a happy, prosperous people receiving with thankfulness what prodigal nature bestows for their use, will disperse her treasures over every part of the world." He also speculated on what great use the country would be to Russia. He landed on Goat Island, and claims (as he probably was) that he was the first white man to set foot thereon. He went down and examined the Santa Clara Mission, noted the convent where the Indian girls were kept, how the girls were married off, and generally condemned the missions as cruelly oppressing the natives.

The Commandante of San Diego, Don José Maria Etsudillo, and a small party went with him to the Russian settlement of Bodega, and from there made the first recorded expedition into Marin county's interior. He says that to the east of the Russian settlement was a large valley known as White Man's Valley, the Indians relating that years before a ship had been wrecked and the survivors had gone into the interior, where they lived for years at amity with the Indians. On this trip Estudillo



told him that the cavalry supplied the converts by going into the mountains and capturing with a lasso such free heathen as seemed lusty and worth keeping.

Kotzebue spent two months in San Francisco Bay. He went up it as far as the Sacramento, and seems to have fully appreciated the beauties and value of that wonderful sheet of water. With this expedition was the botanist, Escholtz, after whom the golden yellow California poppy was named.

After the Mexican revolution, California ports, instead of repelling trade, invited it; but for years it seemed to have been considered by Europeans and Americans living on the Atlantic coast as the most distant and impossible of all countries. China, India and the South Sea islands were familiar ground to Yankees compared with California as late as the war of 1812, and to have been to California was a passport to wondering admiration in any community. In the years immediately following 1824, many adventurous spirits visited and explored California. The first of these was Jedidiah S. Smith, who, commencing in 1825, made two trips into and through California. In one of these he traversed the State from San Gabriel to the Oregon.

Edmund Randolph, in an oration delivered to California pioneers at San Francisco in 1860, spoke eloquently of Smith and his accomplishments. He shortly afterward received a letter from a Mr. Sprague, who then lived in Nevada, who said he knew Smith; that although he had lived for many years on the farthest frontier, he was a man of education, a linguist, a man of sentiment, refinement and great force of character, and that in 1825, in returning to Salt Lake from San Diego, Smith's party had discovered fine placer gold deposits in California, at what he thinks is now Inyo county. Smith was an adventurous trapper and explorer, a close and scholarly observer. He made copious notes, and many maps of the country he explored. These he sent, as opportunity offered, to St. Louis, intending to publish a narrative of his travels; but all this data was destroyed by fire, and he was soon after killed by Indians. Many lovers of the natural sciences came into the country after Smith. David Douglas, a rare soul, by his gun, won his living from the interior mountains and valleys of California for five years. From 1826 to 1831, he explored the almost impenetrable fastnesses of its great Sierras, ranging from the Santa Lucias at Monterey to the Columbia and its tributaries. He discovered and classified many new plants and trees—*Pinus-Sabiniana*, and

*Pinus Grandus*, among others, were contributed by him. Douglas, in all his wanderings in California, was accompanied by a persistent little Scotch terrier. Taking his dog with him, he started on his return to England via the Sandwich Islands. There he strayed away from port one day and fell into a pit that had been constructed by the natives to trap the native wild cattle. Into this, before him, had fallen a wild bull. The terrier, still his companion, by his distressed howling, discovered Douglas to his friends. They found him in the pit, gored and trampled out of all semblance to man by the infuriated bull. In 1831, before leaving California, Douglas met Dr. Thomas Coulter, who was in the country on the same errand, having penetrated it from Central America.

Coulter traveled and explored California from the Sacramento to the south line of the State. The pine bearing the heaviest cone of all pines perpetuates his name.

In 1826 Beechy, in command of H. M. ship *Blossom*, visited San Francisco Bay and surveyed it as far as Benicia. He was struck with the beauty of the bay, and wrote such a favorable and glowing account of it as to greatly excite British cupidity.

Sir Edward Belcher, who was with Beechy, in 1837 returned in another British ship, and again attempted a survey of the bay and the Sacramento river as far as the San Joaquin. Although he had a soldier with him who had formerly hunted that part of the country for converts, they did not find the San Joaquin, and hence he would not believe it existed.

In 1841, Commodore Wilkes, with a U. S. squadron, came to California. His report of that voyage is familiar to all students of California history. The British, who had had an eye on the country since 1824, called at Monterey in force in 1846; but it had already fallen into the hands of America.

# PIONEER REGISTER

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## Pioneers of Los Angeles County

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### OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1901-1902

#### BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

HENRY D. BARROWS,  
LOUIS ROEDER,  
JAMES M. GUINN,  
M. F. QUINN,

GEORGE W. HAZARD,  
WM. H. WORKMAN,  
J. W. GILLETTE.

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M. F. QUINN.....	First Vice-President
GEORGE W. HAZARD.....	Second Vice-President
LOUIS ROEDER.....	Treasurer
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JERRY NEWELL.

#### COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

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#### COMMITTEE ON LITERARY EXERCISES.

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#### COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT.

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MRS. HARRIET S. PERRY,

MRS. EMMA E. HERWIG,

GEORGE W. HAZARD,

J. W. GILLETTE.



# PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

## CONSTITUTION

[Adopted September 4, 1897.]

### ARTICLE I.

This society shall be known as The Pioneers of Los Angeles County. Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse and friendship among its members and to collect and preserve the early history of Los Angeles county, and perpetuate the memory of those who, by their honorable labors and heroism, helped to make that history.

### ARTICLE II.

All persons of good moral character, thirty-five years of age or over, who, at the date of their application, shall have resided at least twenty-five years in Los Angeles county, shall be eligible to membership; and also all persons of good moral character fifty years of age or over, who have resided in the State forty years and in the country ten years previous to their application, shall be eligible to become members. Persons born in this State are not eligible to membership, but those admitted before the adoption of this amendment shall retain their membership. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

### ARTICLE III.

The officers of this society shall consist of a board of seven directors, to be elected annually at the annual meeting, by the members of the society. Said directors when elected shall choose a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. The secretary and treasurer may be elected from the members outside the Board of Directors.

### ARTICLE IV.

The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of September. The anniversary of the founding of the society shall be the fourth day of September, that being the anniversary of the first civic settlement in the southern portion of Alta California, to wit, the founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, September 4, 1781.

## ARTICLE V.

Members guilty of misconduct may, upon conviction after proper investigation has been held, be expelled, suspended, fined or reprimanded by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any stated meeting; provided, notice shall have been given to the society at least one month prior to such intended action. Any officer of this society may be removed by the Board of Directors for cause; provided, that such removal shall not become permanent or final until approved by a majority of members of the society present at a stated meeting and voting.

## ARTICLE VI.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at least one month prior to the annual meeting. At said annual meeting said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. And if two-thirds of all the members present and voting shall vote in favor of adopting said amendments, then they shall be declared adopted. (Amended September 4, 1900.

## BY-LAWS

## MEMBERSHIP.

[Adopted September 4, 1897; amended June 4, 1891.]

Section 1. Applicants for membership in this society shall be recommended by at least two members in good standing. The applicant shall give his or her full name, age, birth-place, present residence, occupation, date of his or her arrival in the State and in Los Angeles county. The application must be accompanied by the admission fee of one dollar, which shall also be payment in full for dues until the next annual meeting.

Section 2. Applications for admission to membership in the society shall be referred to the committee on membership, for investigation, and reported on at the next regular meeting of the society. If the report is favorable, a ballot shall be taken for the election of the candidate. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 3. Each person, on admission to membership, shall sign the Constitution and By-Laws.

Section 4. Any person eligible to membership may be elected a life member of this society on the payment to the treasurer of \$25. Life members shall enjoy all the privileges

of active members, but shall not be required to pay annual dues.

Section 5. A member may withdraw from the society by giving notice to the society of his desire to do so, and paying all dues charged against him up to the date of his withdrawal.

#### DUES.

Section 6. The annual dues of each member (except life members) shall be one dollar, payable in advance, at the annual meeting in September.

Section 7. Any member delinquent one year in dues shall be notified by the secretary of said delinquency, and unless said dues are paid within one month after said notice is given, then said member shall stand suspended from the society. A member may be reinstated on payment of all dues owing at the date of his suspension.

#### DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 8. The president shall preside, preserve order and decorum during the meetings and see that the Constitution and By-Laws and rules of the society are properly enforced; appoint all committees not otherwise provided for; fill all vacancies temporarily for the meeting. The president shall have power to suspend any officer or member for cause, subject to the action of the society at the next meeting.

Section 9. In the absence of the president, one of the vice-presidents shall preside, with the same power as the president, and if no president or vice-president be present, the society shall elect any member to preside temporarily.

Section 10. The secretary shall keep a true record of all the members of the society; and upon the death of a member (when he shall have notice of such death) shall have published in two daily papers of Los Angeles the time and place of the funeral; and, in conjunction with the president and other officers and members of the society, shall make such arrangements with the approval of the relatives of the deceased as may be necessary for the funeral of the deceased member. The secretary shall collect all dues, giving his receipt therefor; and he shall turn over to the treasurer all moneys collected, taking his receipt for the same.

He shall make a full report at the annual meeting, setting forth the condition of the society, its membership, receipts, disbursements, etc.

He shall receive for his services such compensation as the Board of Directors may allow.



Section 11. The treasurer shall receive from the secretary all moneys paid to the society and give his receipt for the same, and shall pay out the money only upon the order of the society upon a warrant signed by the secretary and president, and at the end of his term shall pay over to his successor all moneys remaining in his hands, and render a true and itemized account to the society of all moneys received and paid out during his term of office.

Section 12. It shall be the duty of the finance committee to examine the books of the secretary and treasurer and any other accounts of the society that may be referred to them, and report the same to the society.

#### COMMITTEES.

Section 13. The president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer shall constitute a relief committee, whose duty it shall be to see that sick or destitute members are properly cared for. In case of emergency, the committee shall be empowered to expend for immediate relief an amount from the funds of the society not to exceed \$20, without a vote of the society. Such expenditure, with a statement of the case and the necessity for the expenditure shall be made to the society at its next regular meeting.

Section 14. At the first meeting after the annual meeting each year, the president shall appoint the following standing committees: Three on membership; three on finance; five on program; five on music; five on general good of the society, and seven on entertainment.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Section 15. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, it shall be filled by election for the unexpired term.

Section 16. The stated meetings of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month, and the annual meeting shall be held the first Tuesday of September. Special meetings may be called by the president or by a majority of the Board of Directors, but no business shall be transacted at such special meetings except that specified in the call.

Section 17. These By-Laws and Rules may be temporarily suspended at any regular meeting of the society by unanimous vote of the members present.

Section 18. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of this society is unable, for the

time being, to pay the annual dues as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have power to remit the same.

Section 19. Changes and amendments of these By-Laws and Rules may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at a stated meeting. Said amendment shall be read at two stated meetings before it is submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendment shall receive two-thirds of the votes of all the members present and voting, then it shall be declared adopted.

### ORDER OF BUSINESS.

#### CALL TO ORDER.

Reading minutes of previous meeting.

Music.

Reports of committee on membership.

Election of new members.

Reading of applications for membership.

Music.

Reminiscences, lectures, addresses, etc.

Music or recitations.

Recess of 10 minutes for payment of dues.

Unfinished business.

New business.

Reports of committees.

Election of officers at the annual meeting or to fill vacancies.

Music.

Is any member in need of assistance?

Good of the society.

Receipts of the evening.

Adjournment.

## INAUGURAL OF PRESIDENT BARROWS

[Tuesday, October 1, 1901.]

*Ladies and Gentlemen of the Pioneer Society:*

In assuming the duties of president for the current year of the society's existence, I desire, first of all, to express my thanks and appreciation of the honor that has been conferred on me by my election as the presiding officer of this honorable body.

For, I assure you, that, though the duties of the office, if properly and faithfully performed, are somewhat onerous, and would seem to require the services of a younger and more active man than I am; nevertheless, the honor that attaches to the position is one that any member might be justified in coveting.

And, in this connection, I cannot forbear remarking that, in my opinion—in which I am sure you will all concur—much of the prosperity and success of our society have been the result of the faithful and active work of our associate, who, during the last three years, has served as your presiding officer. If I can serve you anywhere near as well, during the next one year, I shall be content.

I have thought that the present is a fitting occasion on which to offer some observations concerning the aim and scope of our Pioneer Society, and to suggest the best means, so far as I may, of realizing the same.

Our society has come to seem like one large family, bound together by strong ties analogous to those which bind together an ordinary family. Our bond of union extends back 25 years or more—and in some cases, 30, 40 and 50 years—to times when we were neighbors, and more or less intimate friends—or perhaps even only distant acquaintances—in a community and amidst surroundings in many respects vastly different from those in which we now live. For, probably in few cities in the United States, have such great changes occurred as in Los Angeles during the same period of time.

When, as a large family of former neighbors, we meet; or when we meet each other on the street or elsewhere, we instinctively are reminded of former times and of a former world, in which we—each one of us—were actors, and of scenes and associations with companions and dear friends or near relatives,



who long ago passed away, leaving to us, now reduced to a comparatively small band, the privilege of cherishing their memory, and of living over again a former life, which then was in fact so real, but which now almost seems like a dream.

It is indeed a source of genuine pleasure, in these, our monthly meetings, to renew and cultivate our acquaintanceship of former years, and to learn to know each other better and better as the end of life's drama for each of us draws near.

Only a few days ago I met an old friend (Col. I. E. Messmore), and an old man—though he is not a member of our society—who stopped and saluted me, saying, "Whenever I see you, I have a kindly feeling towards you and desire to extend a friendly greeting." The cordial, and, as I believed, entirely sincere manner in which he said this, gave me great pleasure; and I instantly responded, and with perfect truth: "That's exactly the way I feel towards you."

In the renewal, in this society, of our old acquaintanceship, we have come to have, more and more, a "kindly feeling" for each other. Let us, in every way we can, encourage and stimulate that friendly feeling.

And one of many ways in which this can be done is by giving more time at our monthly gatherings to informal social intercourse. This can be done without changing the regular time of 8 o'clock for our formal opening, by having it generally understood that, if members will get together an hour earlier—say at 7 o'clock—that much time can be devoted to social intercourse, in talking over "old times" as well as present times, and matters of present current interest, etc.; and then we can commence the formal or regular business of the evening promptly at 8 o'clock, and dispatch it without running far into the night, which, I think, would be satisfactory to all our members. This innovation can easily be adopted, as the evenings in the winter season are long.

I am moved to offer this suggestion, as I have often noted the great interest with which members engage in conversation before each meeting, sometimes delaying the call to order from one-half to three-quarters of an hour. Instead of repressing this desire of members "to talk over old times" informally, I think their wish in the matter is entirely commendable, and should be encouraged, as it can be by the plan I suggest, and that without interfering at all with our regular programs.

I desire to repeat tonight what I have often urged before, namely, the desirability of this Pioneer Society's possessing, in

writing, either briefly or in extenso, a sketch of the life of every one of its members. We have already a record in the "Pioneer Register" of the dates of the births and coming to California of each member. But those primary facts should be supplemented by some details, long or short, and in writing, for preservation for the benefit of those who come after us, of the life of every member. Some members have recounted to us verbally, stirring episodes of their lives, which were of exceeding interest, but which, as they were not of record, will not be available for their and our children, unless they shall yet be written, out. The recorded story of the principal events of every member of this society, if preserved, will be of inestimable value. And I earnestly hope the society will yet, and at no distant day, possess such a record, as it may, if each member who has not already done so, will furnish the same, so far as it refers to his own individual life.

The last half of the nineteenth century in Southern California—in Los Angeles county—was certainly, as we all of us well know, an exceedingly interesting and eventful period. Let us all contribute what we can to preserve the memory of the life we have lived here in the olden times, and which we know more intimately than any outsider can know.

## THE PONY EXPRESS

BY J. M. GUINN.

[Read before the Pioneers, May 7, 1901.]

With our daily newspapers before breakfast, chronicling the history of the whole world for the previous day, it is like going back into the Dark Ages to take a retrospect of California as it was fifty years ago.

Then Eastern State news a month old, and European dispatches that had voyaged on two oceans for 50 days or more, were the latest, and, on the arrival of the steamer, the San Francisco papers got out extras, and prided themselves on their enterprise as news disseminators. When mail matter was sent out from the metropolis of California to the mines in the north and the cow counties in the south, it often took it another month to reach its destination.

It is of record that one mail from San Francisco for Los Angeles, in 1851, was fifty-two days in reaching the old pueblo; and four weeks was not uncommonly slow time. The Star of October 1, 1853, under the head of "Information Wanted," wants to know "what has become of the mail for this section of the world." "Some four weeks since," says the editor, "the mail actually did arrive; since then, two other mails are due, but none have come."

Again, the Star of November 20, 1852, says the latest dates from San Francisco are October 28, now 23 days old. Of the results of the State election that took place three weeks ago, we are in the most profound ignorance, having received returns from no county in the State except Los Angeles. Think of the protracted agony of a candidate still waiting three weeks after the election to know his fate!

While the newsmongers, the merchants and the candidates suffered from the mail's delay, how was it with the honest miners, in the lonely mining camps? No novelist or sentimentalist has written of the hope deferred that made the heart sick of many an Argonaut—and all because of the mail's uncertainty. Isolated from the world in mountain mining camps, where no mail reached them, the miners of the early '50's were depend-



ent upon private carriers, who brought them at irregular intervals the few letters that ran the gauntlet of ocean disasters, careless postmasters and reckless stage drivers.

As the Argonaut, in most cases, was a young man, fresh from home, who had left a girl behind him to await his return with a fortune, the anxiety with which he watched for a letter from home to know whether his girl was still waiting for him or whether some other fellow was waiting on her, was truly pathetic. Home-sickness killed many an Argonaut, and the defective mail system of the early '50's ought to have been indicted for manslaughter. I know we laugh at a homesick individual, but a genuine attack of the disease is no laughing matter. The medical reports of the Union army during the Civil War attribute no less than 10,000 deaths to nostalgia, the medical name for home-sickness.

As the population of the Pacific Coast increased, the demand for quicker mail service became more imperative. The scheme of importing camels and dromedaries and using them in carrying the mail and express across the plains was agitated. It was claimed that the camel, filling his internal water tank out of the Missouri river, could strike straight across the waterless wastes of New Mexico and Arizona, stopping occasionally for a meal of sage brush, and taking a drink at the Colorado river, he could trot across the Colorado desert and deliver the mail in the California coast towns fifteen days from New York.

As some of you will recollect, the camels did come to the coast in 1857, but they were not delivering mail; they were carrying freight, and were not much of a success at that. The Butterfield stage route was established in 1858. It was the longest stage line in the world. Its western terminus was San Francisco, and its eastern termini Memphis and St. Louis. It brought the eastern news in 20 days. That was such an unprecedented quick time that the Los Angeles Star rushed out an extra edition and proposed a hundred guns for the overland stage. But the people wanted faster time, and the Pony Express was established in 1860. I take the following graphic description of its first trip across the plains from the Kansas City Star:

"An important event in the history of St. Joseph, Mo., was the starting of the 'Pony Express' on April 3, 1860. The facts and incidents connected with this ride of 2,000 miles to San Francisco form a most interesting chapter in the story of early western progress.

"In 1859 St. Joseph was the western terminus of railroad communication. Beyond the Missouri river the stage coach, the saddle horse and the ox trains were the only means of commerce and communication with the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Slope, across a space now traveled by a dozen vestibuled trains daily.

"In the winter of 1860 a Wall street lobby was in Washington trying to get \$5,000,000 for carrying the mails one year between New York and San Francisco. The proposition was nothing more or less than an attempt to bunko the government. William H. Russell, who was then interested largely in freighting business on the plains, backed by the Secretary of War, resolved to give the lobby a cold shower bath. Russell offered to wager \$200,000 that he could put on a mail line between San Francisco and St. Joseph that could make the distance, 1,950 miles, in ten days. The wager was accepted, and April 8, 1860, was fixed upon as the date for starting.

"Mr. Russell summoned his partner and general manager of business on the plains, A. B. Miller, for many years a prominent citizen of Denver, told what he had done, and asked if he could perform the feat. Miller replied, 'Yes, I'll do it, and I'll do it by pony express.'

"To accomplish this service, Miller bought 300 of the fleetest horses he could find in the West, and employed 125 brave and hardy riders. These men were selected with reference to their light weight and courage. It was highly essential that the horses should be loaded as lightly as possible, because some sections of the route had to be covered at the rate of 20 miles an hour.

"The horses were stationed from 10 to 20 miles apart, and each rider was required to ride 75 miles. For each change of animals and the transfer of the United States mails two minutes were allowed. Where there were no stage stations at proper distances, tents capable of accommodating one man and two horses were provided. Indians, it was supposed, would sometimes give chase, but their cayuse ponies could make only sorry show in pursuit of Miller's thoroughbreds, many of which could make a mile in 1 minute and 50 seconds.

"All arrangements being completed for this great undertaking, a signal gun on a steamer at Sacramento proclaimed the meridian of April 8, 1860, the hour for starting. At that signal Mr. Miller's private saddle horse, Border Ruffian, with a brave rider in the saddle, bounded away toward the foothills

of the Sierra Nevadas. The first 20 miles were covered in 49 minutes, and this feat was repeated until the mountains were reached. The snows were deep in the mountains, and one rider was lost for several hours in a snow storm. After Salt Lake Valley had been reached, additional speed became necessary to reach St. Joseph in time. From there on, however, all went well until the Platte river was to be crossed at Julesburg.

"The stream was swollen and running rapidly, but the horse plunged into the flood, only, however, to mire in quicksand and drown. The courier succeeded in reaching the shore with his mail bag safe and traveled ten miles on foot to reach the next relay. The journey from this point to within 60 miles of St. Joseph was made quickly and without incident.

Johnny Fry, a popular rider of his day, was to make the finish. He had 60 miles to ride, with six horses upon which to do it. When the last courier arrived at the 60-mile post out from St. Joseph, he was one hour behind time. A heavy rain had set in and the roads were slippery.

"Fry had just 3 hours and 30 minutes in which to win. It was the finish of the longest race and largest stake ever run in America.

"When the time for Fry's arrival was nearly up, at least 5,000 people stood upon the river bank, with eyes turned toward the woods from which the horse and its rider should emerge into the open country in the rear of Elwood, one mile from the finish.

"Tick, tick!" went hundreds of watches. The time was nearly up. Only seven minutes remained.

"Hark!

"Hurrah!" A shout goes up from the assembled multitude. The courier comes! A noble little mare darts like an arrow from the bow and makes the run of the last mile in 1 minute and 50 seconds, landing upon the ferryboat off Francis street with five minutes and a fraction to spare.

"The story of this remarkable feat is only a scrap of history now. A few of the riders who participated in the great race are still living, and hundreds of old timers recall the scenes and incidents that marked the finish of the splendid contest against time. It was a great event in the history of St. Joseph.

"It was five days prior to the running of the great race for the \$200,000 wager that the first Pony Express left St. Joseph for the west. At 7:15 p. m. on Tuesday, April 3, 1860, a rider



received at the United States Express office in St. Joseph his light burden of dispatches, and amid the cheers and huzzas of the vast throng assembled to witness the event darted off across the plains of Kansas and on into the distant west. This event created so much excitement in St. Joseph that the little pony was almost robbed of his tail, the crowds of people assembled at the starting point being desirous of preserving a memento of the flying messenger."

The rider at the western end of the route, who reached Sacramento April 13, 1860, was accorded even a more enthusiastic reception, although no bet was pending on the time of his arrival. The news of his coming was heralded with great enthusiasm, and both houses of the Legislature adjourned to welcome him. He came in time for the regular afternoon steamboat, and the horse and the rider, with the mail bag, just as they had come into Sacramento, took passage on the boat and arrived at the wharf in San Francisco at 1 o'clock on the morning of April 14th, with the mail, just 10½ days from St. Joe. They were met by an enthusiastic crowd with a band and torches. A procession was formed; and with music and continuous cheers they were escorted to the postoffice. The quickest time ever made between San Francisco and New York by overland mail via the Buterfield route was 20 days. The Pony Express shortened this time to 10 days.

The Pony Express was a semi-weekly service. Fifteen pounds was the limit of the weight of the waterproof mail bag and its contents that twice a week, from each end started on its long journey.

The postage or charge was \$5.00 a letter of half an ounce. The line never paid. In fact, its owners operated it throughout its existence at a loss. The high charges necessitated by the cost of keeping up relays of men and horses prevented it from being extensively patronized. It seldom carried over 200 letters, and sometimes not more than 20. It reduced the time for letters from New York to San Francisco to 13 days, and telegraphic dispatches to 9 days, at first; and later on to 8 days. Messages were sent to Fort Kearny, the extreme western station, and taken up by the rider as he came along. The messages were re-dispatched from Carson City, which was connected by telegraph with San Francisco. Letters and messages were written on a tough page of tissue paper, very thin and light, which was specially prepared for the express company. The stamp, now very rare, was embellished with a pic-

ture of a man on horseback spurring at a gallop across the plains. During the exciting times at the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861, the pony express was the sole reliance of the whole Pacific Coast for the quickest news. The Indians on the western end, and the Confederates on its eastern end had destroyed the Butterfield stage line. It was to the Pony Express that every one looked for the latest intelligence.

Although the enterprise failed to pay expenses, to the praise of Russell and Majors, be it recorded, they kept it up until the overland telegraph was completed, in November, 1861.

The Pony Express required to do its work nearly 500 horses, about 190 stations, 200 station keepers and 80 riders. Each rider usually rode the horses on about 75 miles, though sometimes much greater distances were made. One rider—Robert H. Haslam—or Pony Bob, as he was usually called—on one occasion made a continuous ride of 380 miles within a few hours of schedule time. Another—Wm. F. Cody, now famous as Buffalo Bill—rode in one continuous trip 384 miles without stopping, except for meals and to change horses. The greatest feat performed by the Pony Express was in carrying President Lincoln's inaugural message, in March, 1861. The time on that trip from the Missouri river to Sacramento was 7 days and 17 hours, which is perhaps the quickest time, considering the distance, ever made on horseback.

Majors, the originator of the Pony Express, a veteran of 70 years' pioneering on the frontiers, died a few weeks ago. He was a man who had done much for his fellow men. He was a public benefactor. Yet a few lines in an obscure corner of the daily newspapers told the story of his life—at least, it told all the reporter or editor of the paper knew of it; and hundreds who read it had no idea what the Pony Express was. Most of the riders who forty years ago braved the perils of mountain and desert and savage beast and more savage men, in lonesome rides of the Pony Express have crossed the divide between time and eternity.

The following graphic description of the pony rider on his journey is taken from Mark Twain's "Roughing It." Mark saw him in all his glory on his ride, when he (Twain) crossed the plains in the overland stage in 1861:

"In a little while all interest was taken up in stretching our necks watching for the pony rider, the fleet messenger who sped across the continent from St. Joe to Sacramento, carry-

ing letters nineteen hundred miles in eight days! Think of that for perishable horse and human flesh and blood to do! The pony rider was usually a little bit of a man, brimful of spirit and endurance. No matter what time of the day or night his watch came on, and no matter whether it was winter or summer, raining, snowing, hailing or sleeting, or whether his beat was a level, straight road or a crazy trail over mountain crags and precipices, or whether it led through peaceful regions or regions that swarmed with hostile Indians, he must be always ready to leap into the saddle and be off like the wind. There was no idling time for a pony rider on duty. He rode fifty miles without stopping by daylight, moonlight, starlight, or through the blackness of darkness—just as it happened. He rode a splendid horse that was born for a racer and fed and lodged like a gentleman—kept him at his utmost speed for ten miles, and then, as he came crashing up to the station where stood two men holding fast a fresh, impatient steed, the transfer of rider and mail-bag was made in the twinkling of an eye, and away flew the eager pair and were out of sight before the spectator could get hardly the ghost of a look. Both rider and horse went flying light. The rider's dress was thin and fitted close; he wore a roundabout and a skull cap, and tucked his pantaloons into his boot-tops like a race rider. He carried no arms—he carried nothing that was not absolutely necessary, for even the postage on his literary freight was worth five dollars a letter.

“He got but little frivolous correspondence to carry—his bag had business letters in it, mostly. His horse was stripped of all unnecessary weight too. He wore a little wafer of a racing saddle, and no visible blanket. He wore light shoes or none at all. The little flat mail packets strapped under the rider's thighs would each hold about the bulk of a child's primer. They held many and many an important business chapter and newspaper letter, but these were written on paper as airy and thin as gold leaf, nearly, and thus bulk and weight were economized. The stage coach traveled about a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five miles a day of 24 hours; the pony rider about 250. There were eighty pony riders in the saddle all the time, night and day, stretching in a long, scattering procession from Missouri to California—forty flying eastward and forty toward the west, and among them making four hundred gallant horses earn a stirring livelihood and see a deal of scenery every single day in a year.



"We had had a consuming desire, from the beginning to see a pony rider, but somehow or other all that passed us, and all that met us managed to streak by in the night, and so we heard only a whiz and a hail, and the swift phantom of the desert was gone before we could get our heads out of the windows. But now we were expecting one along every moment, and would see him in broad daylight. Presently the driver exclaims: 'HERE HE COMES!' Every neck is stretched further, and every eye strained wider. Away across an endless, dead level of the prairie, a black speck appears against the sky; and it is plain that it moves. Well, I should think so! In a second or two a horse and rider, rising and falling, rising and falling, sweeping towards us, nearer and nearer, growing more and more distinct, more and more sharply defined—nearer and still nearer, and the flutter of the hoofs comes faintly to the ear—another instant a whoop and a hurrah from our upper deck, a wave of the rider's hand, but no reply, and man and horse burst past our excited faces, and go winging away like a be-

"So sudden is it all, and so like a flash of unereal fancy that lated fragment of a storm!

but for the flake of white foam left quivering and perishing on our mail sack after the vision had flashed by and disappeared, we might have doubted whether we had seen any actual horse and man at all, may be."

## OVERLAND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA IN 1850

BY J. M. STEWART.

[Read before the Los Angeles County Pioneers Sept. 3, 1901]

Fifty-one years ago, on the 22nd of March last, five young men left their homes in Central Wisconsin on a trip overland for the gold mines in California, of which we had been reading some favorable accounts, yet knowing very little of what we might expect on a journey of 2,000 miles, mostly through a country partially occupied by hostile Indians, with only one settlement of white men between the Missouri river and the western slopes of the Sierra Nevadas—that at Salt Lake; but as others had successfully made the journey the previous year, we felt equal to the undertaking.

I was the youngest of the party, being twenty-two years old, the eldest twenty-seven. Our route through Wisconsin and Iowa to Council Bluffs direct, was through a partially settled community, but through Western Iowa, where are now found large towns and cities, we saw the bare prairies only.

On the 19th of April, 1850, we crossed the Missouri at the Mormon winter quarters of three years before, and near where is now the flourishing city of Omaha. Our route was the Mormon road to their settlement in Utah. Like most other emigrants in those days, we thought the only safe way to travel was in large companies for protection from the wily Indian. So we joined a company of 150 men with 45 wagons, and stuck together just three days. As our outfit consisted of eight American horses and two wagons, we did not wish to go into camp after making only 15 or 20 miles, as many of the ox teams did, but we wished to make the trip inside of three months; and to do so we must make an average of twenty miles for every day, so when the ox-drivers commenced to unyoke, we kept on with a few companions for six or eight miles, and encamped on the famous Platte. The bed of this stream being composed largely of quicksand, renders it almost impossible to ford, except in favorable places, and the water only a few inches deep most of the way, is difficult to navigate with boats. Had it been necessary to cross here, as we expected

to do, the only way would have been to wade out a mile or two to deep water, and there establish a ferry. But the animals must not be allowed to stop even for a few minutes, or they would sink out of sight. We kept the north side, and did not have to cross till we reached Fort Laramie. Some one of our company asked the question, "What was such a river ever made for?" But so far as I know, never got a satisfactory answer. Two days' travel from this point brought us to Loupe Fork, a stream 600 feet wide, on April 26th. Like the Platte, this was a difficult stream to cross, but after a hard day's work we encamped on the right bank; saw a few friendly Indians, but all they said or did was to beg for tobacco. About this time, at the close of one of the warmest days we had, dark and heavy columns began to rise from the southwest, indicating a severe storm. At sundown the wind commenced blowing, and soon changing to the northwest, it blew a perfect gale for several hours. We exerted our best skill and strength in attempting to keep the tent over us, but all in vain. We crept into the wagon to escape the fury of the blast "and wished for the day." Fortunately for us, no rain fell during the night, but it was extremely cold. When the morning dawned we found that we were not alone in our misery, for not a solitary tent was standing on the ground. For a week or ten days, commencing with April 28th, our road was through a territory burned over, or the dry grass the n burning, the fires having been set by emigrants ahead of us through carelessness or neglect to put out their camp fires. This was a great hardship, for our horses had nothing to eat but a little grain from the wagon. On this burned territory, black and dreary far as the eye could reach, we met our first buffalo, many of them with hair completely burned off, and entirely blind. We were obliged to kill eight or ten to keep them from running into the teams. One night we heard the most unearthly noise you could imagine. It was one entirely new to me, but some of the boys more used to frontier life said "Prairie wolves," and that probably there were not more than three or four of them, but I thought there must be a thousand.

May 4th. We have succeeded in getting ahead of the fires, but they are raging in the dry prairie grass behind us, to the right, with inconceivable fury. Today we passed the grave of a man from Iowa who died four days ago; the first fresh grave we have yet seen on our route, but have passed many bearing date of '49, nearly all of which had been opened by the wolves,



with occasionally a stray human bone lying about the opening, the only exceptions being those which their friends had taken the precaution to cover with large stones. The following day was Sunday, and as there was dry grass for the horses, we laid by to give them and ourselves a day of rest. Away to the south and west was a beautiful valley, extending at least four miles, to the very banks of the Platte, and over this vast area were innumerable buffalo feeding leisurely all day long. It was by far the largest herd we had seen, and by a careful estimate there must have been at least 4,000, with wolves and antelope in large numbers scattered here and there among them. One of the latter was brought into camp by two of our expert hunters, and we enjoyed a royal feast. Choice steaks from a buffalo calf were very acceptable and much sought for( but the meat from the full grown animal was not to our liking, being too tough and of an undesirable flavor. Some of these old fellows are hard to kill, and one I saw die only after 18 rifle balls had been shot into him at short range. On the 9th we had rain, the first since we crossed the Des Moines back in Iowa, nearly six weeks ago. And here we found the first green grass of the season. Saw many Indians of the Sioux tribe, all kind and friendly. Passed "Chimney Rock" on the 11th, situated on the south side of the river, resembling a steeple or chimney, 200 feet high, and visible at the distance of 40 miles. This is one of the main landmarks for the California-bound emigrant who travels on either the north or the south side of the Platte.

On the 13th we came to timber, the first we have seen on our side of the river, save one lone tree, for 200 miles.

Like all others who travel that road, we had to resort to buffalo chips for fuel to cook our daily meals, and they proved a good substitute. The next day we reached Fort Laramie, after crossing the Platte on a good ferry. It is 522 miles from the Missouri river, and we were 22 days traveling this distance, averaging 24 miles per day. After first striking the Platte our route was an unbroken level as we followed along the river bottom most of the way, but when the bluffs came down to the river, as we found they often did, sometimes for miles together, our only alternative was to pass over them, where the road was invariably a deep, heavy sand. The valley is several miles in width from the river bank to the sand hills, and has a rich soil. Our grain being gone, we exchanged the heavy wagon at the fort for a pack horse, and with the light wagon and two horses packed with 300 pounds of flour, started on our journey up the south side of the Platte.

Our road lay during the day over high, steep bluffs and through deep ravines, as we are now ascending the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. The night set in dark and rainy. To add to our troubles, one of our men who had been ailing for several days, was taken down with mountain fever. We nursed him in the tent by night and carried him in the wagon by day. Eleven days afterwards he was sufficiently recovered to surrender his couch to another who was attacked by the same fever. Two days after leaving Fort Laramie, we re-crossed the Platte on a ferry, and the first 20 miles was over heavy sand. A week or so later, we passed the first alkali springs that we saw on our journey, but they were not the last. On the 21st, we reached the Sweetwater, a swift-running stream, but fordable, which we followed to its very source in the Rocky Mountains. We met several ox teams from Salt Lake, bound for the States to assist the Mormon immigration. We passed Independence Rock, another celebrated landmark, noted for its great size. It covers several acres, and rises to a great height, and is covered with the names of passing emigrants. Two mountain sheep were killed and brought into camp, furnishing all with a most delicious meal.

On the 23rd we passed Devil's Gate; the name is suggestive. It is the passage of the Sweetwater through a deep cut in the solid rock. The river is about 75 feet wide on an average, but as it approaches the rocks which rise 400 feet, perpendicularly, on each side, it is compressed into half that width, and rushes through the narrow space a foaming cataract.

Sunday, May 26th, we encountered snow and sleet the whole day, and traveling with overcoats was the most comfortable way of spending the Sabbath. We were all the day traveling far up in the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains.

When we reached the top, it did not seem as if we were on the summit of the great divide between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, for we were in an extensive valley, nearly level, several miles in width and thirty in length. Its altitude is 6085 feet. As we came out on the western side next morning, where the waters run to the Pacific, and raised our eyes to the lofty chain of mountains on the right and gazed on their summits, still thousands of feet above us, and the countless glaciers sparkling in the sunbeams, the scene was grand beyond description. The first night after leaving the Pass, we reached Pacific Springs. A pony turned out to graze with a halter about its neck, became entangled and was cast; before morning the

wolves actually ate him alive. The next day we traveled 30 miles over a sandy desert all the way to Black Fork, a small stream usually fordable, but now greatly swollen by the melting snow on the mountains. The Mormons had a small ferry established here, but as many were already waiting for a passage, and the price was exorbitant, we thought best to establish an opposition. So, calking one of our wagon boxes, we transported our loading, pulling our boat back and forth by a rope, swam the horses and drew our wagon across by hand, all at the expense of three hours' time. Others profiting by our example, reduced somewhat the receipts of the Mormon ferry. Here we found an encampment of friendly Indians, but we did not learn to what tribe they belonged. We were told by friends along the road that a few days before a young man from a western State, while camping here, made the acquaintance of these Indians to such an extent that he married one of the good-looking young squaws; at least the Indians so considered it as far as they were concerned, and were well pleased with the idea of one of their tribe being chosen by a pale-face. Next morning when his company was ready for a start, the young woman was on hand with her dowry, consisting of a camp kettle, a skillet and some few other traps suitable for Indian housekeeping, and insisted on going with him to California. The indiscreet young man was in a fix, and a bad one, too, for the Indians insisted that she was his wife, according to their customs, and he must take her along. That, of course, was impossible, for his company would not consent to it, even if he was so disposed, which he was not. To say the least, there was one fellow badly scared. To get out of a bad scrape and pacify the Indians, cost him his riding pony and all the money he had.

Our company, which numbered 45 wagons at the starting point, and 15 when we left Fort Laramie, has continued to decrease, some going ahead, others falling behind, till now it is reduced to four.

June 1st we met a large number of Snake Indians with a big herd of cattle and horses. Passed Fort Bridger, and for two days had a difficult road, following up a canyon crossing the stream back and forth many times, the water frequently coming to the top of our wagon box. On either side were bluffs, 300 to 400 feet high, in many places leaving us barely room for a wagon road. Some emigrants had established a ferry, composed of six cedar logs for a raft, and charged \$3 to transport each wagon and the men. We dared not attempt to cross



in our frail boat, for the river was 150 feet wide, with a rapid current. When in midstream, on account of not being properly balanced, one end of the raft began to sink, and before reaching shore was a foot under water.

June 6th we reached Salt Lake City, where we remained nearly two days. As no rain falls here during the summer months, the farmers resort to irrigation. The city is located three miles from the foot of the mountains on the river Jordan, the outlet of Lake Utah, and 22 miles from Great Salt Lake. It is handsomely and well laid out. Salt Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, whose specific gravity is so great, being strongly impregnated with salt as to buoy almost every object upon its surface. It is almost impossible to sink in it, and it is a great bathing resort. Vast quantities of saline matter are cast upon the shore every autumn, and the moisture retained in the deposit evaporates during the next summer, leaving a bank of the purest white salt, which may be shoveled up by the ton. In the center of the lake is a large island that towers up mountain high, and from its sides gush out the purest springs of fresh water. There the Mormons have vast herds of fine cattle, and this mountain island is the shepherd's home.

Just north of the city is a spring 60 feet in diameter, strongly impregnated with salt and sulphur, said to contain medicinal qualities, with a temperature above blood heat. The Mormons are preparing to pipe it into the city. The weather is delightful, so mild in winter that the cattle, which are suffered to run at large, thrive well and are fat in the spring, and yet the mountains, whose base is but three miles distant, have their summits covered with perpetual snow.

We became acquainted with a young man by name of Davis, from Wisconsin, who told us he had an uncle who moved to Utah with his family three years before, when the Mormons first settled here, but he was no polygamist, and he would like very much to find his uncle and aunt. We met him again a few weeks later, out on the desert. He said he called on his uncle a few miles out of the city, and found him living in perfect happiness, apparently, with three wives. The distance from Fort Laramie to this point is 509 miles, and 1031 from the Missouri river, about one-half of our journey over.

Instead of finding the Black Hills and Rocky Mountains covered with timber, as we expected, we found them entirely destitute of trees of any kind. Greasewood served as fuel for many miles. Having purchased a guide book describing the

route to Sacramento, and tarried with the Mormons a day and a half, we again started on our western journey, June 8th. We found settlements along the road for 20 miles, and reached the second crossing of Bear river on the 11th, swam our horses and paid \$5 for wagon on a Mormon ferry. For several days nothing occurred worthy of note. Some days our road was good, on others bad—very bad. Some days we found both feed and water, other days we found neither.

On the 18th of June we were at Cold-Water Creek, in Thousand-Spring Valley.

The prairie dog villages are a real curiosity. We have passed through several of them, each covering several acres, and each hole inhabited by a curious combination, consisting of the dog and a small owl and a rattlesnake. We saw many of the dogs and owls enter the holes together, but the rattlesnakes did not show themselves. Sunday, the 23rd, we laid by, and not less than a hundred wagons passed us, with five times that number of men, from whose hearts "the root of all evil," or the love of it, had for the time being absorbed their love of ease, of friends and even social comfort. The 27th, we encamped on the banks of the Humboldt, which stream we found unusually high, being on an average 75 feet wide, 8 to 10 feet deep, with a swift current. Crossed over in our wagon-box-boat, swimming the horses. We found the bottom land adjacent to the river where the Mormon trail ran, overflowed to such an extent we were compelled to keep along the bluffs on higher ground. We had learned our route would be down the Humboldt to the sink, where the river loses itself in the sands of the desert. But of the distance we had little knowledge.

After a day's travel, we were told here was the place to prepare our hay for crossing the desert, which we would reach after 18 miles' travel. But, to our utter dismay, no grass was to be found without wading into the marsh knee deep for nearly half a mile. We had learned long before this that an overland journey to California was not in all respects a pleasure excursion, but, like every other means to the accomplishment of a desirable end, it was attended with some labor and sacrifice. So we spent the afternoon and the next day in cutting grass with a scythe, when we could borrow one, otherwise with our belt knives, packing it out on our backs, drying and sacking it for an early start the following morning. At 12 o'clock we were roused by the guard, and in less than an hour were on the move in high hopes of soon reaching and passing that 40

miles of barren sand and no water, so much dreaded by all emigrants. We goaded ourselves on after the first few hours, till the sun had climbed into the mid-heavens, having traveled 25 miles, but no desert yet. During the afternoon we again waded the marsh for fresh grass that the horses might eat during the night. Next morning the rising sun found us ready to resume our journey, expecting every hour to have a view of the desert. Thus we passed on till 10 o'clock, when we found a company preparing hay for the desert, who assured us it was 80 miles ahead. "Never fret" had been our motto, so now we made up our minds to take it easy as circumstances would permit. During the day we passed many dead horses and tenantless wagons; saw clothing, tools of every description and many other articles too numerous to mention, strewn along the road, which nobody wanted. At night those of our company who could swim crossed the river and brought back grass on their backs for the horses. We had all read about the "Jersey Mosquitoes," but if they are larger, or more numerous, or bloodthirsty than those we met on the Humboldt, I have no wish to see them. They actually shut off the rays of the sun.

July 1st we had a general consultation as to the best method of getting to the golden land. On leaving the Missouri, it was supposed we had provisions for 100 days. Although we added somewhat to our stock at Salt Lake, it was found that what we had would not serve us more than ten days, and we are 300 miles from California, the worst part of our journey before us and our teams nearly exhausted. Shall we take our wagon across the desert and over the mountains, consequently protracting our journey several days, or shall we leave our wagon and things we can best part with, and pack our horses with what is essential, and make all possible dispatch? To the latter proposition we all agreed, and it was done with the greatest unanimity, because all our neighbors were reduced to the same extremities with ourselves, and neither love nor money could obtain provisions. Next day we came to the forks of the road, the right being an old trail to Oregon, made by trappers years ago. This was the road taken by so many unfortunate emigrants last season, who perished in the mountains. About 100 teams, by mistake, took the same road this year, and among them were some who left Missouri with us. After traveling six or eight days across the desert and up into the mountains, they discovered their mistake. Some returned almost famished; others struck out for a settlement in Oregon, 400 miles distant, with what success we never heard.



The 4th of July was celebrated by our second attempt in preparing for the desert crossing. It was a repetition of our former effort—wading knee deep across the Humboldt bottoms, cutting grass with our knives, and packing it on our backs half a mile away. The next day we came in sight of the long looked for desert, and the sink of the Humboldt. This river, anlong whose banks we had been traveling for the last 300 miles, entirely disappears and is lost to sight, if not to memory. The water was thoroughly saturated with alkali, and has proved very destructive to stock, both cattle and horses. Here, too, we found the "Sulphur Spring" spoken of in most of the guide books, that has caused the death of so many horses, and the sickness of many emigrants. We had received warning of its ill effects, and profited thereby.

Our stock is now reduced to four horses; the other four having been left at different points along the road to the tender mercies of the Indians. The big company to which we once belonged has entirely vanished. At 4 o'clock p. m. we started out across the desert for 15 miles, where we were to leave the wagon. We had no difficulty in getting fuel to cook our last meal with the wagon; by placing the camp-kettle on the hub of one of the wheels and filling in around it among the spokes portion of the wagon box, we soon had a rousing fire. The night was cool and pleasant, far more so than if we had crossed in the day time. At sunrise we struck the heavy sand, where we found water for sale at one dollar per gallon. The next ten miles was through loose sand, ankle deep, to the Carson river. Pure, cold water never looked better, and we all made good use of a liberal portion. We passed many horses, both dead and dying, and hundreds of wagons abandoned by owners. We have been able to walk from 20 to 30 miles each day, and found it no great hardship. Out of the nearly 2000 miles, we have made at least 1500 on foot. No one rode but the driver and the sick. But the hard part was standing guard at night, when one wanted to sleep, but was not allowed to do so. One night I went on at dusk, taking the horses a short distance where a little bunch grass was found here and there, and was to be relieved at 12 o'clock. I sat down by the side of a big rock, in full view of the horses and the plains for a long distance, and drew around me the blanket I had brought from home, for the night was chilly. I had no thoughts of sleep, but alas! I did fall asleep, and when I awoke 20 minutes later, not a horse was in sight. I went direct to camp, told the boys the horses were

all gone—for I supposed they had been stolen—told them to charge it up to me, and I would settle, if ever able. But they said, "We will help you find them," which they did in a half hour's time, where they had found better feed. Any one who has traveled "the plains across" will admit that on this trip is a good place for the display of human nature. I saw many wordy quarrels among the members of other private companies, but I will say for all five of us, we never had any disputes or differences that were not settled on the spot at the time, and to the satisfaction of all. At the base of the mountains was a trading post recently established, where we replenished our short stock of provisions with flour and sugar at \$2 per pound and fresh beef at \$1. From the 9th to the 14th of July we were crossing the Sierra Nevada mountains, which we found heavily timbered. Snow covered both hill and valley for twenty miles, with a few exceptions of the latter, and on the 13th we encamped in a deep mountain gorge; the frost was severe and the water was frozen in our camp kettle. On the 15th we arrived at Hangtown, now called Placerville, 83 days after leaving the Missouri river, and our journey was at an end.

## EARLY DAYS IN WASHOE

BY ALFRED JAMES.

[Read before the Pioneers, December, 1901.]

I will say as a prelude and introduction to what I may say directly touching the discovery of the Comstock mine, that prior to 1856 there was very little inter-communication between California and the country east of the Sierras, known as Washoe, for the reason that the great Sierras presented a formidable barrier to travel—rendering such inter-communication both difficult and expensive. Moreover, the country was sparsely settled and but little known, there being up to this time no mineral discoveries in the country worthy of mention, and withal, it was regarded as very uninviting.

It therefore becomes a pertinent inquiry as to what should primarily lead one to leave so attractive and prosperous a country as California to seek a home in this land of sage brush and desert wastes; the sequel to which may not be uninteresting as a scrap of unwritten history, even at this late period in the history of this interesting country.

Along the eastern base of the Sierras, the summit of which forms the coterminous boundary between California and Nevada, as it did between Utah and California, there is a chain of beautiful and comparatively fertile valleys, which even in their primeval condition, were sufficiently inviting to attract thither a number of settlers who established homes here and there throughout these valleys. These settlers were nearly all disciples of Brigham Young. In 1857 the Saints were having a little difficulty with Uncle Sam, on which occasion the Mormon President called in all his disciples from these distant outlying settlements. Most of them obeyed the call and returned to Salt Lake City, whereupon a few adventurous spirits, citizens of Downieville, near the border, consisting of J. J. Musser, Abraham Curry, Benjamin Green, Frank Proctor and myself, crossed over the mountains in July, 1858, to possess ourselves of some of the vacated territory.

We did not contemplate the broad field for enterprise and adventure which we were then entering, nor did we even dream



of the fact that we were upon the very threshold of the most marvelous mineral discoveries known to the world's history. Our ultimate object was to push the proposition of the organization of a new territory out of Western Utah.

With this object in view, after visiting nearly all the valleys and becoming fully satisfied with the outlook, and considering the probable outcome of the scheme in contemplation, as to a betterment of chances financial, political and otherwise, I returned to California. Here, having associated with me W. L. Jernigan, a practical printer, then in an office in Downieville, we issued a prospectus of the Territorial Enterprise.

Leaving Mr. Jernigan to complete details for the purchase of press and office, I returned to Washoe, by way of Placerville, leaving there on horseback the latter part of October. About six miles out from Placerville I overtook Mr. Klauber, late of the firm of Klauber & Levi, of San Diego, who, as he informed me, was on his way to Carson Valley for the purpose of purchasing a ranch. I also disclosed to him my purpose. We traveled the entire distance in a merciless snow storm, and being fellow sufferers as well as fellow travelers, we became confidential friends.

I digress to make mention of this incident, as I may make mention of further co-relative circumstances of interest later on.

I had on my first visit determined to locate at the town of Genoa, in Carson Valley, which, though a mere village of not more than 50 inhabitants, was the largest and most important settlement east of the Sierras and west of Salt Lake City. The business houses consisted of two hotels, two stores, post office and telegraph office, the latter established in November, 1858. After the Mormon exodus, there were very few settlers left in any of the valleys. In Eagle Valley, near the center of which Carson City, the capital of the state is situated, there were not at that time more than a dozen inhabitants, and not a single house on the site of the present capital city. The subscription list of the Enterprise embraced a wide territory, forty-five of them being in Salt Lake City. Forty of these subscribers cancelled their subscriptions on the appearance of an article which I wrote and published in the sixth number, criticising the polygamous side of Mormonism, in view of the treasonable and defiant attitude of the Mormons against the government.

I felt fully justified in doing this, as the Enterprise was the only gentile paper then published in the territory. All per;

sons in Utah at that time not members of the Mormon church were called "gentiles."

The Enterprise was a success from its inception; but I must concede that its long and prosperous career was largely due to the unanticipated discovery of the great Comstock Lode, and its marvelous consequences—an event which ended its labors in its chosen field in a few months, when the territory of Nevada was organized.

The discovery of the Comstock lode, with the coincident and manifold results pertaining thereto, and resulting therefrom, comprises one of the most marvelous and noteworthy mining events in the world's history; and therefore, any retrospective and reliable narrative, embracing its prehistoric condition, its discovery, and the incidents and circumstances leading thereto, is both interesting and instructive.

In contemplating and passing over in review, the unwritten history of the discovery and development of this great mine, embracing the flush times of the early "Sixties," what tragic and dramatic scenes are rehearsed! What tales of woe and disappointed hopes are told! What an array of dissipation and moral depravity, and what a pathetic record of the broken fountains of domestic felicity, are unfolded—all of which leads one to believe that, verily, as a sage has said, "Money is the root of all evil."

I might present a pitiable array of disastrous effects in a large percentage of instances, of sudden transition from poverty to affluence which came under my personal observation during the early days of the Comstock, consisting of broken domestic ties, wreck, ruin and premature death, of many persons of my personal acquaintance of the class herein referred to, many of whom were young men of ability, with bright hopes, lead into temptation, gambling and dissipation, either through personal financial flush times, or through environment. But the picture is a sad one, which awakens unpleasant memories, over which it is more pleasing to spread the mantle of charity and forgetfulness.

The great vein of the Comstock is located on the eastern slope of Mount Davidson, and passes southeasterly through the divide between Virginia and Gold Hill, coming out on the Gold Hill side, very nearly in the head of Gold Cañon, the length of which is about seven miles, and its course is southeasterly. It contains gold its entire length, which was in paying quantities at the time of my first visit some time previous to the discovery at Gold Hill and in "Six-Mile Cañon."

Six-Mile Cañon virtually heads at the Comstock lode. It is six miles long, and its course is very nearly east. Both of these cañons discharge into Carson river. It appears from an item in the Enterprise of January 29th, 1859, that Comstock and French discovered and located very rich diggings at the head of Gold Cañon, which created no little excitement, and resulted in the location of the entire ground in the vicinity within a few days.

These locations were the first made at Gold Hill, and were subsequently found to be on the south or Gold Hill end of the Comstock, in which gold largely predominated, while the north or Virginia end of the vein, carries very little gold. A few days prior to this discovery, the discovery was made in Six-Mile Cañon by Yount and Gould, where they obtained gold in large quantities. This gold contained so large a percentage of silver that it sold for only \$8.00 per ounce, while that obtained at Gold Hill was worth \$13.00.

The deposits of gold in both these cañons doubtless resulted from erosion and disintegration of ore from the great lode. None of the miners in the vicinity being familiar with the quartz, it was some months later before they realized the existence or magnitude of the great vein.

In fact, the original discoverers and locators of this great lode, with very few exceptions, entertained but the most limited and crude conception of the great magnitude of the discovery, and the enormous fortunes which they had within their grasp, as manifested by the astonishing low figures at which they parted with their holdings.

As to the all important fact in a historical point of view as to who was the actual first discoverer of this great mineral wonder, considering all the circumstances and facts which I have been able to summarize in relation thereto, I find it a most difficult problem.

From the items which I gathered in the premises for the Enterprise, and from personal information, I am satisfied that at least Comstock and French made the first discovery of the rich placers at Gold Hill, and which ultimately and in a very short time, led to the ledge which made great fortunes for Sandy Bowers and many others.

I remember also that Comstock was a prominent figure on the north end or Virginia side, and was among the first locators on the lode on that side of the Gold Hill divide, and that by



mutual consent, he was accredited with the honor of making the discovery.

However, the miners working in Six-Mile Cañon encountered great quantities of float from the croppings of the vein, which would have led a modern prospector to the vein in twenty minutes. This increased in quantity, in its metaliferous appearance, and in weight, to such an extent, as they worked up the cañon, as to arouse a suspicion that possibly it might contain the silver which so depreciated the value of their gold dust. None of these miners were familiar with mineral ores or mineral veins of any kind, and were especially unfamiliar with silver ore, or the appearance of silver veins.

About this time two Mexicans made their appearance in the camp, and being familiar with silver ore, on examination of this float, pronounced it silver ore of probable high grade. Upon this information, a quantity of the ore was sent over to California for assay, and showed the astonishing result of \$1500.00 per ton. This was about the later part of June or early in July, 1859.

Conspicuous among the miners on the ground at that time were Comstock, "Old Virginia," or James Finney; Peter O'Reily, Patrick McLaughlin, Gould and Yount, and practically all of the eighteen whom I met at Johntown on my first visit: many of whose names I do not remember now, who made a rush for the new diggings upon catching the first breeze of the exciting news from Gold Hill.

And thus it was that this little band of miners, this vanguard of wandering prospectors, in this desolate and apparently almost worthless country, discovered, located and owned that which has given business, commercial, political and social life to a vast, trackless desert waste: peopled and changed the face of a great inland empire, from the Rocky Mountains on the east to the Sierra Nevada's on the west. "That which has produced hundreds of millions of dollars, inspired and hastened the construction of the first great trans-continental railway, stretched cables under the sea, built palaces, and, perhaps, had much to do with deciding the result of the mightiest war of modern times."

It is evident from the circumstances here related, that the discovery and many of the locations were practically made simultaneously. About this time, or to be more exact, on July 9th, 1859, an item was published in the Enterprise stating that Bowers & Co., of Gold Hill, from one pan of rock, pounded up

in a mortar, obtained \$100.00. This item is the first historical or authentic mention of the recovery of gold or silver from rock in place in the State of Nevada.

A correspondent of the Enterprise, writing from Gold Hill, under date of July 16th, '59, says: that the hills are swarming with prospectors and adventurers; that claims are changing hands at from \$1,000 to \$5000, and that Rogers & Co., with a run of three days, with two arastras cleaned up \$776.00.

While these exciting discoveries were being made on the Gold Hill or the south side, the discoveries on the north or Virginia side were equally sensational. These sensational items, together with the \$1500.00 assay, caused a rush from the neighboring valleys, and from every village, town and city in California came excited thousands. New conditions and exigencies were presented and continually multiplied, and called for non-existent remedies.

Silver mines were unknown in America and to Americans; the metallurgy of silver was a sealed book. There were a few Freyburgers in the country, notably Kuistell and Mosheimer, who were familiar with the system in vogue in Germany for the reduction of silver ores, and their services were invoked with success in this emergency. This slow process, however, which had been satisfactorily used in Germany for a century or more, was unsatisfactory to American push and American genius. In a few months the Freyburg process was supplanted and rendered obsolete by the substitution of American machinery and American methods, since which time there has been but little demand for Freyburgers in American reduction works.

Previous to the introduction of Freyburg reduction works, claim owners having become fully informed by frequent and numerous assays of the great value of the ore discovered, not only in the croppings, but of the float as well—which they had been casting aside, commenced shipping to California; and as the road over the summit of the mountains was not in condition to admit of teaming, the ore was packed on mules to Placerville at an expense of ten cents per pound. In this manner large quantities of ore from the float and croppings was shipped.

Much carelessness was manifest in making locations of claims. Interminable disputes arose and endless litigation ensued. Personal conflict with tragical consequences was of frequent occurrence, and valuable ground, in some instances, was fortified and held by force of arms. New laws had to be evolved to meet the extraordinary circumstances, which had been so suddenly and unexpectedly thrust upon the country.

To meet this serious emergency, the people of Carson County elected my brother, John C. James, a representative to the Utah legislature, shortly to convene, to secure such legislation as was imperatively demanded. Whether he was a good Mormon during his stay with the "Saints" I cannot say, but being the only Gentile member, he secured the passage of every measure which he introduced.

Of all the great mining excitements, which have so often convulsed the mining communities on the Pacific Coast, the Washoe was, perhaps, in point of numbers and impetuosity, the most extraordinary; and by the time these laws were in force, the country was literally swarming with an excited, unrestrained and restless people, and matters were becoming somewhat chaotic, which, however, assumed a normal condition when restraining and equitable laws were put in force.

I find that I am approaching a period presenting too broad a field for eventful narrative for the present occasion, and I will therefore, revert back to those whom I should be pleased to designate, as the fortunate discoverers and owners of the most wonderful and valuable mine in America, if not in the world.

But were they fortunate? Let the following events answer:

Henry Page Comstock, who was an honest, confiding, rather simple-minded man, with but little knowledge of the wicked ways of the world, through a number of unfortunate and unbusiness-like transactions, (which I might mention: including the sale, for a trifling consideration, of property which should have made him a multi-millionaire), was soon divested of his little fortune, became a roving prospector through Idaho and Montana, and finally committed suicide in a small mining camp in Montana.

McLaughlin, with his full claim on the Comstock—a princely fortune, sold for \$500 and died in penury in California. Peter O'Reily held on to his claim until he received \$50,000 for it, which he lost in stocks and finally died in a mad-house. James Finney was thrown from a mustang, or California horse, and sustained injuries from which he died.

Sandy Bowers, one of the early locators, a conspicuous operator at Gold Hill, recovered from his mines a considerable fortune; built what is known as the "Bower's Mansion," in Washoe Valley, in which the door knobs are all solid silver, and died of consumption many years ago. His widow was left in poverty and has made a precarious living practicing clairvoyancy.



A. Klauber, whom I have heretofore mentioned in this narrative as having been my companion in crossing the mountains from Placerville, with the apparent business intuition of his people, proceeded at once on his arrival in Carson Valley, to buy the ranch which he had mentioned on the way, and from it he cut a great quantity of hay. He also built a large store house in Genoa and filled it with goods, the like of which, as to quantity, had never been seen on the eastern slope, which was, under all business and speculative conditions at that time, an apparently doubtful business adventure. Yet, I paid him in the following spring \$25 for a fifty-pound sack of flour, and at the rate of \$500 per ton for a considerable quantity of hay, under circumstances which I may hereafter relate.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

### FRED W. WOOD.

Once more, we are called upon to chronicle the loss of one of our most honored and brightest members, who, by his skill and enterprise built for himself a lasting monument in the hearts of the people of Los Angeles City.

Fred W. Wood was born in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, April 28th, 1853, and died in Los Angeles, California, May 19th, 1900. His father, Dr. E. P. Wood, was a Colonel of the 17th Illinois Infantry in the Civil War. Dr. E. P. Wood, father of our subject) married Miss Miriam P. Cleaveland, July 3, 1836, in Peoria, Illinois. She was the great-granddaughter of Gen. Joseph Warren who was killed, June 17, 1775 at the battle of Bunker Hill. When Gen. Washington heard of his death, he knelt and said: "May God receive his soul in heaven. He won the day, and fell." Thus Fred W. Wood was a descendant of noble stock, of which he was justly proud. And it may well be said, he has added lustre to his ancestry.

At the close of the Civil War, his father and family moved to Kansas City, where young Fred entered the High School. He remained in this school but a short time when he entered the University of Michigan. His chief aim and specialty was to complete his studies as civil engineer, which he chose as his profession. He remained at the University about two years, then returned to Kansas City and entered the office of the city engineer as draughtsman. The accuracy of his work and the skill of his designs soon won for him the confidence of the head of the department.

At the age of eighteen his efficiency became so well known that he was offered and accepted a position in the civil engineer department of the Chicago & Great Northwestern Railroad service, where he, at nineteen, became Assistant Chief Engineer in selecting and locating the lines of this enterprise. Endowed by nature with an earnest, energetic and progressive spirit, he soon rose to a position of prominence in his profession, and gained the confidence of the great railroad magnates.

At the age of twenty, after two years service in this great railroad company, he resigned and entered the University at

Ann Arbor, Michigan, in order to polish his practical acquirements, but he soon concluded that the University polish was not of sufficient importance to justify the time required to complete his studies, so he soon left the University.

He came to California in the fall of 1873, and in March, 1874, came to Los Angeles. His ability as an engineer soon became known. He suggested the scheme and became interested with Mr. Prudent Beaudry in the construction of the Beaudry City Water Works, which proved to be a great success in the development in the hills west of old Los Angeles, supplying that portion of the city with good, pure water. In this enterprise he established his engineering ability, and his services were in great demand.

He soon became affiliated in the development of the Lake Vineyard Land & Water Company at Pasadena, of which he was secretary for five years. In 1882 he was given charge of, and became general manager of the laying out and planting of the great San Gabriel vineyard, and building of the immense San Gabriel winery and distillery, which, at that time, was considered the largest winery in the world. All of which was done with so much skill and ability that Mr. Shorb, the principal owner and president of the company said: "This man, Fred Wood, is the genius of the age."

In 1886 he resigned management of the winery, and again became identified with Mr. Prudent Beaudry in reconstructing the Temple Street Cable Railway line in Los Angeles, which proved a great benefit and success, and he soon became the general manager of the business of Prudent Beaudry and Victor Beaudry, and upon the death of Mr. Victor Beaudry, Mr. Wood was appointed executor of his large estate, without bonds. He managed this estate and settled it up to the full satisfaction of all the parties interested.

In 1893 Mr. Prudent Beaudry died, he also leaving his immense estate and the management of his business in the hands of Mr. Wood, which he continued to look after and manage until his death, at which time every part and parcel was found by the heirs to be straight and satisfactory.

In 1895 Mr. Wood became the general manager of the Los Angeles Street Railway Company which controls nearly all of the most important street railways in Los Angeles City, the system and service of which is equal to any large city in the United States. Under the judicious supervision of Mr. Wood, the general efficiency of the system was greatly improved and placed on a paying basis.



His greatest ambition was the success of this railway system and the upbuilding of the City of Los Angeles. He continued the general management of this street railway until his death. When he was too feeble to leave his sick-bed, he had his stenographer come and sit by his bedside while he dictated instructions.

He was a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, The American Electrical Engineers, and the American Institute of Architects. He studied law at home in his leisure moments and was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court in 1893; this knowledge of law assisted him greatly in the management of his business affairs. During his earlier life he was a great student and seldom found time for light amusements. He always kept a room fitted up as a laboratory where he spent his leisure time studying—and even the late hours of night often found him experimenting in chemistry, electricity or engineering problems. He tried to learn everything he could about the different methods and results of each. When he could learn no more from others, he would form new ideas of his own upon which he would practice until success would reward him for his labor. He was a great admirer of Edison, to whom he gave credit for the success of his business life.

He was a man of exceptionally good habits, temperate in all things. He had the fullest confidence and respect of all his business associates. He had strong convictions of right and wrong, paid strict attention to his own business; he was shrewd and honest to the core; his heart was pure and tender as that of a child. His influence and sympathy was always with the deserving and the weak. The writer once asked him why it was he knew so little about ancient history; his reply was, "I have never found time to read it; it takes all of my leisure time to read and study modern science; this is an age of progress; there is something new to learn every day that needs our attention."

He possessed a clear, logical mind, a capacity to comprehend details, a strong will power, with great perseverance and industry. He knew how to handle men, so that they loved him for his kindness and justice. Mr. Wood said to a friend shortly before his last illness, "Yes, I know I cannot live many more years, but I would rather make my life a success and live the remainder of my days among successful business men, than to give up an active career merely to live in idleness."

His mother said of him, "Fred was always a good, obedient child; he never gave me any uneasiness. When he was about

fifteen years of age, I noticed him getting letters from men of note, which he seemed to cherish. He would read them, then store them away carefully. I asked him why he read them with so much interest and of what use were they to him after he read them. His reply was, "Mother, they may come handy and be useful some day." And so they were. They were letters from some of the greatest civil engineers in America. She also said, "My advice to him was, let your life be such that the world will be the better for your having lived in it, and when you look in the glass you will look in the face of an honest man."

Mr. Wood was married in Los Angeles, December, 1882, to Miss Leona P. Dupuytren, a native of California, and a grand niece of the celebrated French physician, Dr. Dupuytren. Mrs. Wood is a highly educated lady of fine business ability. She proved herself a good helpmeet. One son, Warren Dupuytren Wood, born October 15th, 1885, is their only child. He is a bright, vigorous young man of sixteen, the pride of his mother. The mother, wife and son have a warm place in the affections of this community, and in the hearts of all pioneers.

Respectfully,

M. F. QUINN,

Committee.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 2nd, 1901.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

THOMAS E. ROWAN.

LOS ANGELES, May 7, 1901.

*To the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.*

Brothers: We, your committee appointed to report a memorial record of our departed member, Thomas E. Rowan, respectfully submit the following:

Our brother, who, at the age of 59 years, passed behind the veil that limits earthly vision, was born A. D. 1842, in the State of New York, of honest parents, whose strong industrial traits they transmitted undiminished to him. In 1858 the whole family came to San Francisco, remaining in the upper part of this State until 1860, when they came to Los Angeles. Here the father started the American Bakery, which prospered until he died. Thomas, with an eye on a business future, sought and

obtained a position with I. W. Hellman (our now famous banker), who had a general merchandise establishment on the corner of Commercial and North Main, where is now the Farmers & Merchants' Bank. This position was additionally valuable to Mr. Rowan in fitting him for a useful business career, for he learned of one who has shown what ability he possessed by his marvelous success in finance. The Pacific Union Express, a quasi-corporation doing a surety steamer business between this city and San Francisco (with a branch to Sacramento) then competed with Wells-Fargo, and I. W. Hellman was its first agent here; Mr. Rowan, assistant. Later Mr. Hellman resigned the agency, and Mr. Rowan took his place. In the year 1869, the Pacific Union suspended business, and Wells, Fargo & Co. took over the property (all personal) of the defunct corporation. It was not long till banks were organized, and through each mutation Mr. Rowan accompanied Mr. Hellman till he became a prominent and trusted officer in the operating force of the Farmers & Merchants' Bank. Mr. Rowan faithfully served there till called by his fellow citizens to public life, filling the honored position of City Treasurer, Mayor, County Treasurer, Under Sheriff, and Supervisor. In all these, correctness, promptness, neatness and affability were dominant. During his term as Supervisor, our noble court house was mainly, by his insistence, decided necessary, and before he left the board the magnificent structure was complete. There were few who coincided with his views how necessary then to begin what people have never adequately given him due praise for; we having what, even in its greatness, is hardly commensurate with our needs.

He has done with years, but he was one of those who left in their steps for those to come, and so left carved in the history of his field of action the imperishable record of a true pioneer.

Of his domestic life, a loving wife and children hold sacred memories. Friends he had in platoons, but we have only to view him in the light of achievement, and that done, we can only say, "Peace to thy ashes, good and-faithful servant." His reward is not only in our grateful remembrance, but with God, who doeth all things well.

Respectfully,

J. W. GILLETTE,  
LOUIS ROEDER,  
H. D. BARROWS,

Committee.



## IN MEMORIAM.

## GEORGE GEPHARD.

George Gephard, a California pioneer of 1850, died April 12, 1901, at his residence, No. 238 North Grand avenue. He had been in failing health for some time, but had been bed-ridden for a little more than a week.

Mr. Gephard was born in Germany in 1830, but was brought to America as a babe in the arms of his mother. His early boyhood was spent in Pennsylvania, and he came across the plains to California in 1850. He soon became engrossed in mining and lumbering in Nevada county, Cal., and in his late years spent in the northern part of the State, he owned a toll-road from Grass Valley to Smartville. In 1875 he removed to Los Angeles, and at once invested in real estate. When he died he was the owner of valuable property on Broadway, Hill, Fifth, Temple and other streets in this city.

He was always a modest and unassuming gentleman, with the deepest interest in every public improvement. He had a particular regard for the State Normal School, and when a site was to be purchased, in order to get the appropriation for the building, he personally assumed charge of the matter and raised \$8000 to buy the ground. He was an active member of the Chamber of Commerce, was for one term a member of the City Council, and at one time came within a few votes of being elected County Treasurer, although the majority was strongly against his party.

He leaves a widow and two daughters. One daughter is the wife of Capt. J. J. Meyler of this city, and the other, Miss Nettie Gephard, lives with her mother.

## IN MEMORIAM.

## ELIZABETH LANGLEY ENSIGN.

September 20th, 1901, another one of this society received the summons to go forward, and quietly, peacefully passed to the realm of eternal rest.

Mrs. Elizabeth Langley Ensign was born in Morgan county, Missouri, April 16th, 1845. Her father, Mr. Shrewsbury, brought his family to this State, November, 1860. Miss Bettie,

the second daughter, became the wife of Mr. Samuel Ensign, a teacher in the county public schools, in the fall of 1873. Two children were born of this union, a son, Ralph, who died when young life is so filled with promise, at the age of 17 years; a daughter, Miss Olive L. Ensign, is a resident of this city, an honored member of our schools.

Many of us present will recollect with pleasure the Miss Bettie Shrewsbury (as her friends loved to call her) of thirty years ago. Her charming personality, quiet wit and humor, and her exalted consideration for others, made her a favorite in the social circles of pioneer society. The Shrewsbury home was a synonym for old-time Virginia hospitality, the family having originally come from the State from which that article is supposed to have originated. The presence of two young ladies and several grown up sons added much, also, to the attraction of the home. If we were privileged to lift the veil of years, and disclose the struggle and trials of this life, we would discover gold, tried in the furnace of affliction—womanhood, motherhood, widowhood, become consecrated, idealized.

Mrs. Ensign was a member of Bethany Presbyterian Church in this city. At the memorial service, both pastor and people gave earnest expressions to her work as a Christian, as well as to her faithfulness as a teacher in the Sunday school.

In this brief chronicle of a beautiful life, we may not estimate character or give its results, but all should know that Elizabeth Shrewsbury Ensign's desires and efforts were for the highest and noblest ideal in this life, which should prepare one for a death that should be without fear.

"Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,  
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;  
One more departed to heaven's bright shore;  
Ring the bells softly, there's one gone before."

Respectfully,

VIRGINIA W. DAVIS,

M. F. QUINN,

Committee.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

#### WILLIAM F. GROSSER.

At his home, 622 South Spring street, on the 15th of April, 1901, died Wm. F. Grosser. Such is the brief record that tells the end of a useful life.

For more than a quarter of a century the people of Los Angeles have known William F. Grosser as a business man, a citizen, a scientist and an astronomer; and in every sphere of life in which he has moved he has been respected and honored.

William F. Grosser was born at Potsdam, Prussia, December 16, 1835. When but 11 years of age he came with his parents to New York City, where his father located and set up in business. He was a skillful optician, and besides had devoted his leisure time to the study of astronomy. His son William learned his father's trade, and also acquired a knowledge of astronomy. This knowledge he turned to practical use. Equipped with a powerful telescope, he visited most of the larger cities in the United States, giving astronomical lectures and exhibitions.

March 15, 1862, Mr. Grosser, at Washington, D. C., was married to Miss Eleanor Nipper, a native of Weimar, Germany. The union proved a happy one, husband and wife being devoted to each other until death removed the former.

In October, 1873, Mr. Grosser came to California via Panama. Early in 1874, they located in Los Angeles. Here he first engaged in the furniture business, his store being located at the corner of Fifth and Main streets. He purchased a tract of land on Vejar street, south of Fourteenth street, now known as the Grosser tract. This was subdivided into lots during the great real estate boom of 1887, and a portion of it sold.

He erected a three-story brick block on the corner of San Julian and Fifth streets, where he and his sons established in the grocery business.

After retiring from active business, he again devoted himself to his favorite study, astronomy. In addition to his knowledge of astronomy, he was an expert microscopist. He was always ready to give his services to the schools and scientific societies of the city in the study of astronomy and kindred subjects, with the aid of his telescope and microscope. He gave public astronomical exhibitions, not so much for pecuniary reward as for the pleasure he derived from giving instruction in his favorite science.

He is survived by his widow and five children—three sons and two daughters. William and Arthur are engaged in the grocery business. George, the youngest, is an accomplished musician. The elder daughter, Amelia, is a well-known and highly accomplished vocalist, and the younger, Lenore, is an instructor of painting in the art department of the University



of Southern California, of which institution she is a graduate.

Mr. Grosser was a member of the Turnverein Germania of Los Angeles, and had held almost every position of honor in the gift of the order. He was a charter member of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 55, A. O. U. W., and also a member of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

Loving husband, kind father, faithful friend and brother pioneer, thou art gone from among us, but thy memory shall be treasured and thy name honored.

Resolved, That a copy of this memorial be sent to the family of our deceased brother, and that one be preserved in the archives of the society for publication in the Pioneer Register.

Respectfully,

LOUIS ROEDER,  
AUGUST SCHMIDT,  
GEO. W. HAZARD,  
Committee.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

#### SAMUEL CALVERT FOY.

Samuel Calvert Foy died in Los Angeles, California, April 24th, 1901. He was born September 23rd, 1830, in Washington, D. C. His father, Capt. John Foy, was born in the county of Roscommon, Province of Connaught, Ireland, about 1783, and emigrated to America when a young man, and settled in the city of Washington. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and was a civil engineer. He laid out and superintended the grounds of the White House and the Capitol, and for many years had charge of the botanical gardens. Much of his work there still remains as a monument to his taste and skill. He died in Washington, July 23rd, 1833. He was the sixteenth child of his parents. He was married about 1817 to Miss Mary Calvert, of Lexington, Kentucky, daughter of Christopher and Eliza Calvert, nee Cox, both of whom were natives of Virginia. The Calverts of Virginia were of the Maryland Calverts, well known in the history of those States. Capt. John Foy and wife spent all of their married life in Washington, where their children were born. After his death his widow, with her three little boys, returned to her people in Kentucky, where she married Mr. Rich of Covington. Mrs. Foy was a



SAMUEL CALVERT FOY





woman of much force of character, and she took great pride in the education of her children, training them for the proper pursuits of life.

Mr. Samuel C. Foy, the subject of our sketch, was educated at the Burlington Academy, Kentucky. Among his teachers were Prof. Ray, the author of Ray's Arithmetic; and Prof. McGuffey, author of McGuffey's Readers and Spelling Books. After completing his education, he learned the harness trade with Mr. Perkins of Cincinnati, who established the Perkins-Campbell firm of Cincinnati, which firm is still in existence, and Mr. Foy continued to order goods from them until his death. After completing his trade, Mr. Foy went to Natchez, Miss., and worked at harness making. Like many others of his day, he was "stricken with the California gold fever," and left for California by way of Panama, and arrived in San Francisco about January, 1852. He immediately left for the gold mines in Calaveras county, where he joined his brothers, John and James, who had preceded him. Not being very successful in the mines, he concluded to return to his trade. In 1854 he purchased a stock of goods in San Francisco and came to Los Angeles and started the harness business. Later his brother John came to Los Angeles, and they formed a co-partnership, which continued until 1865. During this period they also engaged in cattle raising, which business was managed by Mr. Samuel C. Foy, having headquarters at San Juan, San Benito county, and Stockton, San Joaquin county. The partnership was dissolved in 1865, John M. Foy going to San Bernardino, and S. C. Foy continuing the business at No. 315 North Los Angeles street, where they had established themselves in 1861.

Mr. S. C. Foy was married to Lucinda Macy, daughter of Dr. Obed Macy, in Los Angeles, by Rev. Wm. E. Boardman, on October 7th, 1860. She came with her parents to California in 1850, arriving at the Palomares Rancho, where North Pomona now stands, on New Year's Day, 1851. Dr. Macy settled one-fourth mile east of the present town of El Monte, where they lived until 1853, when he moved to Los Angeles, and bought the Bella Union Hotel, now known as the St. Charles. His death occurred in 1856. Mrs. Macy was a granddaughter of Charles Polk and Delilah Polk, nee Tyler, related respectively to Presidents Polk and Tyler.

Mr. and Mrs. Foy had ten children—four sons and six daughters—of whom one son, James Calvert, and five daughters—Mary E., Cora, Edna, Alma and Florence—are living.

James Calvert married Adell, daughter of the late H. K. S. O'Melveny, and they live in this city. Alma married Thomas Lee Woolwine, formerly of Nashville, Tenn., now of this city. The other daughters are unmarried, and reside with their mother at the old home on Figueroa street. The son for many years assisted his father in the management of his business interests, and he is well known throughout this State, being a prominent member of the Native Sons. Mary has long been identified with the educational interests of our city, and is at present a teacher in the English department of the High School. Cora is a reader of no mean ability. Edna is a violinist, whose education was supplemented by three years' study in London. Florence is a student in the senior class of the High School.

Mr. Foy was for many years a member of the Masonic order. He took no active part in politics, although always a strong Democrat. He was a careful business man, and the fever of speculation never attacked him. His investments were made with care, and the competency he left to his family was the result of industry, economy and the natural increase in values of real estate. Mr. Foy was a man of exceptionally good habits, and was devoted to his home and family. He enjoyed the fullest respect and confidence of all his business associates. His long residence in Los Angeles and his straight forward, genial manner brought around him many friends, who regret his death, and will long cherish his memory. His fellow pioneers of Los Angeles county extend to his bereaved family their warmest friendship and deepest sympathy.

Respectfully,

M. F. QUINN,

J. M. GUINN,

J. M. STEWART,

Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

### CHARLES BRODE.

Charles Brode was born at Boreck, province of Posen, Prussia, February 6, 1836. At the age of 19 he left his native land for Australia, where he engaged in mining for seven years. At the age of 26 he came to the United States, engaging in various kinds of business in the territories of Montana, Idaho and Utah.

In 1868 he came to Los Angeles and engaged in grocery

business, which he followed for nearly twenty years. His store was located on South Spring street, adjoining the Hollenbeck Hotel. He acquired some other valuable property on Spring street in early days, which he recently disposed of. His real estate investments gave him a comfortable income. In 1890 he retired from the grocery business. He was a director of the German-American Savings Bank at the time of his death. He was a member of the Odd Fellows and the Turnverein Germania.

Charles Brode was one of the sterling, enterprising German pioneers who formed so large an element of the early business community of Los Angeles.

He was intelligent, progressive, public-spirited and possessed a high sense of justice which made him respected and esteemed by his fellow citizens.

He died at his home in this city August, 13, 1901. He is survived by a widow and six children—Mrs. Emma Friese, Mrs. Louisa Bruning, A. C. Brode, W. C. Brode, Mrs. Oscar Lawler and Leopold Brode. For 33 years he has lived among us and has been identified with the city's growth and prosperity. A man without reproach, honest and honorable in every trust that he has held.

Respectfully,

JOHN OSBORNE,

J. D. YOUNG,

JOHN SHAFFER,

Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

FRANK A. GIBSON.

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 30, 1901.

*To the Honorable Pioneers of Los Angeles County:*

Brothers and Sisters: We, the committee by you appointed to submit a tribute to the memory of our late brother, F. A. Gibson, respectfully present the following:

Mr. Gibson was born November 23, 1851, in Pittsburgh, Iowa, and died in this city October 13, 1901, aged 49 years 10 months 28 days, leaving in the home a widow and son, with whom we deeply sympathize, and to whom we would say, look for strength to the Father of all, who has spared us all so long on life's toilsome road.



In the year 1866, the Rev. Hugh Gibson, a Methodist clergyman, with his family—among them our late brother, Francis Asbury Gibson—came to the San Joaquin Valley, California. The father was appointed agent of the Round Valley Indian reservation, and the son served as his clerk. The father was a man of impressive presence, noted for his integrity; the mother, a model matron, noted for her active charity. In his varied career in this city, where he arrived in 1872, Frank showed these traits strongly in his daily life—his helpfulness of others drawing not alone on his purse, but on his strength of brain and body, and the time needed for rest was unselfishly given, till at last, tired nature could do no more, and he fell in the harness—died at an age that should have been his prime. The death of his father in 1873 saw him the head and support of the family, and his active talent led him through important undertakings to a high position where his word and judgment were sought for.

His blessed mother went long years ago to her rest, where the parents await the son. To use a pioneer expression, our brother "over-drove" himself. True, he willingly did all, but we lament the sacrifice.

His team outspanned and gone,  
His camp deserted—lone;  
Our brother Pioneer  
Has reached the last frontier—  
And that is Heaven.

Frank A. Gibson died in this city, October 11, 1901.

Respectfully,

A. H. JUDSON

J. W. GILLETTE,

GEO. W. HAZARD,

Committee.

# In Memoriam.

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## Deceased Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

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James J. Ayres ..... Died November 10, 1897.  
Stephen C. Foster ..... Died January 27, 1898.  
Horace Miller ..... Died May 23, 1898.  
John Strother Griffin ..... Died August 23, 1898.  
Henry Clay Wiley ..... Died October 25, 1898.  
William Blackstone Abernethy .... Died November 1, 1898.  
Stephen W. La Dow ..... Died January 6, 1899.  
Herman Raphael ..... Died April 19, 1899.  
Francis Baker ..... Died May 17, 1899.  
Leonard John Rose ..... Died May 17, 1899.  
E. N. McDonald ..... Died June 10, 1899.  
James Craig ..... Died December 30, 1899.  
Palmer Milton Scott.....Died January 3, 1900.  
Francisco Sabich! ..... Died April 13, 1900.  
Robert Miller Town ..... Died April 24, 1900.  
Fred W. Wood ..... Died May 19, 1900.  
Joseph Bayer ..... Died July 27, 1900.  
Augustus Ulyard ..... Died August 5, 1900.  
A. M. Hough ..... Died August 28, 1900.  
Henry F. Fleishman ..... Died October 20, 1900.  
Frank Lecouvreur ..... Died January 17, 1900.  
Daniel Shieck ..... Died January 20, 1901.  
Andrew Glassell ..... Died January 28, 1901.  
Thomas E. Rowan ..... Died March 25, 1901.  
Mary Ulyard ..... Died April 5, 1901.  
George Gephard ..... Died April 12, 1901.  
William Frederick Grosser ..... Died April 23, 1901.  
Samuel Calvert Foy ..... Died April 24, 1901.  
Joseph Stoltenberg ..... Died June 25, 1901.  
Charles Brode ..... Died August 13, 1901.  
Joseph W. Junkins ..... Died August, 1901.  
Laura Gibson Abernethy.....Died May 16, 1901.  
Elizabeth Langley Ensign ..... Died September 20, 1901.  
Frank A. Gibson ..... Died October 11, 1901.  
Godfrey Hargitt ..... Died November 14, 1901.

# MEMBERSHIP ROLL

## OF THE

### PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

NAME	BIRTH- PLACE	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Anderson, L. M.	Pa.	Collector	July 4, '73	Los Angeles	1873
Anderson, Mrs. David	Ky.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '53	641 S. Grand av.	1852
Austin, Henry C	Mass.	Attorney	Aug. 30, '69	3118 Figueroa	1869
Anderson, John C.	Ohio	Builder	May 29, '73	Monrovia	1873
Alvarez, Ferdinand	Mo.	Butcher	May 1, '72	647 S. Sichel	1872
Barclay, John H.	Can.	Carpenter	Aug., '71	Fernando	1869
Barrows, Henry D.	Conn.	Retired	Dec. 12, '54	724 Beacon	1852
Barrows, James A	Conn.	Retired ,	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	Ky.	Dressmaker	Jan. 14, '61	1009 E. Eighth	1861
Bent, Henry K. W.	Mass.	Retired	Oct. '98	Claremont	1858
Bixby, Jonathan	Maine	Capitalist	June, '66	Long Beach	1858
Bicknell, John D.	Vt.	Attorney	May, '72	1115 W. Seventh	1860
Bouton, Edward	N. Y.	Real Estate	Aug., '68	1314 Bond	1868
Brossmer, Sig.	Germ.	Builder	Nov. 28, '68	129 Wilmington	1867
Bush, Charles H	Penn.	Jeweler	March, '70	318 N. Main	1870
Burns, James F	N. Y.	Agent	Nov. 18, '53	152 Wright	1853
Butterfield, S. H.	Penn.	Farmer	Aug., '69	Los Angeles	1868
Bell, Horace	Ind.	Lawyer	Oct., '52	1337 Figueroa	1850
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.	Eng.	Housewife	July,, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Biles, Albert	Eng.	Contractor	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Brossmer, Mrs. E.	Germ.	Housewife	May 16, '68	1712 Brooklyn	1865
Blanchard, James H.	Mich.	Attorney	April, '72	919 W. Second	1872
Baldwin, Jeremiah	Ire.	Retired	April, '74	721 Darwin	1859
Barclay, Henry A.	Pa.	Attorney	Aug. 1, '74	1321 S. Main	1874
Binford, Joseph B.	Mo.	Bank Teller	July 16, '74	2502 E. First	1874
Barrows, Cornelia S.	Conn.	Housewife	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bragg, Ansel M.	Maine	Retired	Nov., '73	160 Hewitt	1867
Bright, Toney	Ohio	Liveryman	Sept., '74	218 Requena	1874
Buffum, Wm. M.	Mass.	Storekeeper	July 4, '59	144 W. Twelfth	1859
Barham, Richard M.	Ill.	U. S. Gauger	Feb. 23, '74	1143 W. Seventh	1849
Braly, John A.	Mo.	Banker	Feb., '91	Van Nuys	1849
Bales, Leonidas	Ohio	Farmer	'66	1492 Lambie	1847
Blumve, J. A.	N. J.	Merchant	Dec. 28, '75	2101 Hoover	1874
Buffum, Rebecca E.	Pa.	Housewife	Sept. 19, '64	144 W. Twelfth	1850
Bell, Alexander T.	Pa.	Saddler	Dec. 20, '68	1059 S. Hill	1868
Caswell, Wm. M.	Cal.	Cashier	Aug. 3, '67	1093 E. Washington	1857
Cerelli, Sebastian	Italy	Restaurateur	Nov. 24, '74	811 San Fernando	1874
Conkelman, Bernard	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 3, '67	310 S. Los Angeles	1864
Cohn, Kaspere	Germ.	Merchant	Dec., '59	2601 S. Grand	1859
Coronel, Mrs. M. W. De.	Texas	Housewife	Feb., '59	701 Central avenue	1857
Crimmins, John	Ire.	Mast. Plumber	March, '69	127 W. Twenty-fifth	1869
Crawford, J. S.	N. Y.	Dentist	'66	Downey Block	1858



## MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

209

NAME	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Currier, A. T.	Maine	Farmer	July 1, '69	Spadra	1861
Clark, Frank B.	Conn.	Farmer	Feb. 23, '69	Hyde Park	1869
Carter, N. C.	Mass.	Farmer	Nov., '71	Sierra Madre	1871
Conner, Mrs. Kate	Germ.	Housewife	June 22, '71	1054 S. Grand	—
Chapman, A. B.	Ala.	Attorney	April, '57	San Gabriel	1855
Cummings, Geo.	Aus.	Stockman	March, '53	First street	1853
Cunningham, Robt. G.	Ind.	Dentist	Nov. 15, '73	1301 W. Second	1873
Clarke, N. J.	N. H.	Retired	'49	317 S. Hill	1849
Compton, Go. D.	Va.	Retired	May, '67	828 W. Jefferson	—
Cowan, D. W. C.	Penn.	Farmer	June 1, '68	824 W. Tenth	1849
Carter, Julius M.	Vt.	Retired	March 4, '76	Pasadena	1875
Clarke, James A.	N. Y.	Lawyer	'83	113 W. Second	1853
Campbell, J. M.	Ire.	Clerk	'73	716 Bonnie Brae	1873
Cable, Jonathan T.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 10, '61	116 Wilhardt	1861
Culver, Francis F.	Vt.	Farmer	Nov., '76	Compton	1849
Dalton, W. T.	Ohio	Fruit Grower	'51	1900 Central avenue	1851
Davis, A. E.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov., '65	Glendora	1857
Dooner, P. W.	Can.	Lawyer	May 1, '72	848 S. Broadway	1872
Dohs, Fred	Germ.	Capitalist	Sept., '69	614 E. First	1858
Dotter, John C.	Germ.	Merchant	June 20, '59	608 Temple	1859
Desmond, D.	Ire.	Merchant	Sept. 2, '69	937 S. Hill	1868
Desmond, C. C.	Mass.	Merchant	Sept., '70	724 Coronado	1870
Dunkelberger, I. R.	Pa.	Retired	anu., '66	1218 W. Ninth	1866
Dunlap, J. D.	N. H.	Miner	Nov., '59	Silverado	1850
Dryden, Wm.	N. Y.	Farmer	May, '68	Los Angeles	1861
Durfee, Jas. D.	Ill.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '53	El Monte	1855
Davis, Emily W.	Ill.	Housewife	'68	Glendora	1856
Davis, John W.	Ind.	Publisher	Dec. 10, 1872	518 San Julian	1872
Davis, Virginia W.	Ark.	Housewife	Sept., 1852	518 San Julian	1852
Delano, Thos. A.	N. H.	Farmer	April, '50	Newhall	1850
Davis, Phoebe	N. Y.	Housewife	Dec. 15, '53	797 E. Seventeenth	1863
Eaton, Benj. S.	Conn.	Hyd. engineer	'51	433 Sherman	1850
Ebinger, Louis	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 9, '71	755 Maple	1866
Elliott, J. M.	S. C.	Banker	Nov., '70	Alhambra	1870
Evarts, Myron E.	N. Y.	Painter	Oct. 26, '58	Los Angeles	1852
Edelman, A. W.	Pol.	Rabbi	June, '62	1343 Flower	1859
Edgar, Mrs. W. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April 18, '65	514 E. Washington	1865
Ferguson, Wm.	Ark.	Retired	April, '69	303 S. Hill	1850
Furrey, Wm. C.	N. Y.	Merchant	Aug. '72	1103 Ingraham	1865
French, Loring W.	Ind.	Dentist	Oct., '68	837 Alvarado	1863
Franklin, Mrs. Mary	Ky.	Seamstress	Jan. 1, '53	253 Avenue 32	1852
Fickett, Charles R.	Miss	Farmer	July 5, '73	El Monte	1860
Fisher, L. T.	Ky.	Publisher	Mar. 24, '74	Los Angeles	1873
Foy, Mrs. Lucinda M.	Ind.	Housewife	Dec. 24, '50	651 S. Figueroa	1850
French, Cas. E.	Maine	Retired	April, '71	141 1-2 N. Broadway	1869
Flood, Edward	N. Y.	Cement worker	April, '59	1315 Palmer avenue	1859
Fogle, Lawrence	Mass.	Farmer	Dec., '55	435 Avenue 22	1855
Fouls, Irving	Ohio	Farmer	Oct. 18, '70	404 Beaudry avenue	1852
Garey, Thomas A.	Ohio	Nurseryman	Oct. 14, '52	2822 Maple avenue	1852
Garvey, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Dec., '58	San Gabriel	1858
Gage, Henry T	N. Y.	Gov. State	Aug., '74	1146 W. Twenty-eighth	1874
Gillette, J. W.	N. Y.	Inspector	May, '62	322 Temple	1858
Gillette, Mrs. E. S.	Ill.	Housewife	Aug., '68	322 Temple	1864
Gould, Will D.	Vt.	Attorney	Feb. 28, '72	Beaudry avenue	1872

NAME	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Griffith, Jas. R.	Mo.	Stockraiser	May, '81	Glendale	1845
Green, Morris M.	N. Y.	Retired	Nov., '69	3017 Kingsley	1869
Gollmer, Charles	Germ.	Merchant	'68	1520 Flower	1868
Griffith, J. M.	Md.	Retired	April, '61	Los Angeles	1852
Green, E. K.	N. Y.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Green, Floyd E.	Ill.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Gunn, James M.	Ohio	Author	Oct. 18, '69	115 S. Grand avenue	1864
Goldsworthy, John	Eng.	Surveyor	Mar. 20, '69	107 N. Main	1852
Gilbert, Harlow	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov. 1, '69	Bell Station	1869
Gerkins, Jacob F.	Germ.	Farmer	Jan., '54	Glendale	1854
Garrett, Robert L.	Ark.	Undertaker	Nov. 5, '62	701 N. Grand avenue	1862
Grebe, Christian	Germ.	Restaurateur	Jan. 2, '74	811 San Fernando	1868
Gard, George E.	Ohio	Detc. agency	'66	488 San Joaquin	1859
Geller, Margaret F.	Mo.	Housekeeper	Nov., '60	Figueroa	1860
Greenbaum, Ephriam	Pol.	Merchant	'52	1817 Cherry	1851
Glidden, Edward C.	N. H.	Mfgr. agent	Feb., '70	756 Avenue 22	1868
Gower, George T.	H. I.	Farmer	Nov., '72	Colgrove	1868
Grosser, Eleanor	Germ.	Housewife	Jan., '74	662 S. Spring	1873
Golding, Thomas	Eng.	Contractor	'68	Los Angeles	1868
Glass, Henry	Germ.	Bookbinder	June 22, '75	W. Fourth street	—
Haines, Rufus R.	Maine	Telegrapher	June, '71	218 W. Twenty-seventh	1857
Harris, Emil	Prus.	Detective	April 9, '67	1026 W. Eighth	1857
Harper, C. F.	N. C.	Merchrant	May, '68	Laurel	1863
Hazard, Geo. W.	Ill.	Clerk	Dec. 25, '54	1307 S. Alvarado	1854
Hellman, Herman W.	Germ.	Banker	May 14, '59	954 Hill	1859
Heinzeman, C. F.	Germ.	Druggist	June 6, '68	620 S. Grand avenue	1868
Horgan, T.	Ire.	Plasterer	Sept. 18, '70	320 Jackson	1858
Hunter, Jane E.	N. Y.	.....	Jan., '66	327 S. Broadway	—
Huber, C. E.	Ky.	Agent	July, '59	836 S. Broadway	1859
Hamilton, A. N.	Mich.	Miner	Jan. 24, '72	611 Temple	1872
Holbrook, J. F.	Ind.	Manufacturer	May 20, '73	155 Vine	1873
Heimann, Gustave	Aust.	Banker	July, '71	727 California	1871
Hutton, Aurelius W.	Ala.	Attorney	Aug. 5, '69	Los Angeles	1869
Hiller, Mrs. Abbie	N. Y.	Housewife	Oct., '69	147 W. Twenty-third	1869
Herwig, Henry J.	Prus.	Farmer	Dec. 25, '53	729 Wall	1853
Hubbell, Stephen C.	N. Y.	Attorney	'69	1515 Pleasant avenue	1869
Hays, Wade	Mo.	Miner	Sept., '53	Colgrove	1853
Hass, Sarcpta S.	N. Y.	Housewife	April 17, '56	1519 W. Eighrth.	1856
Hamilton, Ezra M.	Ill.	Miner	Sept. 20, '75	310 Avenue 23	1853
Hewitt, Roscoe E.	Ohio	Miner	Feb. 27, '73	337 S. Olive	1853
Houghton, Sherman O.,	N. Y.	Lawyer	July 1, '86	Bullard Block	1847
Houghton, Eliza P.	Ill.	Housewife	July 1, '86	Los Angeles	1846
Haskell, John C.	Me.	Farmer	Oct., '70	Fernando	—
Herwig, Emma E.	Australia	Housewife	Aug. '56	Florence	1856
Hunter, Asa	Ill.	Farmer	'52	Los Angeles	1849
Hunter, Jesse	Ia	Farmer	'52	Rivera	1849
Illich, Jerry	Aust.	Restaurateur	Dec., '74	1018 Hill	1870
Jacoby, Nathan	Prus.	Merchant	July, '61	739 Hope	1861
Jacoby, Morris	Prus.	Merchant	'65	Los Angeles	1865
James, Alfred	Ohio	Miner	April, '68	101 N. Bunker Hill ave.	1853
Jenkins, Charles M.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 19, '51	1158 Santee	1851
Johnson, Charles R.	Mass.	Accountant	'51	Los Angeles	1847
Juason, A. H.	N. Y.	Attorney	May, '70	Pasadena avenue	1870
Jordon, Joseph	Aust.	Retired	June, '65	Los Angeles	1855
Johansen, Mrs. Cecilia	Germ.	Housewife	'74	Los Angeles	1874

## MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

211

NAME	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Jenkins, Wm. W.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 10. '51	Newhall	1851
Johnson, Micajah D.	Ohio.	Miner	May 31, '76	236 N. Griffin avenue	1876
Jones, John J.	Germ.	Farmer	'75	Hollywood	1875
Keyes, Charles G.	Vt.	Clerk	Nov. 25, '68	209 N. Workman	1852
Kremer M.	France	Ins. agent	March, '52	754 Hope	1850
Kremer. Mrs. Matilda	N. Y.	.....	Sept., '54	745 Hope	1853
Kuhrts, Jacob	Germ.	Merchant	May 10, '57	107 W. First	1848
Kurtz, Joseph	Germ.	Physician	Feb. 2, '68	361 Buena Vista	1867
Kysor, E. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April, '69	323 Bonnie Brae	1865
Kutz, Samuel	Pa.	Dept. Co. Clerk	Oct. 29, '74	177 S. Soto	1874
Kuhrts, Susan	Germ.	Housewife	May, '863	107 W. First	1862
King, Laura E.	Flor.	Housewife	Nov. 27, '49	412 N. Breed	1849
Klockenbrink, Wm.	Germ.	Bookkeeper	Oct., '70	Hewitt	1870
Knighten, Will A.	Ind.	Minister	Oct., '69	150 W. Thirty-first st.	1849
Kiefer, Peter P.	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 15, '82	240 N. Hope	1860
Kearney, John	Can.	Zanjero	Sept. 18, '71	728 E. Eighth	1871
Lambourn, Fred	„Eng.	Grocer	Dec., '59	840 Judson	1859
Lankershim, J. B.	Mo.	Capitalist	'72	950 S. Olive	1854
Lazard, Solomon	France	Retired	'51	607 Seventh	1851
Loeb, Leon	France	Merchant	Feb., '66	1521 S. Hope	1866
Leck, Henry Vender	Cal.	Merchant	Dec. 14, '59	2309 Flower	1859
Lembecke, Charles M.	Germ.	Pickle works	Mar. 20, '57	577 Los Angeles	1851
Levy, Michael	France	Merchant	Oct., '68	622 Kip	1851
Lyon, Lewis H.	Maine	Bookkeeper	Oct., '68	Newhall	1868
Lechler, George W.	Pa.	Apiarist	Nov., '58	Newhall	1858
Lenz, Edmund	Germ.	Insurance	June 17, '74	2907 S. Hope	—
Ling, Robert A.	Can.	Attorney	Sept., '73	1101 Downey avenue	1873
Lockhart, Thomas J.	Ind.	Real Estate	May 1, '73	1929 Lovelace avenue	1872
Lockhart, Levi J.	Ind.	Coal Merchant	May 1, '73	1814 S. Grand avenue	1873
Lockwood, James W.	N. Y.	Plasterer	April 1, '75	Water street	1856
Lechler, Abbie J.	Ill.	Housewife	Dec., '53	Rich street	1853
Loosmore, James	Eng.	Farmer	Jan. 16, '75	1121 Lafayette	—
Loyhed, Mollie A.	Ill.	Housewife	'86	Winfield	1853
Macy, Oscar	Ind.	Farmer	'50	Alhambra	1850
Mappa, Adam G.	N. Y.	Search, Rec.	Nov., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Mercadante, N.	Italy	Grocer	April 16, '69	429 San Pedro	1861
Mesmer, Joseph	Ohio	Mechant	Sept., '59	1706 Manitou avenue	1859
Messer, K.	Germany	Retired	Feb., '54	226 Jackson	1851
Meyer, Samuel	Germany	Merchant	April, '53	1337 S. Hope	1853
Melzer, Louis	Bohemia	Stationer	April 1, '70	500 Figueroa	1868
Mitchell, Newell H.	Ohio	Hotel keeper	Sept. 26, '68	Pasadena	1863
Moore, Isaac N.	Ill.	Retired	Nov., '69	Cal. Truck Co.	1869
Mullally, Joseph	Ohio	Retired	March 5, '54	417 College	1850
McLain, Geo. P.	Va.	Merchant	Jan. 2, '68	446 N. Grand ave.	1867
McLean, Wm.	Scotland	Contractor	'69	561 S. Hope	1869
McMullin, W. G.	Canada	Farmer	Jan., '70	Station D	1867
Moulton, Elijah	Canada	Retired	May 12, '45	Los Angeles	1845
McComas, Jos. E.	Va.	Retired	Oct., '72	Pomona	1853
Mott, Thomas D.	N. Y.	Retired	'52	645 S. Main	1849
Mellus, Jas. J.	Mass.	Ins.	'53	157 W. Adams	1853
Miller, William	N. Y.	Carpenter	Nov. 22, '60	Santa Monica	—
Marxson, Dora	Germany	Housewife	Nov. 14, '73	212 E. 17th	1873
Meade, John	Ireland	Retired	Sept. 6, '69	203 W. 18th	1869
Moran, Samuel	D. C.	Painter	May 15, '73	Colegrove	1873



NAME	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Melville, J. H.,	Mass.	Sec. Fid. Ab. Co.	Aug., '75	465 N. Beaudry avenue	1874
Montague, Newell S.	Ill.	Farmer	Oct. 2, '56	122 E. 28th	1856
McFarland, Silas R.	Pa.	Livery	Jan. 28, '75	1334 W. Twelfth	1853
Merz, Henry	Germany	Retired	Aug., '74	106 Jewett	—
Moody, Alexander C.	N. S.	Carpenter,	Jan. 9, '66	25 Avenue 25	—
Moore, Mary E.	N. Y.	—	1866	1467 E. 20th	—
Morgan, Octavins	England	Architect	May, '74	1819 West Lake avenue	1874
Moore, Alfred	England	Express	July 21, '74	708 S. Workman	1874
Morton, A. J.	Ireland	Machinist	1874	315 New High	—
Morris, Moritz	Germany	Retired	1853	336 S. Broadway	1853
McArthur, John	Canada	Miner	1869	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McArthur, Catherine	N. Y.	Housewife	1872	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McGarvin, Robert	Canada	Real Estate Agt.	April 5, '75	220½ S. Spring	1875
McDonald, James	Tenn.	Engineer	Oct., '57	1509 E. 20th street	1853
Norton, Isaac	Poland	Sec. Loan Assn.	Nov., '69	1364 Figueroa	1869
Newmark, Harris	Germany	Merchant	Oct. 22, '53	1051 Grand avenue	1853
Newmark, M. J.	N. Y.	Merchant	Sept., '54	1047 Grand avenue	1853
Newell, J. G.	Canada	Laborer	July 14, '58	2417 W. 9th	1850
Nichols, Thomas E.	Cal.	Co. Auditor	'58	221 W. 31st	1858
Newell, Mrs. J. G.	Ind.	Housewife	June, '53	2417 W. 9th	1852
Nadeau, Geo. A.	Canada	Farmer	'68	Florence	—
Newmark, Mrs. H.	N. Y.	—	Sept. 16, '54	1051 S. Grand	1854
Orme, Henry S.	Ga.	Physician	July 4, '68	Douglas Block	1868
Osborne, John	England	Retired	Nov. 14, '68	322 W. 30th	1854
Osborn, Wm. M.	N. Y.	Livery	March, '58	973 W. 12th	1855
O'Melveny, Henry W.	Ill.	Attorney	Nov., '68	Baker Block	1869
Owen, Edward H.	Ala.	Clerk U. S. Court	Oct., '70	Garvanza	1870
Orr, Benjamin F.	Pa.	Undertaker	May, '75	1812 Bush	1858
Parker, Joel B.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 20, '70	512 E. 12th	1870
Peschke, William	Germany	Retired	April 13, '65	538 Macy	1852
Pike, Geo. H.	Mass.	Retired	'67	Los Angeles	1858
Peck, Geo. H.	Vt.	Farmer	Dec., '68	El Monte	1849
Ponet, Victor	Belgium	Capitalist	Oct., '69	Sherman	1867
Pridham, Wm.	N. Y.	Supt. W. F. Co.	Aug. 28, '68	Baker Block	1854
Prager, Samuel	Prussia	Notary	Feb., '54	Los Angeles	1854
Proctor, A. A.	N. Y.	Blacksmith	Dec. 22, '72	1501 Maple avenue	1872
Pilkington, W. M.	England	Gardener	'73	218 N. Cummings	1873
Proffitt, Green L.	Mo.	Retired	Nov., 1887	1512 W. 12th	1853
Perry, Harriet S.	Ohio	Housewife	May 15, 1875	1723 Iowa	1875
Peschke, Emil	Germany	Merchant	Nov. 30, '75	940 Summit avenue	—
Pye, Thomas	England	Farmer	1877	Pasadena	1849
Quinn, Richard	Ireland.	Farmer	Jan., '61	El Monte	1861
Quinn, Michael F.	N. Y.	Farmer	March 3, '59	El Monte	1859
Raab, David M.	Germany	Dairyman	May 12, '69	South Pasadena	1866
Raynes, Frank	England	Lumberman	Aug., '71	Pomona	1871
Reichard, Daniel	Ohio	Livery	'July, '68	459 Beaudry	1868
Riley, James M.	Mo.	Manufacturer	Dec., '66	1105 S. Olive	1857
Richardson, E. W.	Ohio	Dairyman	Sept., '71	Tropico	1871
Richardson, W. C. B.	N. H.	Surveyor	'68	Tropico	1868
Roeder, Louis	Germany	Retired	Nov. 28, '56	319 Boyd	1856
Robinson, W. W.	N. S.	Clerk	Sept., '68	117 S. Olive	1851
Roberts, Henry C.	Pa.	Fruit Grower	'54	Azusa	1850

## MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

213

NAME	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	Germany	Horticulturist	April, '54	Fernando	1854
Rendall, Stephen A.	England	Real Estate	May 1, '66	905 Alvarado	1861
Reavis, Walter S.	Mo.	Collector	June 8, '69	1407 Sunset Boulevard	1859
Rogers, Alex H.	Md.	Retired	Aug., '73	1152 Wall	1852
Ready, Russell W.	Mo.	Attorney	Dec. 18, '73	San Pedro street	1873
Ross, Ershkine M.	Va.	U. S. Judge	June 19, '68	Los Angeles	1868
Russell, Wm. H.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	April 9, '66	Whittier	1866
Ruxton, Albert St. G.	Eng.	Surveyor	Sept., '73	128 N. Main	1873
Reavis, Wm. E.	Mo.	Liveryman	April 22, '73	1405 Scott	1873
Rolston, Wm.	Ill.	Farmer	1872	El Monte	—
Schmidt, Gottfried	Denmark	Farmer	Aug., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Schmidt, August	Germany	Retired	May, '69	710 S. Olive	1869
Shaffer, John	Holland	Retired	March, '72	200 Boyle avenue	1849
Shorb, A. S.	Ohio	Physician	June, '71	652 Adams	1871
Stoll, Simon	Ky.	Merchant	Aug., '69	802 S. Broadway	1869
Stewart, J. M.	N. H.	Retired	May 14, '70	512 W. 30th	1850
Stephens, Daniel G.	N. J.	Orchardist	April, '61	Sixth and Olive	1859
Stephens, Mrs. E. T.	Maine	—	'69	Sixth and Olive	1866
Smith, Isaac S.	N. Y.	Sec. Oil Co.	Nov., '71	210 N. Olive	1856
Smith, W. J. A.	England	Draughtsman	April 12, '74	820 Linden	1874
Sentous, Jean	France	Retired	April, '56	545 S. Grand avenue	1856
Shearer, Mrs. Tillie	Ill.	Housewife	July, '75	1134 El Molino	1852
Strong, Robert	N. Y.	Broker	March, '72	Pasadena	1872
Snyder, Z. T.	Ind.	Farmer	April, '72	Tropico	1872
Slaughter, John L.	La.	Retired	Jan. 10, '61	614 N. Bunker Hill	1856
Scott, Mrs. Amanda W.	Ohio	Housewife	Dec. 21, '59	589 Mission Road	1859
Stoll, H. W.	Germany	Manufacturer	Oct. 1, '67	844 S. Hill	1867
Summer, C. A.	England	Broker	May 8, '73	1301 Orange	1873
Smith, Mrs. Sarah J.	Ill.	Housewife	Sept., '72	Temple street	1860
Starr, Joseph L.	Tex.	Dairyman	'71	Los Angeles	1863
Schmidt, Frederick	Germany	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Shelton, John	Tex.	Farmer	Sept. 28, '54	Azusa	1854
Salisbury, J. C.	N. Y.	Retired	May, '74	1311 S. Hill	1874
Spence, Mrs. E. F.	Ire.	Housewife	'70	445 S. Olive	1869
Smith, Simon B.	Conn.	Insurance	May 17, '76	132 N. Avenue 22	1876
Sharp, Robert L.	England	Funeral Director	May, '76	Los Angeles	1869
Shaffer, Cornelia R.	Holland	Housewife	April, '72	200 N. Boyle avenue	1853
Slaughter, Frank R.	N. Y.	Horticulturist	Nov., '74	Los Angeles	1874
Staub, George	N. Y.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Toberman, J. R.	Va.	Farmer	April, '63	615 S. Figueroa	1859
Teed, Mathew	England	Carpenter	Jan., '63	513 California	1854
Thom, Cameron E.	Va.	Attorney	April, '54	118 E. 3rd	1849
Taft, Mrs. Mary H.	Mich.	Housewife	Dec. 25, '54	Hollywood	1854
Thomas, John M.	Ind.	Farmer	Dec. 7, '68	Monrovia	1859
Thurman, S. D.	Tenn.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '52	El Monte	1852
Truman, Ben C.	R. I.	Author	Feb. 1, '72	1001 23d street	1866
Turner, Wm. F.	Ohio	Grocer	May, '58	608 N. Griffin	1858
Thayer, John S.	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct. 25, '74	147 W. 25th	1874
Udell, Joseph C.	Vt.	Attorney	'60	St. George Hotel	1850
Vignolo, Ambrozio	Italy	Merchant	Sept. 26, '72	535 S. Main	1850
Venable, Joseph W.	Ky.	Farmer	July, '69	Downey	1849
Vogt, Henry	Germany	Builder	Jan. 4, '69	Castelar	1854
Vawter, E. J.	Ind.	Florist	April 12, '75	Ocean Park	1875
Vawter, W. S.	Ind.	Farmer	July 10, '75	Santa Monica	1875

NAME	BIRTH- PLACE	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Workman, Wm. H.	Mo.	City Treasurer	'54	375 Boyle avenue	1854
Workman, E. H.	Mo.	Real Estate	'54	120 Boyle avenue	1854
Wise, Kenneth D.	Ind.	Physician	Sept., '72	1351 S. Grand avenue	1872
Williamson, Geo. W.	Ill.	Capitalist	'71	Los Angeles	1871
Weyse, Rudolph G.	Cal.	Bookkeeper	Jan. 29, '60	Thompson street	1860
Weyse, Mrs. A. W. B.	Cal.	Housewife	July 16, '62	Santa Monica	1862
Wright, Charles M.	Vt.	Farmer	July, '59	Spadra	1859
White, Charles H.	Mass.	S. P. Co.	Nov., '72	1137 Ingraham	1852
Weid, Ivar A.	Denmark	Landlord	'72	741 S Main	1864
Wilson, C. N.	Ohio	Lawyer	Jan. 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Ward, James F.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '72	1121 S. Grand	—
Workman, Alfred	England	Broker	Nov. 28, '68	212 Boyle avenue	—
White, Caleb E.	Mass.	Horticulturist	Dec. 24, '68	Pomona	1849
Woodhead, Chas. B.	Ohio	Dairyman	Feb. 21, '74	852 Buena Vista	1873
Wartenberg, Louis	Germany	Com. Trav.	Nov., '58	1057 S. Grand avenue	1858
Whisler, Isaac	Ark.	Miner	Aug., '52	535 San Pedro street	1852
Worm, August W.	Germany	Retired	'85	910 W. 11th	1859
Wright, Edward T.	Ill.	Surveyor	March, '75	226 S. Spring	1875
Wohlfarth, August	Germany	Saddler	Sept., '74	1604 Pleasant avenue	1870
White, J. P.	Ky.	Well-Borer	May, '70	989 E. 55th	1870
Yarnell, Jesse	Ohio	Printer	April, '67	1808 W. 1st	1862
Young, John D.	Mo.	Farmer	Oct., '53	2607 Figueroa	1853
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	Wis.	Housewife	April, '67	1808 W. 1st	1856



Organized November 1, 1833  
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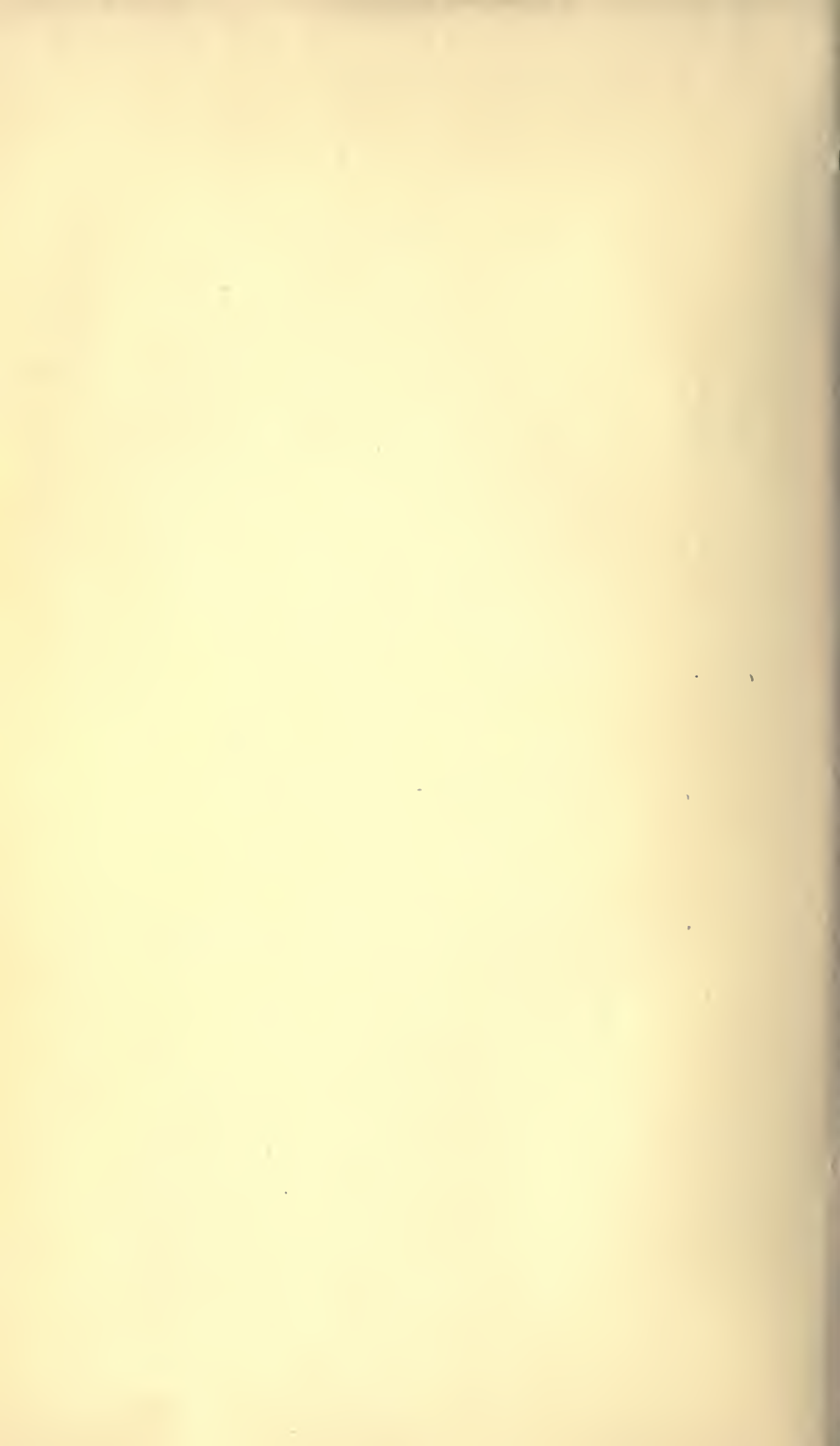
1902

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Geo. Rice & Sons

1903



# CONTENTS

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## HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS.

Officers of the Historical Society, 1902-1903.....	214
Early Art in California.....W. L. Judson	215
Poetry of the Argonauts.....J. M. Guinn..	217
Ethical Value of Social Organizations.....	
.....Mrs. M. Burton Williamson..	228
Some Medicinal and Edible Plants of Southern California	
.....Laura Evertsen King	237
Andrew A. Boyle.....H. D. Barrows..	241
El Cañon Perdido.....J. M. Guinn..	245
Some Old Letters:	251
Dr. John Marsh to Don Abel Stearns, 1837.....	251
Hon Stephen C. Foster to Gen. B. Riley, 1849.....	252
The Palomares Family of California.....H. D. Barrows..	254
Sister Scholastica.....Wm. H. Workman..	256

## PIONEER SOCIETY PAPERS.

Officers and Committees of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, 1902-1903 .....	259
Constitution and By-Laws .....	260
Order of Business .....	264
My First Procession in Los Angeles—March 16, 1847....	
.....Stephen C. Foster..	265
Some Eccentric Characters of Early Los Angeles.....	
.....J. M. Guinn..	273
Angel Pioneers .....	Jesse Yarnell.. 282
Trip to California via Nicaragua.....J. M. Stewart..	283
Wm. Wolfskill, The Pioneer.....H. D. Barrows..	287
Pioneer Ads and Advertisers.....J. M. Guinn..	295

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DECEASED PIONEERS.

Daniel Desmond.....Committee Report..	300
Jessie Benton Fremont.....Committee Report..	300
Caleb E. White.....Committee Report..	301
John Caleb Salisbury.....Committee Report..	303
Henry Kirke White Bent .....	Committee Report.. 304
John Charles Dotter.....Committee Report..	306
Anderson Rose.....Committee Report..	307
John C. Anderson.....A. H. Johnson..	308
Jerry Illich.....Los Angeles Daily Times..	309
In Memoriam .....	310
Roll of Members, Complete to January, 1903.....	311



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1902

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# Historical Society

— OF —

## Southern California

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, 1902

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### EARLY ART IN CALIFORNIA

BY W. L. JUDSON.

In the early art of California, when carefully examined, we find evidences of a crude and primitive yet genuine art impulse which must have been a measurable factor in the happiness of bygone generations.

It is not necessary to go back to the barbaric hieroglyphs of the Santa Catalina caves, or to retrace the theoretic voyages of ancient South American peoples, whose frequent rock pictures repeat the familiar outlines of Sugar Loaf rock in Avalon bay. Theories point to an early international commerce and an Aztec or Peruvian origin of the latent art talent of the coast tribes. In the Santa Barbara cave pictures there is unmistakable evidence that a certain graphic talent did exist, whatever its origin may have been. And in some of the native tribes of today, notably with the Pimas, this pictorial and artistic instinct is well illustrated in their basketry, which displays a degree of aesthetic discernment far above that of the ordinary savage.

The crude work of some Indians of early mission times, both in carving and painting, is very interesting. They strove with inadequate materials, poor tools and awkward hands to imitate what had doubtless impressed them deeply in the paintings and architectural designs which had been brought out from Spain by the mission fathers.

In the lumber room of the old Plaza church lie fourteen pictures covered with dust and broken furniture. They are evidently considered of no value, for they receive no care, except

the shelter of a roof, and yet they bear the potential of a very great value in the future.

Considered as fine art, from the modern standpoint, they are worthless, but as relics of the most interesting period in the development of Southern California they become endowed with great interest.

Who painted them? An Indian evidently. What was his name? No one remembers it. When were they painted? Probably in the days of mission building, when it was impossible to obtain originals or even decent copies of originals without delays of many months, perhaps years. They are painted on a coarse linen cloth similar to that we know as butcher's linen, glued in the orthodox way to preserve the fiber of the cloth, heavily covered with oil paint as a ground and executed with common earth pigments, probably ground by hand and with a base of common white house paint.

There is something intensely pathetic in the work, which was surely a labor of love. The sweetness and sincerity which are evident, coupled with the unconscious simplicity, makes even such crude and imperfect work worth while.

There is no attempt at shading and very little at perspective in these pictures, the drawing is childish and the execution as rough and crude as can be imagined, and yet they tell the story of the *via crucis* in a vivid and startling manner.

There are some remains of primitive frescoes at Pala mission and in the remaining half dome at San Juan Capistrano, which ten years ago had some charm of color and story, but they are rapidly fading out of existence.

There are also some evidences remaining that the pastoral period of California life had its art. There were wandering artists, portrait painters, who seem to have wandered from one great estate to another, painting the dons and their ladies and an occasional altar piece for the private chapel. In the Coronel collection of relics of this picturesque period there is shown the work of at least two of these early artists, but their names have been lost. Primitive as the work may be, it still shows an admirable sense of both beauty and character.



## THE POETRY OF THE ARGONAUTS

BY J. M. GUINN.

Never before in the world's history has there been a migration similar to that which peopled California after the discovery of gold. There have been greater outflows of population but they have been slow-moving. The Aryan migration into Europe went on for centuries. The Children of Israel wandered forty years in the wilderness before they reached the promised land. An Argonaut of '49 would have made the journey in forty days with an ox team.

In the year 1849, it is estimated that 100,000 people found their way into the land of gold. They came from almost every country on the globe—from Europe, Asia, Africa, America and the islands of the sea—all grades, castes and conditions of men came—the good and the bad, the virtuous and the vicious—the industrious, the idle and the profligate. Australia and Tasmania sent their ex-convicts and ticket-of-leave men; Mexico its vicious peones; Polynesia its reckless gamblers and the Flowery Kingdom its "Heathen Chinees." They came by every known means of conveyance and by every possible route—around Cape Horn storm tossed and scurvy racked in floating charnel houses—across the isthmus of Panama scourged by miasmatic fevers and decimated by cholera—by the isthmus of Tehauntepec—around the Cape of Good Hope and across the broad Pacific. Those who came by land traveled the unpeopled and almost unknown expanse between the Missouri and the Sierras by a dozen routes unheard of before. They lost themselves by taking mythical cut-offs and in their wanderings they penetrated mountain fastnesses and floated down unknown rivers. Ignorant of their danger, they strayed into waterless deserts and perished alone, uncoffined and unknelled. Lured by the treacherous mirage they entered valleys of death and lay down to die on their burning sands haunted by visions of green fields and babbling brooks. They climbed up into the eternal snows of the Sierras seeking a gateway into the land of sunshine and perished of cold and hunger on the very verge of warmth and plenty. Stricken by that dread plague cholera, five thousand graves by the wayside marked the line of their march from the Missouri to the Sacramento.

The one bait that lured them all was Gold! Gold! Gold! Their pilgrimage in the land of gold brought out the noblest qualities and the meanest. It made and unmade men. There they wore no masks. The inherent character of the man came to the surface. The accretions that social standing at home had thrown around a nature base born and sordid, gilding it into respectability and high standing were often rudely torn away by the rough life of the mines and the individual was shown up in all his inherent baseness. The wild free life of the mines was the crucible of character, separating the dross from the pure gold.

There was enough of the heroic, enough of adventure in the search of these modern Argonauts for the "Golden Fleece" to have furnished material for an epic grander and more fascinating than the *Odyssey* of Homer but it has never been written. There were poets among the Argonauts, but it was seldom they sang. Life was too strenuous and the battle for existence too fierce for them to tune the lyre. Their occupation was not conducive to wooing the muses. Gold digging, in early days, was a socialistic leveler. The standard of merit was a man's capacity to perform so much physical labor. The unlettered hind might surpass the finished scholar. The ex-convict might labor beside the judge who had sentenced him and be classed as the better man. It was an anomalous condition of society. Under such conditions and amid such surroundings it was not strange that the bards but rarely tuned their harps, and when they did sing it was not of California in

"The days of old,  
The days of gold,  
The days of '49."

"They sang of love and not of fame,  
Forgot was Britain's glory:  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang Annie Laurie."

Unlike the soldiers of the Crimea on the eve of battle it was not "Annie Laurie" the miners sang, but when they did sing of home, like the soldiers before the "dark Redan,"

"Each heart recalled a different name."

There was one song of purely Argonautic composition that has been sung around miners' camp fires from the Arctic circle to the jungles of Panama; sung amid the eternal snows of the

Sierras and on the burning sands of the Colorado. Although in composition it was somewhat crude and homely, and its theme an oft-told story, there was a sentiment in it that touched a responsive chord in the breast of many a miner. The ballad I refer to bore the inexpressive title, "Joe Bowers of Pike." The sentiment that made it popular among the Argonauts in the early '50's you may possibly detect in the stanzas I quote:

"My name is Joe Bowers, I've got a brother Ike,  
I came from Old Missouri, yes all the way from Pike.  
I'll tell you why I left thar, and how I came to roam,  
And leave my poor old mammy so far away from home.

I used to court a girl thar, her name was Sally Black.  
I axed her if she'd marry me, she said it was a whack.  
But then says she, "Joe Bowers, before we hitch for life  
You ought to get a little home to keep yer little wife."

Oh Sally, dearest Sally! Oh Sally for your sake  
I'll go to California and try to raise a stake.  
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers, you'r the man to win;  
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain," and she hove a dozen in.

\* \* \* \* \*

Right soon I went to the mines, put in my biggest licks,  
Came down on the boulders jest like a thousand o' bricks.  
I worked both late and early, in sun, in rain, in snow.  
I was workin' for my Sally—'twas all the same to Joe."

Joe continues to work in the mines, but he doesn't raise a stake. Time passes and the denouement comes to Joe's little romance in a letter from brother Ike which said "Sally has wed a butcher whose hair is red." The bell rings, the curtain drops, Joe's life drama is played out. From this point in the song the singer was at liberty to improvise any continuation to the story he pleased or rather that would please his auditors. One, that I recollect, was that the auburn haired vendor of steaks and prime roasts dies, Joe makes a raise in California, returns and marries the widow and they live happily ever afterward. Who was the author of the ballad? I do not know. It may not have had an author, but, like Topsy, "just grewed."

The Argonauts of California, and particularly those who crossed the plains, were nearly all young men. Many of these, like Mr. Joseph Bowers, had left girls behind them, whom they had promised to marry. Each hoped to pick up gold enough in a few months, or a year at most, to get "a little home to keep his little wife." In the language of a song popular in the days of '49,



"I soon shall be in Frisco  
And then I'll look all round,  
And when I see the gold lumps there  
I'll pick 'em off the ground;  
I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys,  
I'll drain the rivers dry,  
A pocket full of rocks bring home;  
O! Susanna, don't you cry."

But the miner soon found gold was not be picked up in lumps. Like Joe, he put in his biggest licks, he dammed creeks and turned rivers, tunneled into mountains and ground-sluiced hills away, joined in a wild rush to Gold Lake, to Silver Mountain, searched for the Lost Cabin, the Padres Mine, the Wagon Tire Diggings and other *ignes fatui* that have deluded honest miners, and came back from his chase after phantoms rich in experience but poor in gold. Meanwhile time was passing, and it kept doing so with great regularity. He was growing old and Susanna, who had ceased to cry, was growing impatient. Then the denouement comes in a letter from home—Susanna has wed a man who had not learned to roam but who had a little home. Another romance is ended. The miner curses his luck—perhaps he gets drunk. He ceases to write home, he becomes driftwood on the current of fate. In the homely ballad of Joe Bowers many a miner has beheld his own life drama portrayed. Hence its olden time popularity in the mines.

The earliest poem printed in a California periodical appeared in the issue of the Californian of October 3, 1846, and is entitled "On Leaving the United States for California." This was followed in the next issue of the paper by a poetical effusion entitled "On Leaving California for the United States." Both are anonymous. They were probably written by the same author. In the Californian of October 31st, 1846, is a poem bearing the title, "To My Mother." It is signed A. D. F. R. All these mentioned are sentimental and have but little local coloring. In the Californian of November 14, 1846, is a poem on the conquest of Los Angeles. Commodore Stockton and Captain John C. Fremont, with their united forces—Stockton advancing from San Pedro and Fremont from San Diego—entered Los Angeles, August 13, 1846. Governor Pio Pico and General José Castro had fled to Mexico at the approach of the American troops, and the Californian soldiers disbanded and returned to their homes. The gringo army under Stockton took possession of the city without firing a shot. The "sounds of woe," "the blood-stained earth," "the murd'rous arms" and "haggard eyes" in the poem

are figments of the poet's imagination. Evidently his muse was fooled with a fake report of the conquest.

In the first conquest of Los Angeles nobody was hurt, not a hostile shot was fired. It was during the second, in January, 1847, that the battles of Paso de Bartolo and La Mesa were fought. The poem is entitled "Angeles," and is signed W. G. I give it in full.

#### ANGELES.

Soft o'er the vale of Angeles  
The gale of peace was wont to blow  
Till discord raised her direful horn  
And filled the vale with sounds of woe.

The blood stained earth, the warlike bands,  
The trembling natives saw with dread,  
Dejected labor left her toil,  
And summer's blithe enjoyments fled.

But soon the avenging sword was sheathed,  
And mercy's voice by "Stockton" heard  
How pleasant were the days which saw  
Security and peace restored.

Ah think not yet your trials o'er;  
From yonder mountain's hollow side,  
The fierce banditti issue forth,  
When darkness spreads her curtains wide.

With murd'rous arms, and haggard eyes,  
The social joys away they fright;  
Sad expectation clouds the day,  
And sleep forsakes the fearful night.

Now martial troops protect the robbed,  
At distance prowls the ruffian band;  
Oh confidence! that dearer guard,  
Why hast thou left this luckless land.

We droop and mourn o'er many a joy,  
O'er some dear friend to dust consigned,  
But every comfort is not fled,  
Behold another friend we find.

Lo "Stockton" comes to grace the plan,  
And friendship claims the precious prize;  
He grants the claims nor does his heart  
The children of the vale despise.

W. G.

In my researches, the earliest poem that I have found which has a local coloring, is one entitled "Blowing Up the Wind." It was written by Edward C. Kemble, editor of the California Star, and published in that paper April 24, 1847. Kemble came to the coast in 1846 and became editor of Sam Brannan's paper,

the California Star, in April, 1847. The Star was the first paper published in San Francisco, or Yerba Buena, as the town was then called. (The Californian was established at Monterey and afterwards removed to San Francisco.) Kemble was an Argonaut of the Argonauts. He visited the gold diggings shortly after their discovery in 1848—pronounced them a fake and advised people to stay at home. His subscribers all went to the mines. He followed them, made a hundred dollars a day for a few weeks, then came back and resurrected his newspaper. Any one who, in early times before the streets of San Francisco were paved, has wandered over its sand hills and had his face rasped and his eyes blinded by the flying sand will appreciate the blowing up that Kemble gives the winds of 'Frisco.

#### BLOWING UP THE WIND.

"Ever blowing, colder growing, sweeping madly through the town,  
Never ceasing, ever teasing, never pleasing, never down;  
Day or night, dark or light,  
Sand a-flying, clapboards sighing,  
Groaning, moaning, whistling shrill,  
Shrieking wild and never still.

In September, in November, or December, ever so,  
Even in August, will the raw gust, flying fine dust, roughly blow.  
Doors are slamming, gates a-banging,  
Shingles shivering, casements quivering,  
Roaring, pouring, madly yelling,  
Tales of storm and shipwreck telling.

In our bay, too, vessels lay to, but find  
No shelter from the blast,  
Whitecaps clashing, bright spray splashing,  
Light foam flashing, dashing past.  
Yards are creaking, blocks a squeaking,  
Rudder rattling, ropes all clattering,  
Lugging, tugging at the anchor,  
Groaning spars and restless spanker.

Now the sun gleams, bright the day seems,  
Hark! he comes is heard the roar;  
Haste to dwelling, dread impelling, heap the fire,  
Close the door.  
Onward coming, humming, drumming,  
Groaning, moaning, sighing, crying,  
Shrieking, squeaking, (reader, 'tis so).  
Thus bloweth the wind at 'Frisco."

Kemble's "Crow," a parody on Poe's "Raven," is another pioneer poem antedating the discovery of gold. The city council of San Francisco had passed an ordinance forbidding anyone from killing the carrion fowl that frequented the streets of



the city. The crows were the scavengers that removed the garbage. One of these birds of ill omen flies into Kemble's house and perched beneath the ceiling proceeds to help himself from a side of bacon. The poet raises his gun to shoot, when his eyes fall on the ordinance. I quote the closing stanzas :

"Then the thrilling and revealing of that crow still neath my ceiling,  
Perching, pecking on that bacon which never may he devour  
And that paper open spreading and that flashing Pica heading  
Of that ordinance forbidding, ah I must deplore,  
And my eyes from off that ordinance frowning, rustling on the floor  
Shall be lifted nevermore.

And I reached me down my gun, charged with slugs half a score;  
Croaked he hoarsely, No, Señor."

The following poem, which Samuel C. Upham in his "Scenes in El Dorado—1849-50," says was the earliest poem written and published in California, appeared in the *Pacific News* of March 22, 1850. Mr. Upham, although good authority on the days of '49, is in error when he claims that it was the earliest. I have shown that there were several published over three years before this one. The poem in the *News* is anonymous. It is entitled "A Rallying Song for the Gold Diggers." It consists of eight stanzas and a repeat of the first. I omit two which seem to be defective :

To the mines! to the mines! away to the mines,  
Where the virgin gold in the crevice shines!  
Where the shale and the slate and the quartz enfold,  
In their stony arms the glittering gold.

'Tis in vain that ye seek any longer to hide  
Your treasures of gold in your rivers so wide,  
In your gulches so deep, or your wild cañon home,  
For the Anglo-American race is come.

And the noise that ye hear is the sound of the spade,  
The pick, the bar, and the bright shining spade,  
Of the knife and the shovel, the cradle and pan,  
Brave adjuncts of toil to the laboring man!

Far up in the mountains, all rugged and steep,  
Far down in the cañon, all foaming and deep,  
In the bars of the river, the small mountain plains,  
Lies the wealth that ye seek for, in numberless grains.

Turn the stream from its bed—search the bottom with care,  
The largest, the richest, the finest is there;  
Dig deep in the gulches, nor stop till the stone  
Reveals there it's treasures, or tell there's none.

Nor be thou disheartened, dismayed nor cast down,  
 If success should decline thy first efforts to crown;  
 Go ahead! Go ahead! Since Creation began,  
 "No wealth without toil" is the record to man.

\* \* \* \*

To the mines! to the mines! away to the mines!  
 Where the virgin gold in the crevice shines!  
 'Here the shale and the slate and the quartz enfold,  
 In their stony arms the glittering gold.

Of the anonymous poetical gems of Argonautic days this one describing the inflowing human tide to the golden shores of California is among the best:

From the sunny Southern Islands, from the Asiatic coast,  
 The Orient and the Occident are mingled in the host,  
 The glowing star of Empire has forever stayed its way,  
 And its western limb is resting o'er San Francisco Bay.

A hundred sails already swell to catch the willing breeze,  
 A hundred keels are cleaving through the blue Atlantic seas,  
 Full many a thousand leagues behind their tardy courses borne  
 For a hundred masts already strain beyond the stormy Horn.

Soon from the channel of St. George and from the Levant shore,  
 To swell the emigrating tide, another host shall pour  
 To that far land beyond the west where labor lords the soil,  
 And thankless tasks shall ne'er be done by unrequited toil.

To banks of distant rivers whose flashing waves have rolled  
 For long and countless centuries above neglected gold,  
 Where nature holds a double gift within her lavish hand,  
 And teeming fields of yellow grain strike root in golden sand.

No state in its infancy could boast of so many talented men as California. Among these there were none more gifted than Col. Edward D. Baker. As an orator he had no superior; as a statesman he towered above his compeers; as a warrior he won fame on the bloody fields of Cerro Gordo and Buena Vista. He was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff. After his death the following beautiful poem from his pen was published. It was written about 1850. It is entitled

#### TO A WAVE.

Dost thou seek a star, with thy swelling crest  
 O, wave, that lavest thy mother's breast?  
 Dost thou leap from the prisoned depths below  
 In scorn of their calm and constant flow?  
 Or art thou seeking some distant land  
 To die in murmurs upon the strand?

Hast thou tales to tell of pearl-lit deep,  
 Where the wave-whelmed mariner rocks in sleep?  
 Can'st thou speak of navies that sank in pride  
 Ere the roll of their thunder in echo died?  
 What trophies, what banners, are floating free  
 In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?

It were vain to ask, thou rollest afar,  
 Of banner, or mariner, ship or star;  
 It were vain to seek in thy stormy face  
 Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace.  
 Thou art swelling high, thou art flashing free,  
 How vain are the questions we ask of thee!

I, too, am a wave on a stormy sea;  
 I, too, am a wanderer, driven like thee;  
 I, too, am seeking a distant land  
 To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand.  
 For the land I seek is a waveless shore,  
 And they who once reach it shall wander no more.

Among the versatile writers of California in the early '50's few rank higher than William H. Rhodes, better known by his nom de plume, "Caxton." One of his best efforts is a short poem on the death of James King of William.

In 1855-56 the criminal element of San Francisco had virtually obtained control of the city. The officials were either too weak or too corrupt to enforce the law. Many of them had secured their offices through ballot box stuffing and violence, and the thieves, incendiaries and murderers who had helped them into office went unwhipt of justice. King, through his paper, the *Bulletin*, exposed the prevailing corruption and poured out invective on the corrupt officials. He was shot down on Montgomery street by James P. Casey, a supervisor of the Twelfth ward, whose state's prison record King had exposed. Casey and Cora, another murderer, were hanged by the Vigilance Committee while the bells were tolling King's funeral. Caxton's poem is entitled

"HE FELL AT HIS POST DOING DUTY."

The patriot sleeps in the land of his choice,  
 In the robe of a martyr, all gory,  
 And heeds not the tones of the world-waking voice,  
 That cover his ashes with glory.  
 What recks he of riches? What cares he for fame,  
 Or the world decked in grandeur or beauty?  
 If the marble shall speak that records his proud name,  
 "He died at his post, doing duty!"

The pilot that stood at the helm of our bark,  
 Unmoved by the tempest's commotion,  
 Was swept from the deck in the storm and the dark,



And sank in the depths of the ocean.  
But little he'll grieve for the life it has cost,  
If our banner shall still float in beauty,  
And emblaze on its fold, of the pilot we lost,  
"He died at his post, doing duty!"

The warrior-chieftain has sunk to his rest—  
The sod of Lone Mountain his pillow;  
For his bed, California has opened her breast;  
His dirge, the Pacific's sad billow!  
As long as the ocean-wave weeps on our shore,  
And our valleys bloom out in their beauty,  
So long will our country her hero deplore,  
Who fell at his post doing duty!

The Argonauts in their long voyages to California by way of Cape Horn, which lasted all the way from six to ten months, were put to their wits' ends to devise amusements to while away the monotony of the voyage. One means quite popular was to publish a newspaper aboard the vessel. These papers were written out by hand (for this was long before the days of typewriters) and often illustrated by pen and ink sketches of scenes and incidents on board. The paper was read once a week and furnished a source of amusement. It was my good fortune several years since to secure for the Historical Society several copies of the "Petrel," a paper published on the ship Duxbury, which sailed from Boston via Cape Horn for San Francisco in 1849. From its numerous poetical effusions I quote one entitled "Skinning the Duff." Duff, as you know, is a kind of pudding popular with sailors. It is made of flour, tallow, raisins and other ingredients and boiled in a bag. Skinning the duff consisted in removing the cloth bag in which the pudding was boiled.

#### SKINNING THE DUFF.

Oh, 'tis pleasant to sail  
Before the gale  
As the wind pipes loud and free  
And we dash away  
Amid foam and spray  
Across the dark blue sea,  
And we feel the wrath  
Of the tempest's breath,  
As it fills our spreading sail,  
And we shout with glee  
As the foaming sea  
Dashes high o'er the Duxbury's rail.  
But a pleasanter sight  
Than the tempest's night  
As it roars in tones so gruff  
Is to see e'er the larboard watch is called  
The Steward skinning the duff.

And 'tis pleasant to ride  
O'er the swelling tide,  
On the breast of the open sea,  
To the waves' soft chime  
In their low, sweet melody,  
And 'tis pleasant to gaze  
On the moon's mild rays,  
Reflected wide o'er the deep,  
While the evening star  
Her vigils of love to keep.  
But it is pleasanter far  
Than moon or star,  
Or wind so smooth or rough,  
To see e'er the larboard watch is called  
The Steward skinning the duff.

And 'tis pleasant at night  
When day's rich light  
Has faded away and gone;  
And the crowd collects  
Between the decks  
To listen to story or song;  
And the full heart swells  
And the eyes will fill,  
As we talk of friends afar.  
And our pulses bound  
As the toast goes round,  
God bless them wherever they are;  
But a pleasanter sight  
Than day's rich light  
Or music or any such stuff  
Is to see e'er the larboard watch is called  
The Steward skinning the duff.

# ETHICAL VALUE OF SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

Social organizations have their rise in the social instinct. And it will be my purpose this evening to sketch very briefly the origin and development of this instinct, as well as to prove the value of social organizations. By these terms I do not include the purely social clubs, the rendezvous for eating, smoking and lounging; nor any of the various secret societies. Strictly speaking, a social organization would not come under the classification of a club formed for philanthropy, reform, or study along social lines, although the social element is often so closely allied with clubs organized for work of some kind that a strict line of demarcation is difficult, unless the object of the club is kept in mind.

What is its object? Has a social organization any ethical value?

Before attempting to answer these questions it will be necessary to study the genesis of the social instinct and also the intellectual development that has given rise to social organizations. We know the social instinct is inherent and can be traced back through gradations of animal life. Not in the form which we mean when we allude to social feelings, but in the more primitive segregation of species into colonies, schools, flocks and herds of animals. In invertebrate life the gregarious masses are due to the immense quantities that are generated in certain localities, and these only represent a part of the germs that fail to survive. This gregariousness was illustrated in the little pelagic, microscopic peridiniums which were so abundant on our coast at one time, summer before last. A vial filled with sea water was seen to be alive with peridiniums. Not scattered in haphazard fashion in the vial, but these tiny brown specks were seen following each other in two moving streams, as a flock of birds flying, some leading, others following. We cannot, strictly speaking, call this a social instinct, yet in these gregarious masses we might see the germs of a more advanced segregation of animals. A tiny, one-celled animal cannot represent much more than a possibility. The social instinct to be recognized as such, must be evolved from a more complicated system



of nerve tissue than is found in any invertebrate represented by a jelly fish, or an oyster. But in an insect, a bird or an animal, scientists tell us the structural units or microscopical cells and fibers are more or less similar, and that "mind has a physical basis in the functions of the nervous system and that every mental process has a corresponding equivalent in some neural process."\* With the evolution of the nervous system the social instinct evolves.

Social instincts not only are shown in animals of the same genera and species, but animals both wild and domesticated have formed friendships. In domestic life the friendship of birds, cats, dogs and horses for their owners or keepers is of common occurrence. "Cats often like to associate with horses, and in some cases with dogs, birds and rats." Anecdotes of this social instinct are numerous. A pet minorca chicken raised by our family showed a decided preference for one member of the household. Dade knew his name and would run to his mistress whenever she called him. Often he would perch for the half hour on the arm of her chair if she were in the garden. For a short time he had two or three hens under his supervision. He always called them to eat first and would wait until they, the greedy ones, had satisfied themselves before he would swallow a mouthful, although he would pick up a grain of corn, then place it in front of a hen. In going into the chicken yard of evening it was always noticed that Dade called the hens, then when they were in front of the gate, he would stand on one side with as much grace as a cultured human, then pass in after the hens.

In Romanes' "Mental Evolution in Animals" he gives an illustration of a dog's attachment for his mistress. The anecdote was told by the author to show that dogs have an imagination, but it also adds another illustration of a dog's fondness for human society. "I have," he says, "known a case in which a terrier of my own household, on the sudden removal of his mistress, refused all food for a number of days, so that it was thought he must certainly die, and his life was only saved by forcing him to eat raw eggs. Yet all his surroundings remained unchanged, and every one was as kind to him as they always had been. And that the cause of his pining was wholly due to the absence of his beloved mistress was proved by the fact that he remained permanently outside of her bedroom door (although he knew that she was not inside), and could only be

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\*Romanes.

induced to go to sleep by giving him a dress of hers to sleep upon."

The author just quoted from not only enumerates the social feelings as one of the products of the emotional development of animal life, but he lists among the products of the intellectual development communication of ideas and what he calls "indefinite morality." That is, the morality that, in a psychogenetic scale, would be equal to an infant of 15 months. Under this category he lists dogs and anthropoid apes.

What is the impulse that has been the original source and stimulus of organic activity? The struggle for existence, or, in other words, the craving for food, the nutritive impulse. Evans says: "Every expression of feeling, every exercise of the will, every exhibition of intelligence in the lower animals and in man can be traced to hunger as its fountain head. From the pressure of hunger and the desire to prevent its occurrence spring the love of acquisition, the systematic accumulation of wealth, the idea of ownership in things, or the general conception of personal property, which is the strongest element of social and domestic life, codes of laws and system of morals, discoveries, inventions, industrial and commercial enterprises, scientific researches, and the highest achievement of culture and civilization."

He further says: "It is true that as man arises in the scale of intelligence, other and nobler incentives to activity come into operation and act even more powerfully than the primal nutritive impulse. The latter, however, always assert and insists upon the priority of its claims, and not until these have been satisfied and the stress of hunger relieved, and in some way permanently guarded against, does the individual think of devoting his energies to higher pursuits."

This has been illustrated in the struggle for existence of pioneer life. Plowing, and hunting, for food, and a rude habitation, were necessities. From the rough cabin, or shack, to the palace, there is represented the evolution of man from primitive labor to that of large commercial and industrial enterprises where many men labor together in the interest of one man. He rears a palace to adequately meet his social requirements that must follow along the line and keep pace with his monetary interests. Society, in its restricted sense, could only be possible when the struggle for existence was not the dominant idea. The social code, the particular attention to forms and the frequent and punctilious occasions of social intercourse have no

meaning to the man who is daily haunted with the impulse of nutrition for himself and his family.

We have seen that with the social instinct inherent there must still be certain conditions to influence the growth and progress of social development.

It is my aim to show that social organizations are due to the growth of both mental and social development. Not either alone, but together. The intellectual modified and influenced by social customs and the social elevated by seeking pleasure in a more rational manner than mere recreation as an excuse for passing time. Living in a world of activity, yet trying to kill time. This is the abuse of the social instinct.

It may be urged that the intellectual status represents the highest intelligence, or capacity for the function of the intellect, then how can it be modified and influenced by society?

I would not be misunderstood; there is nothing that should be more valued than the intellect, the power to understand, but if the intellectual person fails to adjust himself to his social environment, if his own personality is at war with the social judgments of his times, his influence is circumscribed, his intellectual attainments are not valued. He must care for the rights and privileges of his fellow men.

Whatever faults or failings may be laid at the door of polite society, it, in its best sense, is polite, seeking for the happiness of individual members of it. In social relations the ethical must necessarily be the groundwork of such relationships. The "ought" and ought not of the individual in his relation to society is ever present. Without this regard for the happiness of others there could be no such thing as ethical culture, which is only another name for refined altruism. Take, for instance, a company of what we term ladies and gentlemen; what is their characteristic in their relation to others? Politeness. No one must be made unhappy; self must be secondary to the feelings of others, and although this is often abused into a form of untruth, known as "white lies" or "fibbing," the exaggeration often has its root in the desire to do, and say, things that give pleasure. Politeness is not only the sesame to good society but is a strong factor in making life easier in every avenue of life.

A lady was once trying to give her little grandchild a lesson in politeness when the application of the lesson came home to her in a way she had not anticipated. "G——," said she to the child, who was visiting her, "if you want any one to do anything for you, you must be polite, you must say 'please.'" A



little while after that the child had made some paste in a tin-cup and was busy on the floor pasting bits of paper together. The grandmother after a while became tired of the litter and said: "G——, you have played with that paste long enough; take the cup out into the kitchen." The little five-year-old arose, straightened herself erect, and said with much indignation, "Where is your polite?"

James Mark Baldwin, in a study in social Psychology, entitled, "Social and Ethical Interpretations," lays much stress upon the ability of a person to conform to the social community. We know there must be variation if there is growth, but he says that, "The limits of individual variation must lie inside the possible attainment of the social heritage by each person. In the actual attainment of this ideal, any society finds itself embarrassed by refractory individuals."

He further says: "It is the duty of each individual to be born a man of social tendencies which his communal tradition a man, then, as far as his variation goes, he is liable to be found requires of him; if he persist in being born a different sort of a criminal before the bar of public conscience and law, and to be suppressed in an asylum or a reformatory, in Siberia or in the Potter's field."

This refers, of course, to society in general, not to social organizations, for in these there is a selection of the fittest, the unfit is seldom invited or is soon socially suppressed. Not of course by drastic measures such as general society advocates, but merely ignoring his personality—not rudely, but silently, yet none the less effectively. For social organizations must be composed, for the most part, of individuals whose judgments are in unison with the social judgments of the club. A man or woman to be eligible to membership must be a clubable person. By this is meant a person who respects the rights of others. One whose attitude is aggressive, who is unmindful of others' rights, would certainly be unsuitable to a social club.

Receptions to notable persons and monthly banquets or luncheons, or cosy teas, combine two inherent instincts in life. The instinct of nutrition, as has been said, is the first organic emotion, and it is still a dominant factor in friendly intercourse. Even the "Man of Sorrows" gathered his chosen twelve around the social board when he broke the bread and drank the fruit of the vine while he foretold the saddening future.

If social organizations have introduced more hospitable relations between the members than was practicable in a club formed

for work, they are also fine mediums for educating women towards greater simplicity in entertaining. This question cannot be discussed in society functions where discussion is strictly tabooed, but is a legitimate topic at the club, where anything that is carried to extreme may be criticised in a general way. Articles written upon such topics by persons who are conversant with social abuses have, and do, popularize simplicity and grace, rather than display that borders upon vulgarity. If there is one trait of character that is the ruling passion in America, not of women only, it is that of imitation. In business, if one man branches out in a new line, he runs the risk of becoming bankrupt by competition in this new line. Women imitate in dress, furnishings, and style of living and entertaining—with the desire, however, to do a little more, or add more elaborate features of display. The social instinct would impel the victim even to the verge of bankruptcy in money and nerve! Intellectual culture would seek the happy medium. The social club, in this respect, can be a potent factor.

In the intellectual activity of such a club, the discussion of topics of general interest covers a wide field. The best talent, both outside and inside of the club membership, is at its service. Specialists along various lines readily use their talents for the good of such a club.

This is, of itself, of great ethical value to the members. Science is presented in a popular form; philosophy is given in terms less didactic; the best fiction is reviewed; music is interpreted by professionals; art is made more realistic, and educational methods are presented. All this is inspiring, uplifting and helpful as social steps in the advance in life.

I would not be misunderstood—mental growth does not depend upon clubs, nor, we may say, colleges, alone. With books and free libraries for their dissemination, there is no lack of educational aids. But such clubs are useful to persons who are by nature students. When one reads and studies alone, he sees only one side of the author's meaning or intent. This may be correct, and yet it is helpful to learn how other minds receive the same information. Social expression of ideas is an adjunct to mental growth. Growth is an ethical factor. When we think of degeneration, we immediately form an image of something that has been dwarfed for want of nutrition. This argument also holds good in a study club, but in such a club the tendency is to specialize; consequently there is not so much diversity in the range of topics discussed before the same persons.

There is an inspiration in associating in club life with men and women who have a broader insight into life, a finer conception of relative values, a more comprehensive vision of humanity than one possesses.

The social club is a help in breaking down imaginary social boundaries.

Genius is often the child of penury, and brains have been rocked in a pine cradle. But when genius and brains come to the front, social distinctions vanish.

Social organizations for women are often connecting links between the mother and society. A club represents individual home factors, held together by a common interest, yet diversified by hereditary gifts and home environments. The social club supplies a human want in the life of the mother. She may have no time to study, with her young family clamoring for her attention; but she may possess her soul in peace for an occasional half day in the club. The club demands less of her than society would. It gives her ideal thinking for a time which is a refreshing change from purely domestic, economic details. Surely it needs no argument to prove that such a mother would be happier because of her glimpse of the world outside her narrow horizon; nor that her home would also be benefited. As happiness is the desideratum, if not the ultimatum, of human desires, any club that tends towards the happiness of its members and of society at large is of value.

The social organization is a medium through which reforms can be disseminated. For a progressive club must discuss some of the issues of the day. Clubs for philanthropy or reform have taken their rise from such a club. As an instance, some years ago a member of the Friday morning Club was in favor of having a cooking school for girls in one of our poorer districts. A graduate of a Boston cooking school was asked to present this subject to the club. The need of such a school was discussed, and the result was the formation—outside of the club—of such a school. Through the liberality of another member an industrial department was added, and the Stimson-Lafayette Industrial Association was incorporated, and is now in a flourishing condition.

While furnishing the impetus to organized activity, the ideal social club commits itself to no restricted line of labor. In this respect it shows its strength, for it is able to educate and send out workers in many lines. Its sympathies are as broad as human wants.



In such clubs there must be neutrality in religious beliefs, and, it naturally follows that this religious liberty cannot do otherwise than have a reflex influence in general society. Without the social elements in clubs and societies do you believe that the Jewish women of our country could have been recognized and given a place at the Jewish Congress during the World's Fair?

It was said that never before in the history of Judaism had a body of Jewish women come together for the purpose of presenting their views, nor for any purpose but that of charity or mutual aid; never in the representation of Judaism. The club formed for social improvement draws no line between Jew and Christian, Theosophist and Agnostic.

Is this too broad a platform? It may be for narrow sectarianism, but not for a belief in the brotherhood of man! Not for Christian ethics.

Social organizations, or clubs, are not usually organized for the good of the public, but for the pleasure of its individual members; but that does not invalidate the claim that such organizations are of ethical value.

In answer to a letter of inquiry regarding the Sunset Club, which meets once a month, Mr. Charles Dwight Willard says:

"Usually about forty attend. The papers are on all classes of subjects; and there is usually one principal paper, about twenty minutes' long, and two short ones of five minutes each, after which, in the discussion, five to twelve men usually participate. Literary topics are infrequent, and economics occur most often. I have generally found that sociological subjects are most satisfactory to the general club membership."

A club like the Sunset Club, composed of a number of representative men of the city, men who are identified with various lines of activity as doctors, lawyers, ministers, bankers, architects, authors, merchants and men in other special fields of industry, must tend towards the ethical growth of the individual members, and consequently influence society at large. If the tendency is to "broaden those who are participants in the discussions," then certainly the community is benefited. Public opinion is something that changes; it never remains the same. Every lecture, every public discussion, has some share in the growth of ideas. The masses are led by the few. The discussion of sociological subjects, questions that deal with the phenomena of society, of the right relations of man to man, which include questions of "rightness" and "oughtness," might not seem to the sixty members of any great benefit to persons outside of the club, but

no body of intellectual men could meet monthly to think and talk over topics that are bound up in society at large without, in some way, affecting the general public.

No life stands all alone, and it is the problem of social psychology to ascertain to what extent the development of the individual mind applies to the evolution of society and how far society influences the individual.

No thought is useful to society while it remains merely in the mind of the individual. Social organizations are excellent mediums for the expression of ideas. Thoughts must have publicity; they cannot have any general value until they find expression and are available; then they become alive, a part of the general mind. If social organizations, composed of men or women of intellectual abilities and culture, did nothing more than require that all members should be persons who are known for their moral character, persons whose influence is in an ethical direction, who would say that such a club was not of ethical value. In chemistry we know by analysis the character of any substance, and in the same way we judge of a society by its units, or individuals composing its membership. Moral growth must be greater when societies are composed of individuals who aim to act ethically, and who are indulging in ideal thinking. The moral nature develops when the individual aspires to reach, in himself, an ideal status. A combination of such individuals is the ideal social organization.

## SOME OF THE MEDICINAL AND EDIBLE PLANTS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

Three or four days succeeding the first rains of the season there comes over the face of nature in Southern California a marked and magical change—from a dry and apparently barren landscape, the sweet-scented "Pelio" with its musky odor covers the earth with a mantle of vivid green. The early inhabitants of this country, living very near to nature and believing that the spicy perfume of the fresh and tender grass was invigorating and rejuvenating to the old and infirm, brought them into the sunlight on their respective rawhide beds and left them to doze and dream the day long. From the first rains and through all the seasons of the year until the last dry days of fall and early winter can be gathered herbs and plants, of varieties too numerous to mention in this brief paper, for edible and medicinal purposes. Their range is from the mountain tops to the seashore. I say from the mountain tops, because the melting snows of winter and the cloudbursts of spring and summer wash the seeds down the cañons' sides into the valleys below.

Seventy years or more ago, when physicians were like angels' visits, "few and far between," each mother of a family constituted herself the adviser of her family and friends, and in every small village or "pueblo" there was the "Vieja," whom every one respected and consulted, and who dispensed with a lavish hand her various herbs, which she had gathered, dried and put into safe-keeping for future use. A call from a fever patient hastened her with a package of "sauco," which she made into tea and administered at stated intervals, until relief came in the shape of a profuse perspiration. If her patient became too weak or debilitated she administered "Paleo" as a tonic. For cancer she made a poultice of the pounded leaves of "Totoache," which removed cancerous growths if applied in time. For inducing an appetite a decoction of "Concha L'agua" was given until the patient was able to eat his accustomed allowance of broiled beef and "Atole." If in the annual "rodeo" a vaquero



was thrown from his horse or otherwise bruised, he was removed to his home and "Yerba del Golpe" applied to his contusions. Then a bath of "Ramero" to rejuvenate his discolored flesh was used and soon the rider was at work again among his cattle. Week and inflamed eyes were cured by a wash made of "Rosa de Castilla." A pomade of the same was used for tenderness or chafing of the skin. "Yerba del Manso" and "Yerba del Pasma" were favorite remedies and used for almost every form of disease.

There is a sweet smelling little flower of pure white called "Selama," whose root of crimson furnished the young Indian girls a paint to improve their complexions, which, unlike the cosmetics of latter days, left no bad effects, remaining the same day after day.

In the early morning when the dew was on the grass, the old women gathered "Lanten" for boils and inflamed swellings. The large leaves bruised and soaked in olive oil served to concentrate the inflammation. The leaves of the "Tunra" were used for the same purpose. We all know how deliciously refreshing the fruit of the Tuna is on a hot summer day, and it formed one of the principal items of an Indian's winter store—Tunas, ground acorns, "Piñones," roasted "Mescal" and "Chia" made the Indian wax fat and happy.

When a washerwoman wished her black clothes to look bright and new, she sought the "Campo" for "Yerba" or "Amole," which, pounded and soaked over night in water, made a beautiful and cleansing suds. "Cichiquelite," a small seed for edible purposes, was also beneficial as a gargle for sore throats. "Petata" is a root eaten by the Indians before the introduction of the potato—in fact, served the same purpose. In the "zanjas" and pools along the rivers grows a plant which makes a salad highly prized by the native Californians, called "Flor del Agua." It possesses a slightly bitter flavor, which is very appetizing. There is another with the small name "Beno" also relished for salads by "Paisanos."

Hair tonics and hair washes grow everywhere in both spring and summer, "Caria" being one of the many. And every Californian knows of the medicinal virtues of the different "Malvas," both black and white being used for congestions, and as a wash for "Yedra" (or poison oak) it is healing and soothing. "Cardo" and "Yuelite" are spring greens and may be eaten also as salads, and hundreds of persons can speak of the "Mostassa," the best spring vegetable of all.

Then there is the San Lucas plant for rheumatism and many others, whose names are difficult to pronounce on account of their Indian origin. Some of these medicinal herbs may be found in various pharmacies under botanical names—these are the native Californian and Indian names given here. But in the surrounding country, where live Indians and natives, the old women still administer their herbs under the well-known, homely and suggestive names given in this paper. The early physicians of Los Angeles could vouch for the efficacy of numerous herbs used by them in their practice among the residents if they were here to tell.

This has been written to show that the laziness of the Californian is in a measure excusable. For what use had he for work when everything grew at his hand—his food, his medicine, his shelter. If his "adobe" house or "Ramada" required sweeping, he had but to gather his "Escobita" or "Tules," tie them in broom shape and sweep when necessary. Disinfectants in the form of lovely flowers grew on the hills and on the plains. A hundred pages could be written of the herbs, edible and medicinal, that are "born to bloom and blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air."

In continuation, I should say that there were many plants used by the Indians in wicked incantations, herbs used in conjuring decoctions so powerful, that a small quantity administered, crippled or blinded a subject for life. It could not have been that his mind was wrought upon, for these herbs were given unbeknown to the sufferer, and therefore affected him through their poisonous influences. Except the few plants which the native Californian has discovered for himself, the knowledge of the medicinal and edible plants of Southern California has been handed down to him through his Indian ancestors, who subsisted on the roots and seeds of this country, gathering some in the mountains and others in the valleys below, but always busy in the different seasons of their growth and ripening.

After the founding of the missions the Indians had their corn, beans and different edibles for consumption which were introduced by the "padres," and under their subjection ceased to gather seeds and herbs, but now and then there would be an old woman who still clung to tradition and believed that there was nothing better than the old way of living, and consequently lived and suffered under the "sobriquet" of "Chisera," or witch, who was only visited in secret by the jealous husband, or sought for love potions by the Indian maiden in the "dark of the moon."

These old women crept about with packs upon their backs filled with dried fruit, seeds and countless small and mysterious packages, which were the awe of the uninitiated. They lived in small jacales or huts made of "tules" on the outskirts of the mission and died of old age, true to their convictions.

There are also plants deleterious to animals, one in particular—"Ramaloco"—which when eaten by horses causes them to become dangerously mad, and while under its influence to endanger the lives of human beings as well as other animals. There is also "Bledo Cimaron," which when dry seems to have an affinity for others, thus forming into immense rolling mounds and skipping before the winds, terrorized and stampeded the countless herds of cattle and horses that roamed the plains. There is a weed which is deadly poison to sheep. In a little wayside plant not unlike a tiny apple in looks and odor, called "Mansanilla," we have a strong purgative, used to reduce the temperature in fever. If you walk or ride with an old native woman she will pick flowers and plants by the wayside and expound their virtues to you until you are convinced that you are walking over untold treasures. Indeed, every creeping plant in California has a meaning and a history.



## ANDREW A. BOYLE

BY H. D. BARROWS.

In learning the life-story of many of the early English-speaking settlers of Los Angeles, as recounted to me by themselves, I have been struck with the infinite variety of adventures and dangers which they went through.

Many of the older members of this society, or those who lived here in the sixties or fifties, or before (of these latter, however, very few remain), well remember Andrew A. Boyle, that early Pioneer, after whom "Boyle Heights" was named. But not all of you, I presume, are aware of the fact that Mr. Boyle was one of the three or four men of Col. Fanning's unfortunate band of more than 400 Texas soldiers who escaped slaughter in the terrible tragedy at Goliad, Texas, in 1836.

Mr. Boyle was born in Ireland, county of Mayo, in 1818, eighty-two years ago. At the age of 14 years he came to New York. Two years later, he with his brothers and sisters went to Texas with a colony, which settled at San Patricio, on the Nueces river.

On the breaking out of the revolution, Texas then being a province of Mexico, Mr. Boyle enlisted January 7, 1836, in Westover's artillery of the Texan army, and his command was ordered to Goliad, where it was incorporated with the forces of Col. Fanning, and after sundry engagements with greatly superior numbers, the Texans were compelled to surrender. Mr. Boyle, who had been wounded, expected to be shot, as nearly all his comrades were, to the number of almost 400 men, notwithstanding the fact that by the terms of their capitulation they were guaranteed their lives. Mr. Boyle, who understood Spanish, learned that this was to be their fate, but before their execution an officer asked in English if there was any one among their number named Boyle, to which he answered at once that that was his name. He was immediately taken to the officers' hospital to have his wound attended to, where he was kindly treated by the officers.

A Mr. Brooks, aid to Col. Fanning, who was there at the time with his thigh badly shattered, knew nothing of what had

happened, or what was to be their fate, and upon being informed, he remarked, "I suppose it will be our turn next." In less than five minutes, four Mexican soldiers carried him out, cot and all, placed him in the street, not fifteen feet from the door, where Mr. Boyle could not help seeing him, and there shot him. His body was instantly rifled of a gold watch, stripped and thrown into a pit at the side of the street.

A few hours after the murder of Mr. Brooks, the officer who had previously inquired for Mr. Boyle, came into the hospital, and, addressing him in English, said: "Make your mind easy, sir; your life is spared."

Mr. Boyle responded, "May I inquire the name of the person to whom I am indebted for my life?"

"Certainly; my name is General Francisco Garay, second in command of General Urrea's division."

It seems that when Gen. Garay's forces had occupied San Patricio that officer had been quartered at the house of the Boyle family, and had been hospitably entertained. Mr. Boyle's brother and sister had refused all remuneration from him, only asking that if their younger brother, then in the Texan army, should ever fall into his hands he would treat him kindly. Afterward, by order of Gen. Garay, Mr. Boyle obtained a passport, and went to San Patricio, where he remained.

After the battle of San Jacinto and the capture of Gen. Santa Ana and the retreat of the Mexican forces, Gen. Garay, in passing through San Patricio, called to see Mr. Boyle, who, at the General's request, accompanied the latter to Matamoras. The General also invited Mr. Boyle to accompany him to the city of Mexico, but this invitation he was compelled to decline; and so he set out on foot for Brazos, Santiago, where he took passage on a brig for New Orleans. Being out of money and in rags on arriving at New Orleans, he engaged at \$2.50 a day in painting St. Mary's market. Working long enough to buy some clothes, he availed himself of the Texan Consul's offer of a free passage to the mouth of the Brazos river, where Gen. Burnett, the first President of the Republic of Texas, gave him a letter to Gen. Rusk, at that time in command of the army on the river Guadalupe.

Mr. Boyle walked to Gen. Rusk's camp, a distance of 150 miles. Gen. Rusk gave Mr. Boyle his discharge on account of impaired health. After recovering from a severe sickness, he went to Columbia, the seat of government of Texas, where he obtained a passport for New Orleans.

After his return to the latter city and the re-establishment of his health, he engaged in merchandizing on the Red river till about the year 1842.

In 1846 Mr. Boyle was married to Miss Elizabeth A. Christie at New Orleans. Miss Christie was a native of British Guiana; from whence, in 1838, her father brought his family to New Orleans. One daughter was born to this marriage, who is now the wife of Ex-Mayor William H. Workman. Mrs. Boyle died in New Orleans, October 20, 1849. This daughter (Mrs. Workman) was cared for and brought up by her great aunt, Charlotte Christie, who, at the age of over 80 years, died recently in this city, at the home of her foster-daughter.

Returning from the Red river, Mr. Boyle went to Mexico, where he engaged successfully in business till 1849, when he set out for the United States with about \$20,000 in Mexican silver dollars, which he had packed in a claret box. At the mouth of the Rio Grande, in passing a sidewheel steamer in a small skiff, his frail boat was upset, and his treasure sank to the bottom, and was a total loss, and he himself came near losing his life.

Mr. Boyle finally returned to his home in New Orleans, to find that his wife, who was in delicate health, had died two weeks before, from nervous shock and brain fever, caused by hearing that he had been lost at the mouth of the Rio Grande. From that time on, all his interest centered in his infant daughter, then a year and a half old.

The next year the family started for California via the isthmus, arriving in San Francisco in the early part of 1851. Here Mr. Boyle engaged in the boot and shoe business, but he was burned out by both of the fires that occurred that year.

In company with a Mr. Hobart, he then went into the wholesale boot and shoe business, and they built up a very large trade, which extended to Los Angeles and other coast towns. Among their customers in those years (1851-58) were Mr. Kremer, the late Mr. Polaski and others.

Mr. Boyle made the acquaintance of Don Mateo Keller in Texas and at Vera Cruz, Mexico, whither both went on trading expeditions in the early 40's. It was through the influence of Mr. Keller that Mr. Boyle was induced to sell out his interests in San Francisco and come to Los Angeles, which he did in 1858. Here he bought a vineyard (planted in 1835 by José Rubio) on the east side of the river, under the bluffs. Here he made his home, and in 1862 or '63 he commenced making



wine, and dug a cellar in which to store it, just under the edge of the bluff. Prior to 1862 he shipped his grapes to San Francisco, as did many other vineyardists here at that period, grapes then bringing high prices in that market. In the '50's and earlier, and before vineyards had been generally planted in the upper country, and during the flush mining era, grapes and other fruit commanded, at times, fabulous prices. Those who had bearing vineyards in Los Angeles at that period had a better thing than a gold mine or than oil wells.

Mr. Boyle was a valuable member of the City Council several years during the '60's. Mr. Boyle and Mr. George Dalton were the only members who, on the final vote, cast their ballots against the thirty years lease of the city's domestic water system to a private company. Mr. Boyle made a strong minority committee report against said lease, which we can now see, as we look back, was a prophetic document. If the city had followed Mr. Boyle's advice it would have saved millions of dollars and no end of vexatious and costly litigation.

Mr. Boyle was of a very genial, social nature, and all who visited his hospitable home were cordially received and entertained. I have only pleasant memories of my visits to the Boyle mansion during the lifetime of its former owner—as so many others in later years have of their visits to the present hospitable owners.

Down to the time of the death of Mr. Boyle, there were but few houses on the east side of the river, either in that beautiful suburb now known as "Boyle Heights" or in "East Los Angeles." Mr. Clemente lived on the flat near the river; the old John Behn place was south of Mr. Boyle, and the Bors mill and the Julian Chaves and Elijah Moulton places were further up the river, on the east side.

Perhaps I should add that General Garay, the savior of Mr. Boyle's life at Goliad, had been educated in the United States and that he spoke English perfectly, and that he keenly regretted the barbarous butchery of the disarmed Texans at Goliad, which, as he afterward told Mr. Boyle, would ever be looked upon as a blot and a disgrace on the Mexican name.

## EL CANON PERDIDO

BY J. M. GUINN.

The stranger strolling through the city of Santa Barbara will be forcibly impressed by the Spanish nomenclature of its streets. The famous men of the Spanish and Mexican eras of California's history have been remembered in the naming of the highways and byways of the channel city. Sola, Victoria, Figueroa, Ortega, Carrillo, de La Guerra and many others have their streets. Nor alone have the famous men, but also famous and infamous deeds, too, have been immortalized in choice Castilian on the guide boards. Sandwiched in among the calles named for bygone heroes the stroller will find one street name that, if he is not up in his Spanish, will impress him with the unpleasant sensation as he reads its name,—Cañon Perdido,—that he has entered upon the broad road that leads down to perdition cañon; and he will be on the qui vive for some tradition of the days of the padres or the story of uncanny orgies held in some lonely cañon by the Indian worshipper of Chupu, the channel god. If he should ask some Barbareño what the street's name means, he will be informed that its name in English is "Lost Cannon street"—for cañon is California Spanish for a gun or a gulch, and perdido may mean in Castilian simply "lost" or intensified—doomed to eternal perdition. Of the deed, the legend or the tradition that gave the calle its queer appellation, unless your informant is an old-timer, you will learn but little and that little perhaps may be incorrect.

The episode that the street name commemorates occurred away back in the closing years of the first half of the nineteenth century. In the winter of 1847-48, the American brig Elizabeth was wrecked on the Santa Barbara coast. Among the flotsam of the wreck was a brass cannon of uncertain caliber—it might have been a six, a nine or a twelve-pounder. The capacity of its bore is unknown. Nor is it pertinent to my story for the gun unloaded made more commotion in Santa Barbara than it ever did when it belched forth shot and shell in battle.

The gun, after its rescue from a watery grave, lay for some time on the beach devoid of a carriage and useless apparently for offense or defense.

One dark night in the ides of March a little squad of native Californians, possessed of a caretta and armed with riatas, stole down to the beach and loaded the gun on the cart, and dragging it to the estero, hid it in the sands. What their purpose was in stealing the gun no one knows. Perhaps they did not know themselves. It might come handy in a revolution. Or maybe they only intended to play a joke on the gringos. Whatever their object, the outcome of their prank must have astonished them. The flag of our country had been bobbing around in California for a year or more, but the constitution had not yet arrived. The laws of the land were military regulations, Mexican bandos and the Recopilacion de Indias. This conglomerate jurisprudence was administered by American martinets, Mexican alcaides and native California ayuntamientos.

There was a company of Stevenson's regiment of New York volunteers stationed at Santa Barbara under the command of a Captain Lippitt. Lippitt was a fussy, meddling martinet. He belonged to that class of men who always lose their heads in an emergency and make trouble for themselves and others. In the theft of the cannon he thought he had discovered a California revolution in its incipient stages and determined to crush it in its infancy. He sent post haste, at a cost of \$400 to the government, couriers bearing dispatches to Governor Mason at Monterey, informing him of the prospective uprising of the natives and the possible destruction of the troops at Santa Barbara by the terrible gun that the enemy had stolen.

It was Lippitt's duty to have reported the theft to Col. Stevenson at Los Angeles, to whose regiment he belonged. But he hoped by reporting direct to the military governor of the territory to obtain greater credit for his display of military genius and promptitude in suppressing insurrections.

Col. Mason, relying on Captain Lippitt's report, and determining to give the natives a lesson that would teach them not to meddle with guns or revolutions, issued the following order:

Order No. 36.

Headquarters of the 10th Military Department,

Monterey, California, May 31, 1848.

A gun belonging to the wreck of the Elisabeth has been stolen from the beach at Santa Barbara, and ample time having been allowed for its citizens to discover and produce said gun, it is ordered that the town be laid under a contribution of \$500, assessed in the following manner:



*First*, a capitation tax of \$2.00 on all males over 20 years of age; the balance to be paid by the heads of families and property holders in the proportion of the value of their respective real and personal estate in the town of Santa Barbara and vicinity.

*Second*, Col. J. D. Stevenson, commander of the Southern Military District, will direct the appraisement of property and the assessment of the contribution, and will repair to Santa Barbara on or before the 25th of June next, when, if the missing gun is not produced, he will cause said contribution to be paid before July 1st. When the whole is collected he will turn it over to the acting Assistant Quartermaster of the post to be held for further orders.

*Third*, Should any person fail to pay his capitation, enough of his property will be seized and sold at public auction to realize the amount of the contribution due by him and the cost of sale.

By order of Colonel R. B. Mason.

WM. T. SHERMAN,

First. Lieut. 3rd Art. & A. A. Adj.-General.

The order was translated into Spanish and promulgated in Santa Barbara.

Then there was indignation in the old pueblo, and curses, not loud, but deep and withering in their bitterness, against the perfidious gringos. To be taxed for a cannon used in their own subjugation was bad enough, but to be charged with stealing it was an insult too grievous to be borne, and the loudest in their wail were the old-time American born residents of the town. Had not their New England ancestors gone to war with the mother country because of "taxation without representation?" and put British tea to steep in Boston harbor without the consent of its owners? And here on the western side of the continent they were confronted with that odious principle. Why should they be taxed? They had not a single representative among the cannon thieves.

Col. Stevenson ordered Lippitt to make out a roll of those subject to assessment. This order was issued June 15, and the Colonel left Los Angeles for Santa Barbara, arriving there June 23d. Immediately on his arrival he held an interview with Don Pablo de La Guerra, one of the most distinguished citizens of Santa Barbara, and a man highly respected by both the natives and the Americans.

Colonel Stevenson expressed his regret at the ridiculous course of Captain Lippitt. Don Pablo was very indignant at

the treatment of the citizens and expressed his fear that the enforcement of the assessment might result in an outbreak. After talking the matter over with Col. Stevenson, he became somewhat mollified, and asked the Colonel to make Santa Barbara his headquarters. He inquired about the brass band at Colonel Stevenson's headquarters and suggested that the Californians were very fond of music. Stevenson took the hint and sent for his band. The band arrived at Carpinteria on the afternoon of the 3d of July. The 4th had been fixed upon as the day for the payment of the fines, doubtless with the idea of giving the Californians a lesson in American patriotism and fair dealing. Colonel Stevenson met the leader of the band and arranged with him to serenade Don Pablo and his family with all the Spanish airs in the band's repertoire. The musicians stole quietly into town after night, reached the de La Guerra house and broke the stillness of the night with their best Spanish airs. The effect was magical. The family, who were at supper, rushed out as if a temblor had broken loose. Don Pablo was so delighted that he shed tears and hugged Colonel Stevenson in the most approved California style. The band serenaded all the dons of note in the old pueblo and tooted until long after midnight. Then started in next morning and kept it up until 10 o'clock, the hour set for each man to contribute his dos pesos to the common fund. By that time every hombre on the list was so filled with patriotism, wine and music that the greater portion of the fine was handed over without protest.

Don Pablo insisted that Colonel Stevenson should deliver a Fourth of July oration, all the same as they do in the United States of the North. So Stevenson orated and Stephen C. Foster translated it into Spanish. The day closed with a grand ball. The beauty and chivalry of Santa Barbara danced to the music of a gringo brass band and the brass cannon was forgotten for a time. But the memory of the city's ransom rankled and although an American band played Spanish airs, American injustice was still remembered. When the city's survey was made in 1850 the nomenclature of three streets kept the cañon episode green in the memory of the Barbareños,—Cañon Perdido (Lost Cannon street), Quinientos (Five Hundred street), and Mason street. It is needless to say that this last was not a favorite thoroughfare nor a very prominent one.

When the pueblo by legislative act blossomed into a ciudad, it became necessary to have a city seal. The municipal fathers pondered long over a design, and finally evolved this strange

device. In the center a cannon emblazoned, encircled with these word "Vale Qui-ni-entos Pesos"—"worth five hundred dollars." Or if you choose to give a Latin twist to the vale on the seal, it might mean, "Good-bye; five hundred dollars," which is the better interpretation, as the sequel to the story will show.

This seal was used from the incorporation of the city in 1850 to 1860, when another design was chosen.

After peace was declared, Colonel Mason sent the five hundred dollars to the Prefect of Santa Barbara, with instructions to use it in building a city jail. And although there was pressing need for a jail, no jail was built. The Prefect's needs were pressing, too. The City Council, after a lapse of four or five years, demanded that he should turn the money into the city treasury, but he replied that the money had been entrusted to him for a specific purpose, and he would trust no city treasury with it. Then the City Council instructed the District Attorney to begin legal proceedings against the ex-Prefect to recover the money. As the Judge of Santa Barbara was a relative of the ex-Prefect, the suit was transferred to San Francisco. The papers in the case were unaccountably lost and the trustee of the fund died insolvent. No new suit was ever begun, so it was indeed, Vale (farewell), five hundred dollars.

Ten years passed and the episode of the lost cannon was but the dimly remembered story of the olden time. The old gun reposed peacefully in its grave of sand, and those who had buried it there had forgotten the place of its interment. They had not dared to reveal the place where it was hid at the time when Mason stood up the city and compelled it to deliver, lest the gringo comandante in his wrath should stand them up before an adobe wall and shoot them full of holes. When peace came and the constitution had arrived to keep company with the flag, the shifting of the sands had so changed the contour of the beach that they could not locate the hidden gun.

One stormy night in December, 1858, the estero cut a new channel to the ocean. In the morning as some Barbareños were surveying the changes caused by the flood they saw the muzzle of a large gun protruding from the cut in the bank. They unearthed it, cleaned off the sand and discovered that it was El Cañon Perdido—the lost cannon. They loaded it on a cart and hauled it up State street to de La Guerra, where they mounted it on an improvised gun carriage and held a jubilation over it. But the sight of it was a reminder to the Barbareños of an unpleasant incident, and as the finders, claiming to be keepers, de-



manded the gun, it was adjudged to belong to them. They sold it to a merchant for \$80. He shipped it to San Francisco and sold it at a handsome profit for old brass. And then it was Vale (farewell) Cañon Perdido!

The names of the five men who buried the gun were José Garcia, José Antonio de La Guerra, José Lugo, José Dolores Garcia and Pacifico Cota.

It was currently reported that the Prefect, believing that Santa Barbara deserved a handsomer and more commodious jail than \$500 would build, risked the whole amount of the military contribution on a card in a game of monte, hoping to double it and thus benefit the city, but luck was against him, and the dealer, with no patriotism in his soul, refusing to return it, raked the coin into his coffers; and the municipality had to worry along several years without a jail.

Such is the true story of how Calle del Cañon Perdido—the Street of the Lost Cannon—came by its queer name.

## SOME OLD LETTERS

The first letter published below was written by Dr. John Marsh, a native of Massachusetts, the first American physician to locate in Los Angeles. Dr. Marsh was a graduate of Harvard College and also of its medical school. He came to California in 1835 from Santa Fé, where he had lived several years. He petitioned the Ayuntamiento to be allowed to practice medicine. He was given permission. The proceedings of the Illustrious Ayuntamiento for February 25, 1836, read: "The Illustrious Body decided to give Juan Marchet (Marsh) permission to practice medicine, as he has submitted for inspection his diploma, which was found to be correct; and also for the reason that he would be very useful to the community."

He entered upon the practice of his profession, but as money was an almost unknown quantity in the old pueblo, he had to take his fees in horses, cattle and hides, a currency exceedingly inconvenient to carry around. So early in 1837 he abandoned the practice of medicine, quitted Los Angeles and went up north to find a cattle range. Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, at the time the letter was written contained two houses. He located on the Rancho Los Médanos, near Monte Diablo, where he lived until he was murdered by a Mexican in 1856. A letter written by him descriptive of California, and published in a Missouri paper in 1840, was instrumental in causing the organization in the spring of 1841 of the first immigrant train that crossed the plains to California.

J. M. GUINN.

YERBA BUENA, March 27, 1837.

Dear Sir:—I have been wandering about the country for several weeks and gradually becoming acquainted both with it and its inhabitants. This is the best part of the country, as you very well know, and is in fact the only part that is at all adapted to agriculturists from our country. Nothing more is wanted but just and equal laws and a government—yes, any government that can be permanent and combine the confidence and good will of those who think. I have good hope, but not unmixed with doubt and apprehension. News has just arrived that an army from Sonora is on its march for the conquest and plunder of California. Its force is variously stated from two to 600 men. This, of course, keeps everything in a foment.

I have had a choice of two districts of land offered to me, and in a few days I shall take one or the other. A brig of the H. B. Co. (Hudson Bay Co.) is here from the Columbia with Capt. Young (who has come to buy cattle) and other gentlemen of the company. I have been at the head waters of the Sacramento and met with near a hundred people from the Columbia; in fact, they and the people here regard each other as neighbors. Indeed, a kinder spirit exists here and less of prejudice and distrust to foreigners than in the purlieu of the City of Angels.

It is my intention to undergo the ceremony of baptism in a few days, and shall shortly need the certificate of my application for letters of naturalization. My application was made to the Most Illustrious Council of the City of Angeles, I think in the month of January last year (1836). I wish you would do me the favor to obtain a certificate in the requisite form and direct it to me at Monterey to the care of Mr. Spence. Mr. Spear is about to remove to this place. Capt. Steele's ship has been damaged and is undergoing repairs which will soon be completed. His barque is also here. I expect to be in the Angelic City some time in May.

Please give my respects to Messrs. Warner and William M. Prior and all "enquiring friends."

Very respectfully,

Your ob't. servant,

JOHN MARSH.

A. Stearns, Esq., Angeles.

LOS ANGELES, September 29, 1849.

*To His Excellency, B. Riley, Brig.-Gen., U. S. A., Governor of California, Monterey—*

Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your appointment of myself as Prefect of the District of Los Angeles, dated Sept. 1, 1849. While thankful for confidence reposed in me, I trust my poor services may prove acceptable to all concerned.

As Prefect of said District of Los Angeles I beg leave to state that this district is particularly exposed to the depredations of Indian horse thieves—and other evil disposed persons, and at present the inhabitants are badly armed and powder cannot be obtained at any price. Under these circumstances I would respectfully request that you place at my disposal for the defense of the lives and property of the citizens of said district, subject



to such conditions as you may deem proper, the following arms and ammunition, viz. :

One hundred flint lock muskets with corresponding accoutrements; ten thousand flint lock ball and buckshot cartridges; five hundred musket flints.

Respectfully your ob't, serv't.,

STEPHEN C. FOSTER,  
*Prefect, Los Angeles.*

## THE PALOMARES FAMILY OF CALIFORNIA

BY H. D. BARROWS.

The ancestor of all the Palomares of Alta California was Cristobal Palomares, a native of Spain, who came to Alamo, Mexico, with his father. From there Cristobal came as a soldier to Monterey in the early part of this century.

A daughter of this patriarch, the venerable Doña Josefa Palomares de Arenas, now 85 years of age, is still (March, 1900) a resident of this city. From her I have lately obtained interesting data relating to the family, which is numerous, under the same and other names, both here and in Santa Clara county; and also concerning her somewhat romantic life.

Cristobal Palomares was married in Monterey to Benedita Sainz. Afterwards he moved to Santa Barbara, and later to Los Angeles, where he resided till his death.

The following is a list of the children of Cristobal Palomares, and of the persons to whom they were married, as given me by Doña Josefa: (1) Barbara, married P. Alvarado; (2) Concepcion married Antonio Lopez; (3) Rosaria, married Bernardo Higuera; (4) Dolores, married Jose Ramirez; (5) Estefana, married Yg. Machado; (6) Josefa (still living), married first to José M. Abila, and second to Luis Arenas; (7) Pilar, died young; (8) Maria de Jesus, married F. Figueroa; (9) Ygnacio, married Concepcion Lopes; (10) Francisco, married Margarita Pacheco; (11) Luis; (12) Cristobal, born 1836.

Ygnacio, who lived many years on his rancho, San José, which included the site of the present town of Pomona, and who died there in '82, was one of Doña Josefa's brothers. He was also grantee of Azusa rancho.

Doña Josefa, who is a native of Los Angeles, was born in 1815. She was married when 15 years of age to José Maria Abila (who in 1825 was Alcalde of Los Angeles), the chivalrous young Californian whom Prof. Polley has not inaptly called a modern "Alcibiades," and who was killed in the encounter between the forces of San Diego and Los Angeles with Gov. Victoria at Cahuenga in 1831, when, at the same time, Captain Romualdo Pacheco (father of Gov. Romualdo Pacheco), was also

killed, both good and valuable citizens. The people of this part of the territory, feeling that they had abundant cause to resist the oppressive acts of Victoria, had risen in rebellion; and, as a result of the hostile meeting at Cahuenga, Gov. Victoria was driven out of the country.

Señora Palomares de Arenas retains a very vivid remembrance of the exciting events of that day, nearly 70 years ago, when she, then only 16 years of age, lost within a few hours, both her dashing, chivalrous husband, and her aged father; for her father was at the time very ill, and the shock he received from hearing, of the tragic end of his son-in-law, caused his own death the same day.

Shortly, or two or three months after their death, the bereaved young widow gave birth to a posthumous child.

Gov. Victoria was seriously wounded at Cahuenga and he retired to San Gabriel, where he voluntarily resigned his office and left the country, and his tyranical administration of the affairs of the territory came to an end; and thus, the revolution was successful, Pio Pico becoming Victoria's successor.

Four years after the death of Señora Abila's first husband, she married Luis Arenas.

The children of this second marriage are: Josefa, married to J. M. Miller; Amparo, married to L. Schiappa Pietra; Luisa, married to L. Stanchfield; Amelia, married to Charles Ross.

Although Mrs. Abila-Arenas from advanced age is quite infirm, as is natural, she is still a fine looking woman. She retains the clear use of her mental faculties; her reminiscences of the olden times of fifty, sixty and seventy years ago are exceedingly interesting.



## SISTER SCHOLASTICA

BY W. H. WORKMAN.

I am to speak you tonight of Sister Scholastica Logsdon, a pioneer of Los Angeles, who, at the age of 88, died, at the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum, on September 3rd of this year. Of her long life, Sister Scholastica had spent 47 years in the city of Los Angeles.

The life of Sister Scholastica was a retired one, but her days and nights were filled with a noble devotion to the cause of humanity. Her name did not appear in public periodicals, her deeds were unrecorded, she cared not for worldly fame, but the good work she did, so quietly and unostentatiously is living today in the lives of countless women of Southern California and radiating from their lives to the lives of their children and their children's children. It is just, and it is good, that some one who knew her, speak of her now that she is gone, for the lives of noble men and women have a mighty influence on the lives of all. In our age of selfishness it is good to dwell upon the life of one who labored always for others, who, without material recompense or even a desire for such reward, gave freely and lovingly of her best effort for the cause of the orphan and the helpless, and for the education of the young.

Sister Scholastica was born in Maryland in the March of 1814. In her girlhood she was associated with the family of our late honored Pioneer, Hon. J. De Barth Shorb. In August of 1839, she became a member of the great order of Sisters of Charity, who in every part of the civilized and uncivilized world, carry on the work of devotion to the helpless, so characteristic of their society. Well did Sister Scholastica exemplify in her life the ideals of her order. She labored first in Mississippi, was called thence to important offices of trust in the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Maryland, and was in 1855 named leader of a band of six Sisters who were appointed to carry their gentle ministrations to far distant and newly inhabited California.

It required a brave and faithful spirit to undertake this work, and Sister Scholastica, Sister Ann and their associates were well

chosen. Every Pioneer knows how far away California seemed in those days when no railway stretched connecting bands of steel across the great American continent; when one heard strange and vague reports of the primitive life of the far West; when "Prairie Schooners" led one through the terrors of Indian attack "across the plains," or a long voyage by steamer brought one a wearisome journey via the Isthmus of Panama. I repeat, it required a staunch heart to venture into this unknown world, and, above all, it required a courage inspired by the faith of Sister Scholastica, for women to undertake this journey that they might minister to those in need. All honor to the noble women Pioneers of California!

Sister Scholastica and her companions reached San Francisco on the steamer *Sea Bird* in January, 1856. By January 6th, they had arrived at San Pedro. General Banning's celebrated stage conveyed them to Los Angeles, the scene of their future life work. Don Ignacio Del Valle, father of our Senator Del Valle, with characteristic hospitality, gave the Sisters shelter until a home had been secured for them at the corner of Alameda and Macy streets. In this home the Sisters lived for many years. The property, on which was a small frame house, was bought from Hon. B. D. Wilson. The house, familiar to all of you, had been brought in sections from New York via Cape Horn. The sections were all marked to facilitate reconstruction, but alas! there was no one in Los Angeles who could be engaged by Mr. Wilson to join together that which had been put asunder, for in those days, adobes were more popular than frame buildings. A carpenter was brought from the East and the house at last completed. As I said, it was this house which afterward became the home of the Sisters. Soon the Sisters gathered about them the orphans who have always been their special care. In connection with their Asylum, they had a school for children and young ladies and in this school it was that so many of the prominent and worthy mothers and grandmothers of Southern California received their education.

The people of Los Angeles welcomed the Sisters, and, regardless of religious differences, gave them cordial assistance. Gentle Sister Scholastica and genial Sister Ann were everybody's friends and to this day are not forgotten, even by those who have not seen them for many years. To need their help was the only ticket of admission to their sympathy; color, race, or creed did not enter at all into the consideration.

They always delighted to tell of how generous the people were when they held their Fairs in the old Perry and Woodworth building or in the old Stearns' hall in the Arcadia block, and how they received most valuable aid from Jewish and Protestant, as well as from Catholic women. There were important considerations to decide the date of a Fair. It could not be held except on "Steamer day," as there was no ice save that which came from San Francisco, and it could not be held except at the right time of moon as no one cared to grope about the streets in Egyptian darkness. In spite of all, the generous women of Los Angeles aided the Sisters in their work, and the Sisters of Charity do not forget their friends.

In 1889, on the 50th anniversary of Sister Scholastica's life as a Sister of Charity, many of her friends gave her, as a substantial tribute of their esteem and love, the gift of a purse of \$3,000, which she at once devoted to the building fund for the erection of a new and more commodious home for the rapidly increasing number of orphans. On the 9th of February, 1890, was laid the corner stone of the magnificent Orphanage now overlooking the city. When the home was completed, the Sisters moved thither, and here it was, surrounded by a family of nearly four hundred orphans, that Sister Scholastica, whose life was all gentleness and peace even in the midst of trials, folded her willing hands in her last long sleep. She had labored long and with steadfast purpose, each day found her the same, faithful in all things, ever kind, ever courageous. When her body failed through age, she, whose life had been so pure and undeviating, knew no physical ailment. She was just tired, she said, and uncomplainingly bore the gradual ebbing of her strength. Of the band whose leader she was, but two survive her, Sister Ann, now at Emmitsburg, and Sisters Angelita, at present in El Paso, Texas.

Sister Scholastica's eulogy I cannot pronounce, for that can be justly given only where she now receives her "hundred fold."



# Pioneers of Los Angeles County

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WM. H. WORKMAN,  
J. FRANK BURNS,  
LOUIS ROEDER,  
MATHEW TEED,

J. M. GUINN,  
MRS. MARY FRANKLIN,  
J. W. GILLETTE.

### OFFICERS.

J. FRANK BURNS.....	President
MRS. MARY FRANKLIN.....	First Vice-President
J. W. GILLETTE.....	Second Vice-President
LOUIS ROEDER.....	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN.....	Secretary

### COMMITTEE ON MEMBERSHIP.

M. TEED,  
J. W. GILLETTE,

S. H. BUTTERFIELD,

### COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

W. H. WORKMAN,  
JAS. F. WARD,

J. A. BARROWS.

### COMMITTEE ON PROGRAMME.

LOUIS ROEDER,  
DR. K. D. WISE,  
H. W. STOLL,

MRS. J. G. NEWELL,  
MRS. VIRGINIA W. DAVIS,  
MRS. J. L. SLAUGHTER,

### COMMITTEE ON GOOD OF THE SOCIETY.

J. W. GILLETTE,  
C. N. WILSON,  
J. M. STEWART,

R. R. HAINES,  
S. B. SMITH,

### COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT.

MRS. K. D. WISE,  
S. H. BUTTERFIELD,  
E. K. GREEN,  
M. F. QUINN,

MRS. DORA BILDERBECK,  
W. H. WORKMAN,  
J. L. SLAUGHTER,

# **PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY**

## **CONSTITUTION**

### **ARTICLE I.**

This society shall be known as The Pioneers of Los Angeles County. Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse and friendship among its members and to collect and preserve the early history of Los Angeles county, and to perpetuate the memory of those who, by their honorable labors and heroism, helped to make that history.

### **ARTICLE II.**

All persons of good moral character, thirty-five years of age or over, who, at the date of their application, shall have resided at least twenty-five years in Los Angeles county, shall be eligible to membership; and also all persons of good moral character fifty years of age or over, who have resided in the State forty years and in the country ten years previous to their application, shall be eligible to become members. Persons born in this State are not eligible to membership, but those admitted before the adoption of this amendment shall retain their membership. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

### **ARTICLE III.**

The officers of this society shall consist of a board of seven directors, to be elected annually at the annual meeting, by the members of the society. Said directors when elected shall choose a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. The secretary and treasurer may be elected from the members outside the Board of Directors.

### **ARTICLE IV.**

The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of September. The anniversary of the founding of the society shall be the fourth day of September, that being the anniversary of the first civic settlement in the southern portion

of Alta California, to wit: the founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, September 4, 1781.

#### ARTICLE V.

Members guilty of misconduct may, upon conviction after proper investigation has been held, be expelled, suspended, fined or reprimanded by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any stated meeting; provided, notice shall have been given to the society at least one month prior to such intended action. Any officer of this society may be removed by the Board of Directors for cause; provided, that such removal shall not become permanent or final until approved by a majority of members of the society present at a stated meeting and voting.

#### ARTICLE VI.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at least one month prior to the annual meeting. At said annual meeting said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. And if two-thirds of all the members present and voting shall vote in favor of adopting said amendments, then they shall be declared adopted. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

#### BY-LAWS

##### MEMBERSHIP.

[Adopted September 4, 1897; amended June 4, 1901.]

Section 1. Applicants for membership in this society shall be recommended by at least two members in good standing. The applicant shall give his or her full name, age, birth-place, present residence, occupation, date of his or her arrival in the State and in Los Angeles county. The application must be accompanied by the admission fee of one dollar, which shall also be payment in full for dues until the next annual meeting.

Section 2. Applications for admission to membership in the society shall be referred to the committee on membership, for investigation, and reported on at the next regular meeting of the society. If the report is favorable, a ballot shall be taken for the election of the candidate. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.



Section 3. Each person, on admission to membership, shall sign the Constitution and By-Laws.

Section 4. Any person eligible to membership may be elected a life member of this society on the payment to the treasurer of \$25. Life members shall enjoy all the privileges of active members, but shall not be required to pay annual dues.

Section 5. A member may withdraw from the society by giving notice to the society of his desire to do so, and paying all dues charged against him up to the date of his withdrawal.

#### DUES.

Section 6. The annual dues of each member (except life members) shall be one dollar, payable in advance, at the annual meeting in September.

Section 7. Any member delinquent one year in dues shall be notified by the secretary of said delinquency, and unless said dues are paid within one month after said notice is given, then said member shall stand suspended from the society. A member may be reinstated on payment of all dues owing at the date of his suspension.

#### DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 8. The president shall preside, preserve order and decorum during the meetings and see that the Constitution and By-Laws and rules of the society are properly enforced; appoint all committees not otherwise provided for; fill all vacancies temporarily for the meeting. The president shall have power to suspend any officer or member for cause, subject to the action of the society at the next meeting.

Section 9. In the absence of the president, one of the vice-presidents shall preside, with the same power as the president, and if no president or vice-president be present, the society shall elect any member to preside temporarily.

Section 10. The secretary shall keep a true record of all the members of the society; and upon the death of a member (when he shall have notice of such death) shall have published in two daily papers of Los Angeles the time and place of the funeral; and, in conjunction with the president and other officers and members of the society, shall make such arrangements with the approval of the relatives of the deceased as may be necessary for the funeral of the deceased member. The secretary shall collect all dues, giving his receipt therefor; and he

shall turn over to the treasurer all moneys collected, taking his receipt for the same.

He shall make a full report at the annual meeting, setting forth the condition of the society, its membership, receipts, disbursements, etc.

He shall receive for his services such compensation as the Board of Directors may allow.

Section 11. The treasurer shall receive from the secretary all moneys paid to the society and give his receipt for the same, and shall pay out the money only upon the order of the society upon a warrant signed by the secretary and president, and at the end of his term shall pay over to his successor all moneys remaining in his hands, and render a true and itemized account to the society of all moneys received and paid out during his term of office.

Section 12. It shall be the duty of the finance committee to examine the books of the secretary and treasurer and any other accounts of the society that may be referred to them, and report the same to the society.

#### COMMITTEES.

Section 13. The president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer shall constitute a relief committee, whose duty it shall be to see that sick or destitute members are properly cared for. In case of emergency, the committee shall be empowered to expend for immediate relief an amount from the funds of the society not to exceed \$20, without a vote of the society. Such expenditure, with a statement of the case and the necessity for the expenditure shall be made to the society at its next regular meeting.

Section 14. At the first meeting after the annual meeting each year, the president shall appoint the following standing committees: Three on membership; three on finance; five on program; five on music; five on general good of the society, and seven on entertainment.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Section 15. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, it shall be filled by election for the unexpired term.

Section 16. The stated meetings of this society shall be

held on the first Tuesday of each month, and the annual meeting shall be held the first Tuesday of September. Special meetings may be called by the president or by a majority of the Board of Directors, but no business shall be transacted at such special meetings except that specified in the call.

Section 17. These By-Laws and Rules may be temporarily suspended at any regular meeting of the society by unanimous vote of the members present.

Section 18. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of this society is unable, for the time being, to pay the annual dues as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have power to remit the same.

Section 19. Changes and amendments of these By-Laws and Rules may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at a stated meeting. Said amendment shall be read at two stated meetings before it is submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendment shall receive two-thirds of the votes of all the members present and voting, then it shall be declared adopted.

## ORDER OF BUSINESS.

### CALL TO ORDER.

Reading minutes of previous meeting.

Music.

Reports of committee on membership.

Election of new members.

Reading of applications for membership.

Music.

Reminiscences, lectures, addresses, etc.

Music or recitations.

Recess of 10 minutes for payment of dues.

Unfinished business.

New business.

Reports of committees.

Election of officers at the annual meeting or to fill vacancies.

Music.

Is any member in need of assistance?

Good of the society.

Receipts of the evening.

Adjournment.



## REMINISCENCES: MY FIRST PROCESSION IN LOS ANGELES, MARCH 16, 1847

BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

(Read before Historical Society, 1887. Read before Pioneer Society, 1902.)

The writer has witnessed forty celebrations of the 4th of July in this city, commencing with 1847, when he read the Declaration of Independence on Fort Hill, in Spanish, for the information of our newly-made fellow-citizens, who spoke only the Castilian tongue. As I marched in the procession the other day (July 4, 1887), I recalled the appearance of the city when I first knew it, so widely different from the present.

The outbreak of the Mexican War (May, 1846) found the writer at Oposura, Sonora, which place he reached December, 1845 on his way to California, by the way of Santa Fe and El Paso, from Missouri. The first news we had of the war was of the capture of Capt. Thornton's command of U. S. Dragoons by the Mexican cavalry, on the Rio Grande, and the people rang the bells for joy. But shortly after, we got the news of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and they did not ring the bells then.

In June, 1846, arrived at Oposura, a small party of Americans headed by James Kennedy, a machinist from Lowell, Mass., who with his wife had come around Cape Horn, three years before, to the cotton manufactory at Horcasitas, Sonora: the husband to superintend the machinery, and the wife to teach the Mexican girls the management of the looms and spindles. As there was no chance to leave by sea, Kennedy had made up a party to see him safe through the Apache range to Santa Fe, where he expected to secure passage in the traders' wagons across the plains to Missouri, and I accompanied him; and after a hard, hot trip, we reached Santa Fe safely in July.

August 18, 1846, I witnessed the entry of the American army, under General Kearney, into Santa Fe.

In 1845, the Mormons were driven out of Nauvoo, Ill., and, under the leadership of Brigham Young, took up their march

westwardly. Their first intention was to reach California, then occupied by a sparse Mexican population and a few hundred American emigrants. They stopped one season at Council Bluffs, to raise a crop and procure means for further progress. When the call was made for volunteers in Missouri, for service in New Mexico and California, none were willing to enlist as infantry, to make such long marches afoot, and Capt. James Allen, of the First U. S. Dragoons, was sent to Council Bluffs to try and raise a battalion of infantry, enlisted for twelve months, to be discharged in California. The order was given by Brigham, and within forty-eight hours five full companies (500 men) were raised and on their march to Fort Leavenworth. The conditions were, that they were to choose their company officers, but were to be commanded by an officer of the regular army, and were to receive army clothing at Fort Leavenworth. The Missouri troops furnished their own clothing, for which the Government paid each man \$29.50 a year.

So they started on their long march with their poorest clothing. When they reached the Fort they learned that the steamboat bringing their clothing and percussion muskets had been snagged in the Missouri, and everything was lost. Their commander, Capt. Allen, was taken sick and died. He had their confidence, and they objected to serving under another commander, and to start for California without the promised clothing; but the order was imperative to march, and the clothing could not be replaced in less than a month. So they sent to Brigham for advice, and he ordered them to push on, even if they had to reach California barefooted and in their shirt-tails. So, flint-lock muskets, of the pattern of 1820, were furnished them, and they reached Santa Fe under the command of Lieut. A. J. Smith, of the First Dragoons—the Maj. Gen. A. J. Smith of the Civil War. On their arrival at Santa Fe, Gen. Kearney ordered Capt. Cooke, of the 1st Dragoons, to command them, and Lieut. Smith went with them to California, to rejoin his company which had started a month before with Gen. Kearney. Lieut. (now Gov.) Stoneman, who had just graduated at West Point, also went with them.

Gen. Kearney had started with six companies of dragoons, but on the Rio Grande he met Kit Carson with dispatches for Washington, from Com. Stockton, announcing that California had been taken possession of, without resistance. So Kearney only took two companies, mounted on mules, with pack mules to convey their provisions, by way of the Gila River.

At Santa Fe mules were scarce, and money scarcer with the quartermaster, who also had to provide transportation for the 1st Missouri Cavalry, under Col. Doniphan, then starting on their famous march through Northern Mexico to Camargo, where their period of enlistment expired. But seventeen 6-mule teams, hauling sixty days' rations, could be spared for Cooke's command, and no wagon had ever crossed from the Rio Grande to California; so, a road had to be found and made as they went, after leaving the Rio Grande.

Kit Carson had accompanied Kearney as guide, and Pauline Weaver, the pioneer of Arizona, who had come with Carson from California, awaited Cooke. Five new Mexican guides were hired, all under command of Joaquin Leroux, an old trapper, who had trapped on every stream from the Yellowstone to the Gila.

I was then clerking in a store, waiting for something to turn up, when I was informed that an interpreter was wanted to accompany Cooke to California, and I went to Capt. McCusick, the quartermaster, with my recommendations. Enoch Barnes, who was killed in a drunken brawl at the Ballona, in this county, some twenty years ago, who drove a wagon across the plains in 1845, in the same caravan as myself, was also an applicant. McCusick was a prompt, stern man, and the competitive examination of the Yale graduate and the Missouri mule-whacker was short, and turned on transportation and money. I had a good mule, rifle and blanket, and as to money, I could wait until Uncle Sam was able to pay me, as long as my wages were running on and I got my rations. Barnes was just off a spree, in which he had drank and gambled off all his money, and pawned his rifle, and it would have cost \$100 to fit him out. So I won the appointment, and the contract was quickly drawn, that for \$75 a month and rations I was to serve as interpreter to California, furnish my own animal, clothing and arms. The contract was made October, 1846, and I served under it until May 17th, 1849, when the people of Los Angeles selected their Ayuntamiento, and the garrison evacuated the place, and the last seventeen months of my term I also acted as 1st Alcalde of the district of Los Angeles, without any extra compensation. On leaving the Rio Grande, I volunteered to join the guides, as there was nothing for me to do in camp, and we did not expect to pass through any Mexican settlements until we reached the Pima villages, on the Gila. Leroux's party, ten in number, started ahead, with six days' rations, on our riding animals, to



find a practicable route for wagons, and wood, and water, at such intervals as infantry could march—fifteen to twenty miles a day, in one case forty miles, between camps; one man to be sent back from each watering place to guide the command until our rations were expended, and then all to return to the command. We thus found our way by the Guadalupe Canyon and San Pedro River to Tucson, from which place there was a trail to the Pima villages, and from there to California. Weaver had just come over the road, and there was no difficulty in finding our way. We ate our last flour, bacon, sugar and coffee by January 14th, 1847, on the desert, between the Colorado and Warner's Pass. A supply of beef cattle met us at Carrizo Creek, on the west side of the desert, and we lived on beef alone until April, 1847, when supplies, brought from New York on the ships that brought Col. Stevenson's regiment, reached us at Los Angeles. At Gila Bend, we met two Mexicans, who told us of the outbreak that took place in Los Angeles, September, 1846; and at Indian Wells, on the desert, we met Leroux, who, with most of the guides, had been sent ahead from Gila Bend, to get assistance from the San Luis Indians, who had declared for the Americans, and held all the *ranchos* on the frontier; and he brought the news that Stockton and Kearney had marched from San Diego to retake Los Angeles. We pushed on by forced marches toward Los Angeles, and at Temecula received a letter, stating that Los Angeles was taken, that Kearney and Stockton had quarrelled about who was to command, and that Kearney had returned with his dragoons to San Diego, to which place we were ordered to proceed. Arriving there, together with the dragoons, we were ordered to San Luis Rey, where, from the Rancho of Santa Margarita, we procured beef, soap and candles, the only articles of rations the country could furnish. In a few days, fifty of the men were attacked with dysentery, and the surgeon said breadstuff of any kind would be of more use to check the disease than all his medicine. So the commissary and myself were ordered to Los Angeles, to try and get some flour. We found the town garrisoned by Fremont's Battalion, about 400 strong. They, too, had nothing but beef served out to them, but as the people had corn and beans for their own use, and by happening around at the houses about meal-time, they could occasionally get a square meal of tortillas y frijoles. Here we met Louis Roubideau, of the Jurupa Ranch, who said he could spare us some 2,000 or 3,000 pounds of wheat, which we could grind at a little mill he had

on the Santa Ana River. So, on our return, two wagons were sent to Jurupa, and they brought 1,700 pounds of unbolted wheat flour and two sacks of beans, a small supply for 400 men. I then messed with one of the captains, and we all agreed that it was the sweetest bread we ever tasted.

March 12th, 1847, we received important news in six weeks from Washington, overland. Stockton and Kearney had been relieved, and ordered East, and Com. Shubrick and Col. R. B. Mason were to take their places, and the military to command on land, and what was of far more interest to us, that Stevenson's ships were daily expected at San Francisco, and that we should soon have bread, sugar and coffee again, and we were ordered to Los Angeles to relieve Fremont's Battalion. So, with beautiful weather, and in the best of spirits, we began our march to the city of the Angels. Our last day's march was only ten miles, and we camped on the San Gabriel, at the Pico crossing, early, and all hands were soon busy preparing for the grand entree on the morrow. Those who had a shirt—and they were a minority—could be seen washing them, some bathing, some mending their ragged clothes, and as there was plenty of sand, all scouring their muskets till they shone again. We made an early start the next morning, and when we forded the Los Angeles River, at Old Aliso, now Macey street, there was not a single straggler behind. The order of march was, the dragoons in front. They had left Missouri before receiving their annual supply of clothing, and they presented a most dilapidated appearance, but their tattered caps and jackets gave them a somewhat soldierly appearance. They had burned their saddles and bridles after the fight at San Pascual, but a full supply of horses to remount them had been purchased of the late Don Juan Forster, and all the Mexican saddlers and blacksmiths in the country had been kept busy making saddles, bridles and spurs for them. Their officers were Capt. A. J. Smith, 1st Lieut. J. B. Davidson, 2nd Lieut. George Stoneman; then came four companies of the Iowa Infantry, Company B having been left to garrison San Diego. In all we numbered 300 muskets and 80 sabres. The line of march was by Aliso and Arcadia streets, to Main, and down Main to the Government House, where the St. Charles now stands, where the dragoons dismounted and took up their quarters. The infantry turned out of Main street past the house of John Temple, now Downey Block, and pitched their tents in the rear, where they remained until they were mustered out, June, 1847.

I have described the appearance of the dragoons, but cannot do justice to the infantry, only by saying it was Falstaff's ragged company multiplied by ten. The officers had managed to have each a decent suit of clothes, but they brought out in stronger contrast the rags of the rank and file. On Los Angeles street were some 300 or 400 Indians, the laborers in the vineyards, who had taken a holiday to witness our entry, while a group of about 100 women, with their heads covered by their rebosos, who had met at the funeral of the mother of the late Don Tomas Sanchez, ex-Sheriff of the county, stood looking at the ragged gringos as they marched by. On Main street were some thirty or forty Californians, well dressed in their short jackets and breeches with silver buttons, open at the sides showing the snow-white linen beneath. I noticed they looked with most interest at the dragoons, so many of whose comrades had fallen before their lances at San Pascual that cold December morning, and lay buried in that long grave, or lay groaning in the hospital at San Diego. We had no waving flags, but waving rags, and many a one; nor brass bands, only a solitary snare drum and fife, played by a tall Vermont fifer, and a stout, rosy-cheeked English drummer; and they struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" as we passed the Government House, and kept it up until orders were given to break ranks and stack arms. And then came a loud hurrah from all that ragged soldiery. Their long and weary march over mountains, plain and desert, of 2,200 miles, was over.

I will now describe two individuals who marched in that procession. One is the writer. 'Tis nearly forty years ago, and I was a younger and a better-looking man than I am now. I had left Santa Fe with only the clothes on my back, and a single change of under-clothing. I had been paid off at San Luis Rey, and had \$200 in my pocket, and I tried to find some clothing in Los Angeles on my first visit, but could find none. So, I rode to San Diego, and through the kindness of a friendly man-of-war's man I got a sailor's blue blouse, a pair of marine's pants and brogans, for which I paid \$20. My place in the column, as interpreter, was with the colonel, at the head, and I rode with my rifle slung across the saddle, powder-horn and bullet-pouch slung about my shoulders. My beard rivaled in length that of the old colonel by whose side I rode, but mine was as black as the raven's wing, and his was as grey as mine is now. But if I was not the best-looking, nor the best-dressed man, I was the best-mounted man on Main street that day.



When the horses were delivered for the dragoons, a young man named Ortega, a nephew of Don Pio Pico, rode an iron grey horse, with flowing mane and tail, and splendid action. I tried to buy him for the colonel, but he would not sell him. The day we left San Luis, I had mounted my mule, and was chatting with Ortega, admiring his horse, when he offered to sell him, and I could fix the price. I gave him \$25. The dragoon horses cost \$20 each. A few days after my arrival in this city, Lieut. Stoneman was ordered to scout with a party of dragoons towards San Bernardino, to look out for Indian horse thieves, and I sold the horse to him; and well the Governor remembers the gallant grey that bore him on many a long and weary scout.

I have thus described my appearance at my first public entry into this city, from no spirit of egotism, but only to give my fellow-citizens some idea of the appearance of the former Alcalde, Prefect, Mayor and Senator of Los Angeles.

But the most conspicuous man on Main street that day was of a different type. On our march, December, 1846, we were moving from the Black Water, just south of the present Mexican line, towards the San Pedro River. The snow was falling steadily, but it was not very cold. Our order of march was, with an advance guard of twenty men, and twenty pioneers with pick-axe and shovel, commanded by Capt. A. J. Smith, to remove any obstruction to our wagons. I was riding that day, with the colonel and surgeon, when we overtook the advance guard. The pioneers had been cutting down some mesquite trees that obstructed our way, and had just finished as we overtook them. Their officer gave the order "fall in, shoulder arms," and they formed in ranks of four, so that for about fifty yards we could not turn out to pass them. The right-hand man in the rear rank was at least six and a quarter feet tall. The crown of his hat was gone, and a shock of sandy hair, powdered by the falling snow, stuck out above the dilapidated rim, while a huge beard of the same color swept his breast. His upper garment had been a citizen's swallow-tailed coat, buttoned by a single button over his naked chest, but one of the tails had been cut off and sttched to his waistband, where it would do the most good, for decency's sake, and an old pair of No. 12 brogans, encased with rawhide, protected his feet. The right sleeve of the coat was gone, and his arm was bare from wrist to elbow, and, by way of uniform, the left leg of the pants was gone, leaving the leg bare from knee to ankle. His

underclothing had long since disappeared. But the way he marched and shouldered his musket, showed the drilled and veteran soldier. That ragged scarecrow had seen fifteen years' service in the British army, from the snows of Canada to the jungles of Burmah. The contrast between the soldierly bearing of the man and his dilapidated dress brought a smile to every face. After we had passed, the colonel pulled his long grey mustache, and said, "I never thought, when I left West Point, that I should ever command such a set of ragamuffins as these. But, poor fellows, it is not their fault; and better material for soldiers I never commanded." And that day, when I sat on my horse, where Ducommun's Block now rears its tall front, to see my old comrades march by, in the front rank of Company A, with cadenced step and martial mien, as he had marched in his younger days to the martial music of the regimental band, dressed in the scarlet uniform of a British grenadier, strode the old ragged veteran.

## SOME ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS OF EARLY LOS ANGELES

BY J. M. GUINN.

The early years in the history of the new towns of the West were productive of eccentric characters—men who drifted in from older civilizations and made a name for themselves or rather, as it frequently happened, had a name made for them by their fellow men.

These local celebrities gained notoriety in their new homes by their oddities, by their fads, their crankiness, or some other characteristic that made them the subject of remark. With some the eccentricity was natural; with others it was cultivated, and yet again with others force of circumstances or some event not of their own choosing made them cranks or oddities, and gave them nick-names that stuck to them closer than a brother.

No country in the world was more productive of quaint characters and odd geniuses than the mining camps of early California. A man's history began with his advent in the camp. His past was wiped out—was ancient history, not worth making a note of. What is he now? What is he good for? were the vital questions. Even his name was sometimes wiped out, and he was re-christened—given some cognomen entirely foreign to his well-known characteristics. It was the Irony of Fate that stood sponsor at his baptism. "Pious Pete" was the most profane man in the camp, and Pete was not his front name. His profanity was so profuse, so impressive, that it seemed an invocation, almost a prayer.

Deacon Sturgis was a professional gambler of malodorous reputation, but of such a solemn face and dignified mien that he often deceived the very elect. Sometimes these nick-names were utilized in advertising. I recollect a sign over a livery stable in the early mining days of Idaho, which informed the public that the Pioneer Stables were kept by Jews Harp Jack and Web-Foot Haley. On one corner of the sign was painted an immense jews-harp; on another corner was a massive foot with webs between the toes. Haley came from Oregon, and



as the legend goes, on account of the incessant rains in the big Willamette Valley the inhabitants there, from paddling around in the water, grow webs between their toes. Haley brought his nick-name and his webs with him. How Jews Harp Jack picked up his name I do not know. In a residence of several years there I never heard any other name for the man.

My first mining partner was known as Friday. Not one in fifty of his acquaintance knew that his real name was William Geddes. Years before in California he had owned in a claim with a man named Robinson. Robinson was a man of many expedients and make-shifts. Geddes was an imitator or echo of his partner. The miners dubbed the first "Robinson Crusoe" and the other "My Man Friday," a name that followed him through a dozen mining camps, and over two thousand miles of territory. If he is still living I doubt whether he has outlived that nick-name.

Bret Harte, in his "Outcasts of Poker Flat," has, in John Oakhurst, pictured the refined and intelligent gambler. There were very few of that class in the mines, and none that carried around such an elegant and aristocratic name as Oakhurst. In the Idaho mines, where I was initiated into placer mining, the professionals of the pasteboard fraternity, who were mostly old Californians, had all been re-christened by their constituents or patrons, and the new cognomen given each was usually more expressive than elegant. Vinegar Bill, Cross Roads Jack, Snapping Andy and Short-Card Pete are short-cut names of real characters, who passed in their checks years ago; i. e., died with their boots on. Each nick-name recalls some eccentricity not complimentary to the bearer, but which he had to bear without wincing. It was one way in which their victimized patrons tried to get even on the deal.

There was another class of eccentricities in the cities and towns of California where life was less strenuous than in the mining camps. These were men with whims or fads sometimes sensible, sometimes half-insane, to which they devoted themselves until they became noted as notorious cranks.

San Francisco had its Philosopher Pickett, its Emperor Norton and a host of others of like ilk. Los Angeles had representatives of this class in its early days, but unfortunately the memory of but few of them has been salted down in the brine of history.

In delving recently among the rubbish of the past for scraps of history, I came across a review of the first book printed in

Los Angeles—the name of the book, its author and its publisher. But for that review, these would have been lost to fame.

It is not probable that a copy of the book exists, and possibly no reader of that book is alive today—not that the book was fatal to its readers; it had very few—but the readers were fatal to the book; they did not preserve it. That book was the product of an eccentric character. Some of you knew him. His name was William Money, but he preferred to have the accent placed on the last syllable, and was known as Money'. Bancroft says of him: "A Scotchman, the date and manner of whose coming are not known, was at Los Angeles in 1843." I find from the old archives he was here as early as 1841. In the winter of 1841-42 he made repairs on the Plaza Church to the amount of \$126.00. Bancroft, in his Pioneer Register, states: "He is said to have come as the servant of a scientific man, whose methods and ideas he adopted. His wife was a handsome Sonoreña. In '46 the couple started for Sonora with Coronel, and were captured by Kearny's force. They returned from the Colorado with the Mormon battalion. Money became an eccentric doctor, artist and philosopher at San Gabriel, where his house, in 1880, was filled with ponderous tomes of his writings, and on the simple condition of buying \$1,000 worth of these I was offered his pioneer reminiscences. He died a few years later. His wife, long divorced from him, married a Frenchman. She was also living at Los Angeles in '80. It was her daughter who killed Chico Forster."

Bancroft fails to enumerate all of Money's titles. He was variously called Professor Money, Dr. Money and Bishop Money. He was a self-constituted doctor, and a self-anointed bishop. He aspired to found a great religious sect. He made his own creed and ordained himself Bishop, Deacon and Defender of the Reformed New Testament Church of the Faith of Jesus Christ. Dr. Money had the inherent love of a Scotchman for theological discussion. He was always ready to attack a religious dogma or assail a creed. When not discussing theological questions or practicing medicines, he dabbled in science and made discoveries.

In Book II of Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, is a map or picture of a globe labeled, Wm. Money's Discovery of the Ocean. Around the North Pole are a number of convolving lines which purport to represent a "whirling ocean." Passing down from the north pole to the south, like

the vertebrae of a great fish, is a subterranean ocean. Beyond this on each side are the exhaustless fiery regions, and outside of this a rocky mountain chain that evidently keeps the earth from bursting. At the South Pole gush out two currents a mile wide marked the Kuro Siwo. There is no explanation of the discovery and no statement of which ocean, the whirling or the subterranean, that Dr. Money claimed to have discovered. The record was made no doubt on the principle of protecting his discovery by a sort of patent right on the ocean he found swirling around in the interior of the earth. The theory of his discovery can only be inferred from the drawing. Evidently a hole at the North Pole sucks in the waters of the whirling ocean, which pass down through the subterranean ocean and are heated by the exhaustless fiery regions which border that ocean; then these heated waters are spurted out into space at the South Pole. What becomes of them afterwards the records do not show. From some cause Dr. Money disliked the people of San Francisco. In his scientific researches he made the discovery that that part of the earth's crust on which that city stands was almost burnt through, and he prophesied that the crust would soon break and the City of the Bay would drop down into the exhaustless fiery regions and be wiped out like Sodom and Gomorrah of old.

The review of Dr. Money's book, which I have mentioned, was written by the genial Col. John O. Wheeler, then editor of the Southern Californian, a paper that died and was buried in the journalistic graveyard of unfelt wants, forty-eight years ago. Colonel Wheeler was a walking library of local history. He could tell a story well and had a fund of humorous ones, but I could never persuade him to write out his reminiscences for publication. He died, and his stories of the olden times died with him, just as so many of the old pioneers will do, die and leave no record behind them.

Dr. Money's book was written and published in 1854. Colonel Wheeler's review is quite lengthy, filling nearly two columns of the Californian. I omit a considerable portion of it. The review says: "We are in luck this week, having been the recipients of a very interesting literary production entitled, Reform of the New Testament Church, by Wm. Money, Bishop, Deacon and Defender of the Faith of Jesus Christ.

"The volume by Professor Money comes to us bound in the beautiful coloring so much admired by the Woman in Scarlet



who sits upon seven hills, and is finely gotten up and executed at the Star office in this city. Its title denotes the general objects of the work which have been followed out in the peculiar style of the well-known author, and in the emphatic language of the Council General, Upper California, City of Los Angeles. "We pronounce it a work worthy of all dignified admiration, a reform which ecclesiastics and civil authorities have not been able to comply with yet."

The work opens with an original letter from the aforesaid Council General, which met August the 7th, 1854, near the main zanja in this city; said letter was indited, signed, sealed "by supplication of the small flock of Jesus Christ" represented by Ramon Tirado, president, and Francis Contreras, secretary, and directed with many tears to the great defender of the new faith, who, amid the quiet retreats with which the rural districts abound, had pensively dwelt on the noble objects of his mission, and, in fastings and prayer, concocted, this great work of his life."

"The venerable prelate, in an elaborate prefix to his work, informs the public that he was born, to the best of his recollection, about the year 1807, from which time up to the anniversary of his seventh year, his mother brought him up by hand. He says, by a singular circumstance (the particular circumstance is not mentioned), I was born with four teeth, and with the likeness of a rainbow in my right eye."

It would seem that his early youth was marked by more than ordinary capacity, as we find him at seven entering upon the study of natural history; how far he proceeded, or if he proceeded at all, is left for his readers to determine. At the age of twelve, poverty compelled him to "bind himself to a paper factory." Next year, being then thirteen years of age, having made a raise, he commenced the studies of philosophy, civil law, medicine, relation of cause and effect, philosophy of sound in a conch shell, peculiar habits of the muskrat, and the component parts of Swain's vermifuge. Thirsting for still further knowledge, four years afterwards we find him entering upon the study of theology; and as he says, "In this year (1829) I commenced my travels in foreign countries," and the succeeding year found him upon the shores of the United States, indefatigable in body and mind; the closing of the same year found him in Mexico, still following the sciences above mentioned, but theology in particular.

About this time he commenced those powerful discussions with the Romish clergy in which our author launched forth against the Old Church those terrible denunciations as effective as they were unanswerable, and which for thirty years he has been hurling against her.

Perhaps the most memorable of all his efforts was the occasion of the last arguments had with the Roman clergy concerning abuses which came off in the Council of Pitaquitos, a small town in Sonora, commencing on the 20th of October, 1835, and which continued to May 1st, 1840, a period of five years. This convocation had consumed much time in its preparation, and the clergy, aware of the powerful foe with whom they had to deal, and probable great length of time which would elapse, selected their most mighty champions; men, who in addition to a glib tongue and subtle imagination, were celebrated for their wonderful powers of endurance. There were seven skilled disputants arrayed against Money, but he vanquished them single-handed.

"The discussion opened on the following propositions: The Bishop of Culiacan and he of Durango disputed that Wm. Money believed that the Virgin Mary was the mother of Jesus, but not the mother of Christ. William Money makes his application to God, but not to the Virgin Mary."

These and other learned propositions were discussed and re-discussed constantly for five years, during which writing paper arose to such an enormous price that special enactments were made, withdrawing the duties thereon. Time would not admit of detailing the shadow of what transpired during the session.

Suffice it to say that through the indomitable faith and energy of Mr. Money, his seven opponents were entirely overcome; one sickened early in the second year and was constrained to take a voyage by sea; two others died of hemorrhage of the lungs; one went crazy; two became converted and left the council in the year 1838 and were found by Mr. Money on the breaking up of the council to have entered into connubial bonds, and were in the enjoyment of perfect happiness. The other two strenuously held out to the year 1840; when, exhausted, sick and dismayed, the council, in the language of the author, was broken up by offering me money to give up my sword, the Word of God, but I protested, saying, "God keep me from such treacherous men, and from becoming a traitor to my God."

"Thus ended this famous disputation of which history furnishes no parallel. From the foregoing our readers can form an idea of this great work. It forms a volume of twenty-two pages, printed in English and Spanish, with notes, etc.; price not yet determined. We would advise all to procure a copy, as there being no stereotype edition, the present few numbers will end the supply."

This strenuous review brought forth a vigorous protest from Dr. Money, and in the *Star*, over his many titles—Bishop, Deacon and Defender of the Faith—he challenged the editor to a discussion, but, warned by the fate of the friars at Pitaquitos, the genial Colonel declined the combat.

Dr. Money seems to have considered his call to preach paramount to his call to practice. In a card to the public, published in the *Star* of November 3, 1855, he says: "I am sorry to inform the public that since the Reformed New Testament church has unanimously conferred on me the office of Bishop, Deacon and Defender of the Faith of said apostolic church, it is at present inconvenient for me any longer to practice my physical system. My California Family Medical Instructor is now ready for the press, containing my three physical systems, in about 200 pages and 50 plates of the human body. It will likewise contain a list of about five thousand patients that I have had under my physical treatment in the course of fifteen years' practice, from the port of San Diego to that of San Francisco. Out of this large number only four, to my knowledge, have died while under my treatment. I do not publish this for the purpose of getting into practice, but only to get out of it."

His Family Medical Instructor was probably the second book written in Los Angeles, but whether it was ever published I cannot say. Some twenty-five years ago, when the Public Library was in the old Downey Block, he had on file in it a set of plates of the human body. They long since have disappeared. He removed to San Gabriel, where he lived in a curiously constructed adobe house. He died in 1890, at San Gabriel. His books and papers were lost.

Another eccentric character of early days was Professor Cain. Cain was a gentleman of color, aged and white-haired. He towered up in the air at least six and a half feet, and by taking thought had added at least half a cubit to his height in the shape of a tall narrow-brimmed stove-pipe hat of the vintage of the fall of '49 or spring of '50.



Cain was a philosopher, and had original and rather startling theories which he propounded from the steps of the old Court House whenever he could get an audience.

A colored preacher, the Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Va., made himself famous by a sermon that he was accustomed to deliver from the text, "The sun do move." In that sermon he demolished the theory that the earth moved around the sun. "The sun does the movin', not the yearth. The good book says that once, when Joshuar had a big killing of Anak-elites on hand; he says 'sun stand still' till I get through with the killin', and she stopped and stood still." Now, said the Rev. Jasper, how could a thing stop if it wasn't going? How, indeed! And the Rev. Jasper removed that theological stumbling block that has tripped over theologians for centuries.

Professor Cain's theory was more original and more startling than Jasper's. It was that the original color of the human race was black. Adam was the first Sambo, and Eve the primitive Dinah. The white race were bleached-out blacks.

Cain's proof was conclusive, if you admit his premises. "The good book, says Adam, was created out of the dust of the yearth. Whar did the Lord get that dust? Cain was accustomed to ask. "In the Garden of Eden. The soil of the garden was a black soil, because it was rich and produced all manner of yarbs and trees. Now, if Adam was made from black dust his color was black, wa'n't it? And Eve being made from Adam's rib, the rib were black, and consequently Eve was black, too."

As long as Adam's descendants remained in warm countries they retained their primitive color, but after a time some of them wandered off to cold countries and lived in the shade of the woods, where the sun could not get at them. Then they began to fade, just as a plant grown in the shade loses its original color and turns white. Consequently, the Professor would say, as he clinched his argument, "The white man is only a faded-out niggah."

Some practical jokers induced the old philosopher to deliver a lecture on his favorite theme. He secured the old Merced Theater, which still stands up near the Pico House. He was to charge an admittance fee, and he acted as his own door-keeper. So popular was his lecture that before he could get through making change with some of the first arrivals the boys had come in a rush and filled the house. He had a full house, but

the receipts were light. In knocking around the world he had picked up a number of big words that he used indiscriminately. He put them in because they sounded well. To give force to his argument he would quote at length from some authority. The quotations were manufactured; the Professor could not read. He would preface a quotation by saying, "Thus says the famous Sock-rats" (meaning Socrates), or "I find this in the writings of the distinguished Hypocrits" (meaning Hippocrates, the father of medicine). The lecture was as amusing as a circus.

The old gentleman was very proud, and quite dignified. In assemblages of the colored brethren, when they did not agree with his views, he was accustomed to berate them as a pa'cel of plantation niggahs. Consequently he was not popular with his colored brethren.

There are some other eccentric characters of early days that might come in for a notice but my paper is already too long.

## ANGEL PIONEERS

BY JESSE YARNELL

We are angel pioneers,  
As for five-and-twenty years,  
With our wives, the pretty dears,  
We have had the land of angels for a home;  
We came here long ago,  
And we like the country so,  
That we're going to stay you know,  
For we never want to emigrate or roam.

Yes, we're angels without wings,  
Without feathers and such things,  
And each heart with rapture rings,  
Thinking of the glorious country we have found;  
With our climate and our soil,  
Bringing fruits with little toil,  
Let us live without turmoil,  
And let joy and peace and jollity abound.

We have seen our city grow,  
With a pace that's far from slow,  
And the country 'round us, too,  
Where fruit and flowers bloom on every hand;  
But there's room enough for all,  
Rich and poor and great and small,  
And may pleasant places fall  
To the tender-foot from each and every land.

Let them come, yes let them come—  
And, you bet, they're coming some—  
Don't you hear the car-wheels hum,  
Bringing those who storm and blizzards wish to shun;  
We extend a welcome true,  
From our hearts we mean it, too,  
For there's room for not a few,  
To fill the places we leave when we are gone.

We will tell from whence we came—  
How we got here, just the same—  
And we're surely not to blame,  
If we pass some resolutions when we die;  
As our hair is turning gray,  
We may not have long to stay,  
When we have to go away,  
Let us hope we'll find as good a place on high.



## TRIP TO CALIFORNIA VIA NICARAGUA

BY J. M. STEWART.

[Read before the Los Angeles County Pioneers, Feb., 1902.]

It was on the morning of an October day in 1865, with my wife and daughter, we took passage on the steamer Santiago de Cuba, via the Nicaragua route for San Francisco. The several forts at the entrance of New York harbor present a bold and warlike appearance, as viewed from the deck of a passing steamer. In less than two hours after leaving the dock a call for tickets was made, and among the passengers was a young lady who told her story in this wise: Said she came from Massachusetts, expecting to meet a neighbor of hers, accompanied by his wife, with whom she had previously entrusted her money. But not meeting them at the hotel as she expected, had come on board the ship to look for them. Here she was, without money or friends. The officers of the ship said they would have taken her through and given her letters of recommendation to officers on the Pacific side, if they could have believed her story. Shortly after, our boat stopped to discharge the pilot, and this lady, whether worthy or otherwise, was compelled to enter the small boat with him, when they were conveyed on board a steamer which was in waiting, and taken directly back to New York.

Having now got outside the harbor, our boat glides more rapidly over the smooth surface of the water, and the distant Jersey shore, as it becomes more indistinct, with the high towers of the great city, the broad expanse of waters on either side, together with the approach of a beautiful sunset, render the scene worthy to be transferred to canvas.

Our course was a southwesterly direction, along the western coast of Cuba, only a few miles distant. How very different were our feelings now as to safety from what they were a year previous while traveling over these same waters, on our way to New York by the Panama route! Then our beloved country was in the throes of a mighty civil war. Privateers were supposed to be at any point on the Atlantic waters, and

the Panama steamers were known to carry large amounts of treasure (for no overland road was then completed), and it was feared these privateers might attack the steamers returning from California. At any rate, as we were leaving the Caribbean sea on the afternoon of a southern summer day, a steamer was sighted following in our track, and apparently gaining on us rapidly. Our captain gave orders for all steam to be used that could be done with safety, and it was easy to see our good ship was going at a more rapid rate than usual towards her destined port. We had nothing to do but watch the craft, whatever she might be, and speculate on what would be our fate if overtaken. The summing-up of the opinions of the many passengers was numerous and various. Soon as it became dark all the lights above the water line were turned down, the course of the ship changed to nearly a right angle, and the evening spent in utter darkness. The morning sun found us on our regular course with no other ship in sight, and we all felt relieved. Now the cruel war was over, and peace reigned throughout our borders.

Our captain had made the trip to and from Aspinwall many times, but this was his first trip to Greytown. By carefully studying his charts he took us safely into port in eight days. Here we were transferred to a small steamer, which was to take us up the San Juan river to Lake Nicaragua. We were very comfortably housed on the ocean steamer, but when you come to put 600 passengers on a boat less than one-fourth the size of the former, you can make your calculations there was not much vacant space. A portion of the way along this river, which is the outlet for the waters of Lake Nicaragua, is low and marshy, but most of it, if properly cleared, looked like good farming land.

The vegetation and scenery it would be hard to excel anywhere; and the climate is said to be very healthy. It is no more like the Isthmus of Panama than day is like night. Bananas seem to grow spontaneously all along the river, but no doubt would do much better by proper cultivation. Vines of various kinds hang from the tall trees, making an impenetrable thicket, and covered with bright flowers, with every color of the rainbow. During the day some of the passengers amused themselves and others by shooting alligators as they lay sunning themselves in the sand on the banks.

The day passed quickly, for the country was so unlike any-

thing we had ever before seen, it was very interesting. As night came on, inquiry was made about sleeping accommodations, especially for the ladies. But it was self-evident that so small a boat could not accommodate the number of passengers she was carrying, except in an upright position. So a few of us who had become acquainted while on the ocean steamer, got together amidships for a social hour, more or less, which finally led into story-telling, on any subject whatever; several gave their experiences of hair-breadth escapes, or told us of some love affair, whether true or false it mattered not, so long as it amused and helped to pass away the time and keep us wide awake.

The few who first gathered there, by 12 o'clock had increased to hundreds, and better order was never observed in any Quaker meeting than during the small hours of that night on the San Juan river. One of these stories I remember in particular, and as it is short I will here relate it. It was told by a middle-aged man, a doctor of medicine, who, with his wife and family, was making his first trip to California. He commenced by saying his story was of ancient origin and would be on the subject of political economy. He went on for several minutes before he got down to the real story, causing us to believe we were to hear something instructive, if not amusing, for he was known to be an educated gentleman. And this was his story:

Jack Spratt could eat no fat;  
His wife could eat no lean;  
Between them both they  
Licked the platter clean.

Daylight found us still entertaining one another, when it was announced we were nearing the greatest rapids on the river, (the name of which I have forgotten). The company broke up to go and see how the boat could climb the rapid current. A large cable was anchored on shore and attached to the engine. In two hours' time we were in comparatively still water.

Here is where most of the locks will be required when the Nicaragua canal is built, as we all hope it soon will be. After one night and two days on the river we reached Lake Nicaragua, a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by low rolling hills. Crossed over by daylight on a steamer which accommodated all our passengers without a murmur. Twelve miles by stage took us to San Juan del Sur on the Pacific.



This was a most interesting ride over a good mountain road, or what we in California would call foothills. The native population were numerous at certain points on the road, offering their fruits, wares and curios for sale. Passed many acres of pineapple and bananas, apparently under a good state of cultivation, in rows as straight as our orange orchards in Southern California.

On our arrival at San Juan the connecting steamer had not arrived, but next day she made her appearance, and we were soon on board. On the following day she was ready for her departure north. As is known to many of you, we are in plain view of the coast most of the way up; only at one point are we out of sight of land—while crossing the Gulf of California.

When the ship's doctor was making his daily rounds on the fourth day, he found a very sick man in the steerage, whose disease he at once pronounced to be confluent smallpox. The captain's cow was at once hustled out of her comfortable berth and tied to a stanchion alongside the dining tables of the steerage passengers, and the poor unfortunate fellow placed therein. But it was the safest place for him and the other passengers, to be found on board.

Five days later sometime during the night, he died, and was buried at sea. Everything in the shape of bedding was put into the furnace, and the room thoroughly fumigated. In the morning the cow was back in her former pen, and the number of passengers was one less. Whether any one contracted the disease or not, we never knew. There was also a birth on board—a child was born, whose young life went out in a few hours, when the captain ordered it to be buried, but out of respect for the feelings of the mother, the little body was kept for two days and buried on Mexican soil.

Fourteen days on the Pacific brought us into San Francisco, making twenty-eight from New York.

## WILLIAM WOLFSKILL, THE PIONEER

[Read June 23, 1902.]

BY H. D. BARROWS.

Of that notable group of American pioneers who arrived in Los Angeles about the year 1830, and who afterwards became permanent and influential citizens of this then almost exclusively Spanish-speaking province, I have already presented the Historical Society with brief sketches of John Temple, Abel Stearns and J. J. Warner; and I now propose to give some account of William Wolfskill. Mr. Wolfskill was born in Madison county, Kentucky, March 20, 1798, and was reared from the age of eleven to twenty-one, in what is now Howard county, Missouri, but which then was in the heart of the Indian country. The Indians of that region during the War of 1812 were so bad that the settlers had to carry their fire-arms at the plow and to be unceasingly on their guard, night and day.

After the war, in 1815, William went back to Kentucky to attend school. In 1822, at the age of twenty-four, he started out in the world on his own account to seek his fortune, to penetrate still farther into the far West, and to find "a better country" in which to settle.

With a party under a Captain Becknell, he went to Santa Fe, New Mexico. He spent the summer of 1822, at Santa Fe, and in the fall engaged in trapping beaver. He went down the Rio Grande to El Paso del Norte in January, 1823.

He was accompanied on this trip by a single companion, a New Mexican, who had trapped beaver with him the fall before. They caught what beaver they could as they proceeded down the river. The weather was cold, the ground being covered with snow; and to protect themselves from the cold they built a small brush house

Within this, with a fire in front, they could lie down and keep warm. One night (the 27th of January, 1823) Mr. Wolfskill waked up and saw that the New Mexican had built a big fire at the door; but he thought nothing of it, and dropped asleep again. But some time after he was aroused to consciousness by receiving a rifle ball in his breast. He jumped

up and rushed outside, where he stumbled and fell, and although it was moonlight he saw no one. He had first reached for his rifle, which had been lying beside him, but that was gone, only the shot-pouch remaining.

Supposing that marauding Indians had shot him and killed his companion, who was missing, he thought it was all over with him. At first he believed himself mortally wounded, which doubtless he would have been had not the ball been retarded by passing through his blankets and also through his right arm and left hand, his arms having been folded across his breast while asleep.

He was able to rise again, and he started back on foot for the nearest Spanish settlement, called Valverde (Green Valley) twenty or twenty-five miles distant, where a small military force was stationed, and where he finally arrived late the next morning, well-nigh exhausted—cold, faint, and weak, from the loss of blood. He went to the Alcalde, who made the matter known to the guard.

Meantime, who should make his appearance but the New Mexican, who reported that he had been attacked by Indians, and that his partner (Mr. Wolfskill) was killed. But he was considerably astonished to learn that Mr. Wolfskill had got in before him.

He was compelled to go back with the soldiers at once (much against his will), and show them where Mr. Wolfskill had been shot.

There they found, in the snow, the footprints of the two trappers, and none others.

The New Mexican had told the soldiers that the Indians shot Mr. Wolfskill and had taken the gun, etc., and that he (the New Mexican) had shot several arrows at them. No signs of Indians were discovered, and of the arrows he had been known to have had beforehand, none were found missing.

They took him back to Valverde bound, and kept him confined several days, where he came near being frozen. He finally promised to go, and did go, and show them where the gun was hidden. He then pretended that he had shot Mr. Wolfskill accidentally, not being used to the hair-trigger of the rifle. He got on his knees, and opening his shirt, bared his breast and asked Mr. Wolfskill to take his life, if he had wronged him, etc.

But the evidence was too strong to be evaded, or to be explained, except by his guilt.

He was examined by the Alcalde, who ordered him to be



sent off to the Governor of New Mexico, at Santa Fe, for trial. But Mexican fashion—is it not sometimes also an American fashion?—his punishment was delayed, and he was kept going back and forward, under escort, between Valverde and Santa Fe; and at last, as Mr. Wolfskill afterwards learned, he was turned loose—a denouement which in similar cases has been known to happen in the United States.

What motive the New Mexican could have had for thus shooting his companion, Mr. Wolfskill never could imagine, unless possibly it was for the sake of the old rifle, for that was about all Mr. Wolfskill had in the world, except a few old beaver traps; and there existed no enmity between them. They had never had any quarrel, or any cause for quarrel.

But an old Mexican—a good-hearted man, with whom they had once stopped, up the river—had warned Mr. Wolfskill to be on his guard against that man, “for,” said he, “he is a bad man.”

For so little cause, or for no cause at all, other than the instincts of a devilish heart, will some men attempt murder.

Mr. Wolfskill was of the opinion that the loss of blood, and his nearly freezing in that long tramp to the settlement, saved his life. The ball did not penetrate his breast-bone, and was soon afterwards extracted. He bore the marks of the wounds on his person to his dying day. In fact, it is a question if they were not the remote origin of the (heart) disease of which he died, although his death occurred many years after those ghastly wounds were received.

If this society could gather the multitudinous and exciting episodes of hair-breadth escapes of each one of the adventurous pioneers who came to this distant land, either overland or by water, the collection would be unique in variety and interest as well as in permanent historical value.

Mr. Wolfskill returned to Santa Fe, and about Christmas he went to Taos. In 1824 he, with others, fitted out a trapping expedition for the head-waters of the Colorado, or the Rio Grande of the West, as it was then called, returning to Taos in June. Soon after, with a Captain Owens and party, he went to Chihuahua to buy horses and mules to take to Louisiana. With many adventures, and with the loss of many of their animals by attacks of hostile Indians, Mr. Wolfskill finally returned by way of the Mexican settlements, to avoid the Indians along the Gulf, and up the Mississippi, to his father's home, where he arrived in ill health, June, 1825. Thus ended his first expedi-

tion westward, he having been gone something over three years, and having penetrated as far as the tributaries of our great Colorado River on the Pacific Slope.

He soon, however, left for Natchitoches, where Belcher had promised to meet him on the Fourth of July of that year, with the mules of Capt. Owens, who had been killed in an attack by the Indians near the Presidio del Norte in November of the previous year. These mules were to be taken East by Mr. Wolfskill and sold for the benefit of Capt. Owens' family. The latter were near neighbors of his father and they had authorized him to act as their agent. Not finding Belcher at Natchitoches at the time agreed upon, he traveled on west to San Felipe, where he found Belcher.

Mr. Wolfskill took charge of the mules, and proceeded with them across Louisiana and Mississippi to Greenborough, Alabama, where he wintered and sold the animals. In March, 1826, he left by way of Mobile and New Orleans and the Mississippi river, for his home in Missouri to make returns to the family of Capt. Owens. Here he found Capt. Young with whom he first went to Santa Fe, in 1822, and with whom he had trapped on the Rio Pecos and the Rio Grande of the West, etc., and engaged with him, after a brief stop at home, to go again to Santa Fe. Arrived there, Young was taken sick, and he hired Mr. Wolfskill to go with a party (Sublette, Peg-Leg Smith, etc., being of the number), that he, Young, had fitted out to trap on the waters of the Rio Gila. The party being only eleven men strong, was attacked by Indians and driven back to Taos. Young soon after started out with about thirty men for the same place, where he chastised the Indians, so that his party were enabled to trap unmolested.

During the winter, 1826-7, in company with Wm. and Robert Carson, Talbot, and others, Mr. Wolfskill made a trip from Santa Fe to Sonora, to buy work-mules, mares, etc., to take back to Missouri. He was at Oposura, Arispe and other towns in the northern part of that State. Talbot and himself gathered about 200 animals and started back with them by way of Taos; but they lost all but twenty-seven of them by the Indians. With these they finally arrived at Independence a little before Christmas. Most of this winter he spent at home, only making a short visit to Kentucky on business for his father.

The next Spring, 1828, he left home finally—never after returning thither. He bought a team and started with goods on his own account for Santa Fe. There were about 100 wagons

(in two companies), which went out at the same time. On arrival at Santa Fe he sold his goods to his old friend, Young, who had returned from his Gila expedition. Some time after, Young, with whom he had formed a co-partnership, made another trip to the Gila, while Mr. Wolfskill went to Paso del Norte after a lot of wines, brandy, panocha, etc., which he brought up to Taos in the spring of 1829. He remained in Taos the balance of this year, waiting the return of Young, who, it seems, had come on into California.

In 1830, as soon as the trading companies from the States got in, which was not till July, Mr. Wolfskill got ready himself for an expedition to California to hunt beaver, expecting to find Young somewhere in the country.

Of the company of twenty-two or twenty-three men, of which Mr. Wolfskill was the leader, which started for California at this time, Messrs. Branch, Burton, Yount, Shields, Ham and Cooper remained west of the Rocky Mountains, whilst the balance, soon after their arrival in California, generally returned to New Mexico or to the United States. Probably not one of this pioneer band is now living. Shields and Ham died soon after arrival in the country, and the others all died now many years ago: Yount in Napa, Branch in San Luis Obispo, Cooper in Santa Barbara, and Young in Oregon.

The party had intended to reach the Tulare and Sacramento valleys to make a winter and spring hunt. For this purpose they obtained a license from the Governor of New Mexico. Winter compelled them to turn south, and they reached Los Angeles in February, 1831. Here the party broke up—being mostly without means. Some members fitted out with what guns, traps, etc., there were left, and went to hunting otter on the coast. Very few of the disbanded party had any intention of stopping in California permanently. But they must do something to enable them to get away.

Mr. Wolfskill with several others went to work and built a schooner at San Pedro, with which to hunt otter among the neighboring islands. The timber was cut in the mountains and hauled a hundred miles or more to San Pedro. The schooner was named the "Refugio," and was larger than some of the fleet of Columbus.

At that time no one was permitted to hunt fine-furred animals within the jurisdiction of Mexico unless he held a license from the Governor of a State or Territory. In New Mexico the provincial name of beaver is *nutria* (otter). From ignorance,



or more likely carelessness, on the part of the Governor or of his secretary, the license of Mr. Wolfskill to hunt beaver (*castor*) was written nutria. By this inadvertence of the New Mexican officers, Mr. Wolfskill was possessed of a license to hunt the highly-prized sea otter, which license he could not have obtained from the then Governor of California. A strong objection was made by the officers here against the validity of a license given by the Governor of New Mexico; but through the interposition of Father Sanchez, who was at that time a power in the land, the objections were overcome. With this schooner, the "Refugio," Mr. Wolfskill and his party hunted along the coast of Baja California as far south as Cerros or Cedros Island. They had indifferent luck, and this was about the only trip they made with her; and they afterwards sold her to a Captain Hinkley, who took her to the Sandwich Islands.

Mr. Wolfskill then directed his attention to vineyarding and to general horticulture, which he followed with great success till his death, which occurred October 3, 1866. It was not, however, till some years after his arrival, that he finally made up his mind to settle in the country. He bought and moved onto his homestead vineyard (now known as the Wolfskill Orchard Tract), in March, 1838, with his brother John, who came to California the preceding year. The growth of the city compelled the dividing up of his extensive orchards, situated as they were near the heart of the city, some fourteen years since, and the old house which he built more than sixty years ago, and around which, to so many persons, both living and dead (for he always had a large number of people in his family), so many, many pleasant associations and remembrances have clung, is now being demolished.

Mr. Wolfskill married Magdalena, daughter of Don José Ygnacio Lugo and Doña Rafaela Romero Lugo, of Santa Barbara, in January, 1841, by whom he had six children, three of whom are still living, namely, Joseph W. Wolfskill, Mrs. Francisca W. de Shepherd, and Mrs. Magdalena W. de Sabichi. Of grandchildren there is a goodly number. Mrs. Wolfskill died in 1862, the eldest daughter, Juana, in 1863, and Luis, the youngest son, in 1884.

In the year 1841 Mr. Wolfskill planted an orange orchard, the second in California, the first being planted by the Mission Friars at San Gabriel.

In the same year (1841) he went to the upper country to look for a ranch on the then public domain. He selected lands

lying on both sides of Putah creek (now in Yolo and Solano counties), and the next year he obtained a grant from Governor Alvarado in his own name, of four square leagues. His brother John took up stock to put on the rancho in 1842. The latter lived on the rancho thereafter till his death, receiving one-half of the same. Of the five brothers Wolfskill who as pioneers settled in California, only one, Mr. Milton Wolfskill, is now living in Los Angeles at an advanced age.

After the old Padres, William Wolfskill and Don Louis Vignes may be called the pioneer growers of citrus fruits in California, a business which is now worth many millions of dollars to the people of California, and especially to the people of Southern California.

William Wolfskill, who was of German-Irish ancestry, had a strong physical constitution and an immense amount of vital energy. During his long and useful life he saw a great deal of the world and picked up not a little of hard, sound sense. He was an extensive reader, and being possessed of a wonderfully retentive memory, he gained a store of information on most subjects of practical human interest that would not have shamed those who have had a more liberal education, and who may have passed their lives with books, instead of on the frontier.

He was a man of no mere professions: What he was, he was, without any pretense.

In religion he believed in the teachings of the New Testament, and, at the last, he received the consolations of the Roman Catholic church. But in all things he loved those prime qualities of human character, simplicity and sincerity. He was one of that large number, of whom there are some in all churches, and more in the great church of outsiders, who believe that a loyal, honest heart and a good life, are the best preparation for death. He was disposed, to as great an extent as any man whom I ever knew, to always place a charitable construction on the acts and words and motives of others. He believed (and acted as though he believed) that there is no room in this world for malice.

William Wolfskill was one of the very few Americans or foreigners, who came to California in early times, who never, as I firmly believe, advised the native Californians to their hurt, or took advantage of the lack of knowledge of the latter of American law, or of the English language, to benefit themselves at the expense of the Californians. As a consequence, the names of "Don Guillermo" Wolfskill and a very few other

Americans of the olden time, were almost worshipped by the former generation of "hijos del pais," who spoke only the Spanish language, and who, therefore, in many, many important matters, needed honest and disinterested advice.

Mr. Wolfskill was one of the most sociable of men. In his intercourse with others he was direct, and sometimes blunt and brusque; but in the language of Lamartine, "Bluntness is the etiquette of sincerity."

In reality he had one of the kindest of hearts. Finally, in honesty, and in most of the sterling qualities that are accounted the base of true manhood, he had few superiors.

I should add that most of the above facts of Mr. Wolfskill's life—and especially the account of the building of the first vessel or schooner, the "Refugio," at San Pedro, about which conflicting versions have been promulgated—were derived directly from his own lips in 1866; and therefore they may be depended upon as authentic.

In conclusion I am permitted to quote the following comments, in verse, on the foregoing paper, by Miss Gertrude Darlow, a talented member of the staff of the Los Angeles Public Library:

I.

"It is from sturdy, stalwart sons like this  
Our State has reared its splendid edifice;  
Men who explored life's hard and dangerous ways,  
Who 'scorned delights and lived laborious days.'  
The stirring incidents of such careers,  
Their toils and struggles, varying hopes and fears,  
Tenacious courage, honesty and pride;—  
By all of these our past is glorified!

II.

"Now, on the ground their rugged virtues won,  
'Tis ours to forward what was well begun.  
Cities have risen where they planted trees.  
Old land-marks vanish. But the names of these  
Brave Pioneers, ah let us not forget:  
Time cannot cancel, nor we pay the debt  
We owe to lives so simple and sincere,  
Whose memories we should cherish and revere."



## PIONEERS ADS AND ADVERTISERS

BY J. M. GUINN.

About three thousand years ago, Solomon, King of Israel, remarked that there is nothing new under the sun. Solomon had the reputation of being a wise man. No doubt he was. With 700 wives to keep him posted, he certainly ought to have been "up to date." Our inordinate conceit inclines us to believe Solomon somewhat of a back number and his sayings out of date, just as the Native Sons are inclined to regard the Pioneers as a little slow and their old yarns ancient history.

Self conceit is perhaps the most dominant characteristic of the present age. We pride ourselves on our wonderful achievements and draw invidious comparisons between the progressive present and the benighted past. And yet it may be possible that in the progress of the race for the past five or six thousand years there may have been more arts and inventions lost than we now possess.

Before the Christian era the Phoenicians made maleable glass, yet with all our wonderful discoveries in chemistry we have never yet been able to weld a broken pane. No modern artist has ever been able to make such permanent or so bright colors as the ancient painters used.

It is supposed that the original Argonaut, Jason, came home from Ithica on a steamboat. His vessel had neither oars nor sails to propel it. The remains of a railroad have been found among the ruins of Thebes. The Panama ship canal is just now one of the burning issues before Congress. An Isthmian canal is regarded as such a wonderful undertaking that it has taken the progressive nations of the world fifty years to talk about it before beginning to dig, yet Egypt, 5,000 years ago, dug a canal deeper, broader and longer than the Panama ditch will be when Congress gets through talking about it and some country digs it.

The crime of '73 was perpetrated in Assyria four thousand years before John Sherman or Wm. J. Bryan were born, and the question of the demonitization of silver was fought over during political campaigns in Babylon years before Nebuchadnezer was turned out to grass.

The discoveries that explorers are making among the buried cities of Assyria, Egypt and Greece reveal to us that many of our inventions are only the discovery of lost arts, and that Solomon was about correct when he remarked that there was nothing new under the sun.

It would not surprise me if some delver in Egyptian ruins discovered that that wonderful invention, the telephone, was known and used in the time of the Shepherd kings and that the children of Israel got the start of Pharaoh because the wires were crossed. It may be possible that some antiquarian may find hidden away in an Egyptian sarcophagus the mummy of a hallo girl, and when the mummy cloth has been lifted from her face she will sweetly lisp, "Line's busy; hang up, please."

Now all this may seem a little foreign to my subject, but I have introduced it here to vindicate Solomon. A man who could keep peace in a family as large as his was long enough to write a book of proverbs deserves our respect.

My subject, "Pioneer Ads and Advertisers," relates to the advertisers and advertisements in Los Angeles more than half a century ago. Recently in looking over some copies of the Los Angeles Star of fifty years ago I was amused and interested by the quaint ways the advertisers of that day advertised their wares and other things. Department stores are great advertisers and the pioneer department store of Los Angeles was no exception. Its ad actually filled a half column of the old Star, which was an astonishing display in type for those days. It was not called a department store then, but I doubt whether any of the great stores of Chicago or New York carry on so many lines of business as did that general merchandise store that was kept in the adobe house on the corner of Arcadia and North Main street fifty years ago. The proprietors of that store were our old pioneer friends, Wheeler & Johnson. The announcement of what they had to sell was prefaced by the following philosophical deductions which are as true and as applicable to terrestrial affairs to day as they were half a century ago.

"Old things are passing away," says the ad; "behold all things have become new. Passing events impress us with the mutability of human affairs. The earth and its appurtenances are constantly passing from one phase to another. Change and consequent progress is the manifest law of destiny. The forms and customs of the past are become obsolete and new and enlarged ideas are silently but swiftly moulding terrestrial matters on a scale of enhanced magnificence and utility.

"Perhaps no greater proof of these propositions can be adduced than the evident fact that the old mercantile system heretofore pursued in this community with its 7x9 stores, its exorbitant prices, its immense profits, its miserable assortments of shop-rotten goods that have descended from one defunct establishment to another through a series of years, greeting the beholder at his every turn as if craving his pity by a display of their forlorn, mouldy and dusty appearance. These rendered venerable by age are now considered relics and types of the past.

"The ever expanding mind of the public demands a new state of things. It demands new goods, lower prices, better assortments, and more accommodations. The people ask for a suitable consideration for their money and they shall have the same at the new and magnificent establishment of

"WHEELER & JOHNSON,

"in the House of Don Abel Stearns on Main street, where they have just received \$50,000 worth of the best and most desirable merchandise ever brought to the country."

When the customer had been sufficiently impressed by the foregoing propositions and deductions they proceed to enumerate, and here are a few of the articles:

"Groceries, soap, oil, candles, tobacco, cigars, salt, pipes, powder, shot, lead. Provisions, flour, bread, pork, hams, bacon, sugar, coffee. Dry Goods, broadcloths, cassimeres, blankets, alpacas, cambrics, lawns, ginghams, twist, silks, satins, colored velvet, nets, crepe, scarlet bandas, bonnets, lace, collars, needles, pins.

"Boots, shoes, hats, coats, pants, vests, suits, cravats, gloves, hosiery.

"Furniture, crockery, glassware, mirrors, lamps, chandeliers, agricultural implements, hardware, tools, cutlery, house-furnishing goods, liquors, wines, cigars, wood and willow ware, brushes, trunks, paints, oils, tinware and cooking stoves.

"Our object is to break down monopoly."

Evidently their method of breaking down monopoly was to monopolize the whole business of the town.

When we recall the fact that all of this vast assortment was stored in one room and sold over the same counter we must admire the dexterity of the salesman who could keep bacon and lard from mixing with the silks and satins, or the paints and oils from leaving their impress on the broadcloths and velvets.



Ladies' bonnets were kept in stock. The sales-lady had not yet made her appearance in Los Angeles and the sales gentleman sold bonnets. Imagine him fresh from supplying a purchaser with a side of bacon, fitting a bonnet on the head of a lady customer—giving it the proper tilt and sticking the hat pin into the coil of her hair and not into her cranium. Fortunately for the salesman the bonnets of that day were capacious affairs, modeled after the prairie schooner, and did not need hat pins to hold them on.

The old time department store sales gentleman was a genius in the mercantile line; he could dispose of anything from a lady's lace collar to a caballada of broncos.

Here is the quaint advertisement of our Pioneer barber. The Pioneer barber of Los Angeles was Peter Biggs—a gentleman of color who came to the state as a slave with his master, but attained his freedom shortly after his arrival. He set up a hair cutting and shaving saloon. The price for hair cutting was a dollar—shaving 50 cents. In the *Star* of 1853 he advertises a reduction of 50 per cent. Hair cutting 50 cents, shampooing 50 cents, shaving 25 cents. In addition to his tonsorial services he advertises that he blacks boots, waits on and tends parties, runs errands, takes in clothes to wash, iron and mend; cuts, splits and carries in wood; and in short performs any work, honest and respectable, to earn a genteel living and accommodate his fellow creatures. For character he refers to all the gentlemen in Los Angeles. Think of what a character he must have had.

Among the quaint advertisements in the old *Star* of the early 50s is this one, signed by Stephen C. Foster:

"The undersigned offers himself as a candidate for the office of Mayor in the election that will take place on the 25th inst.

"Confident that the motives which caused my resignation are good, as also my conduct afterwards and approved by my fellow citizens, I appeal to their judgment and let them manifest it by their votes."

On its face this advertisement has an innocent and inoffensive look, but between the lines old timers can read the story of a deep tragedy.

The motives which caused Mayor Foster to resign were to take part in a lynching. Two murderers, Brown, a native American, and Alvitre, a native Californian, had been convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Just before the day set for their execution a reprieve came for Brown, but the poor Mexican

was left to his fate. The people were indignant. A mob gathered for the purpose of seeing that either both were reprieved or both hanged. The sheriff proceeded with the execution of Alvitre. The mob threatened to prevent it. The military was called out and a bloody riot was imminent. At this point Mayor Foster harranged the people, advising that they allow the sheriff to proceed with the execution of Alvitre according to the forms of law. And when that was done he would resign the office of Mayor, head the vigilantes and execute Brown. He was as good as his word. The military was dismissed, their arms stacked in the jail, the sheriff's posse discharged. Then it was the vigilantes' chance. The Mayor resigned and joined the lynchers. The jail door was broken down, the arms of the military guards seized, Brown was taken out and hanged from a beam over the gate of a corral on Spring street, opposite where now stands the People's store, within two hours after the legal execution of Alvitre. A special election was called to fill the vacancy in the office of Mayor. So thoroughly and completely did his fellow citizens approve of Foster's course that he had no opposition and was the unanimous choice of the people.

There is often both tragedy and comedy, as well as business, mixed up in advertisements. In the *Star* of forty-eight years ago appears the ad of a great prize lottery or gift enterprise. It was called the Great Southern Distribution of Real Estate and Personal Property, by Henry Dalton. The first prize was an elegant modern-built dwelling house on the Plaza valued at \$11,000. There were 84,000 shares shares in the lottery, valued at \$1.00 each, and 432 first-class prizes to be drawn. Among the prizes were 240 elegant lots in the town of Benton. Who among you Pioneers can locate that lost and long since forgotten metropolis of the Azusa? The City of Benton. For some cause unknown to me the drawing never came off. A distinguished Pioneer whom many of you know sued Dalton for the value of one share that he (the Pioneer) held. The case was carried from one court to another and fought out before one legal tribunal after another with a vigor and a viciousness unwarranted by the trivial amount involved. How it ended I cannot say. I never traced it through the records to a finish.

Old ads are like old tombstones. They recall to us the memory of the "has beens;" they recall to our minds actors who have acted their little part in the comedy or tragedy of life and passed behind the scenes, never again to tread the boards.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

### DANIEL DESMOND.

Daniel Desmond, an honored member of this Society of Pioneers, died on the 23rd of January, 1903, in the 70th year of his age.

Mr. Desmond was born in County Cork, Ireland, October 9, 1833. Having begun the trade of a hatter, at the age of 18 he came to Boston, completed his trade, and went into business at Lawrence, Mass., as manager of the firm of Desmond Bros., in the manufacture of hats. The destruction of the factory by fire compelled him to start new, and it was at that period in his life he came to Los Angeles.

Mr. Desmond came to this city October 14, 1868, and has resided here continuously ever since. Immediately upon his arrival he opened an exclusive hat and gentlemen's furnishing store, the first of the kind in the city. He continued in its active management until a few years ago, after it had grown into a large and flourishing establishment, when ill health compelled him to relinquish in favor of his son, C. C. Desmond.

His widow and eight children survive him, all residents of this city, except two married daughters. The children are C. C. Desmond, D. J. Desmond; Misses Nellie, Nora, Kate and Anna Desmond; Mrs. A. M. Shields of San Francisco, and Mrs. C. D. Baker of Arizona.

Mr. Desmond was a man of probity and good repute and a good citizen in all the relations of life. As a quiet, Christian gentleman he commanded the sincere respect of all who knew him. This society extends its heartfelt sympathy to his family in their great bereavement.

H. D. BARROWS,  
W. H. WORKMAN,  
Committee.

### JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

This society of Los Angeles Pioneers, in common with all Californians and all Americans, has sincere cause for mourning on the occasion of the death, at the age of 78 years, of Mrs.



General Fremont, which occurred at her home in this city December 27, 1902.

The names of both General and Mrs. Fremont, so intimately and so romantically associated with early California history, will always possess peculiar interest for us and for our children and for our children's children.

Senator Thomas H. Benton, Mrs. Fremont's father, Gen. John C. Fremont, her husband, and Jessie Benton Fremont herself, probably had more to do with the acquisition of Alta California in 1846 by the United States, than any other three persons who took part in the stirring events of that dramatic period.

Jessie Benton Fremont was a noble woman of high intellectuality and culture, and of amiable disposition, who, because of the possession of these admirable qualities, and because of her prominence in our early national and State history, may well be classed, as doubtlessly she will be by the future historian, alongside of Martha Washington and Dollie Madison, as one of the grand dames of the republic.

Inasmuch as the Fremont family made their home in Los Angeles since December, 1887, they, and each of them, seem especially dear to our people; and the warm affection we all feel for the father and mother will be continued with unabated strength to the devoted daughter, whose loving solicitude and care solaced the last years of both her parents, as the infirmities of age undermined their health and strength; wherefore, it is hereby

Resolved, by the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, that the heartfelt sympathies of the members of the Society are respectfully tendered to the children and grandchildren of the deceased in this, their great affliction.

H. D. BARROWS,

K. D. WISE,

Committee.

#### CALEB E. WHITE.

Caleb E. White, a California Pioneer of 1849, was born at Holbrook, Mass., February 15, 1830. His father, Jonathan White, was the son of a Revolutionary soldier. His mother, Abigail Holbrook, was a descendant of the man after whom the town of Holbrook was named. Caleb received his education in the grammar and high school of his native town. When

nineteen years of age he started to California, being one of a party of fifteen who purchased the brig Arcadia which sailed from Boston January 1849 for San Francisco via the Straits of Magellan. After a tedious voyage of two hundred and sixty-three days the vessel passed through the Golden Gate, October 29, 1849.

In 1850 Mr. White embarked in the general mercantile business in Sacramento as a member of the firm of Haskell, White & Co. This firm dissolved in a short time. Subsequently he engaged in farming on a ranch on the American river. For seventeen years he was a member of the firm of White & Hollister in the nursery business. December 24, 1868, he came to Los Angeles and engaged with a partner in the sheep industry. The firm was White & Denman, and the ranch was near Florence. In 1874 he became a member of the Los Angeles Immigration and Land Co-operative Association. This association was incorporated December 10, 1874, with a capital stock of \$250,000. Its first board of directors consisted of the following named Pioneers: Thomas A. Garey, president; Caleb E. White, vice-president; L. M. Holt, secretary; Milton Thomas, manager; R. M. Town, assistant manager; H. G. Crow, treasurer. Only two of these, Garey and Holt, are living. The principal object of the association was the purchase and subdivision of large land holdings and the placing of these on the market in small tracts. The association in 1874 purchased 2,500 acres of the San Jose Rancho, subdivided it and founded the City of Pomona.

In 1880 Mr. White took up his residence at Pomona and engaged in fruit growing. He owned an orchard of sixty acres just east of the city. He was active in advancing the growth of the young city. He served on the board of town trustees several terms. He was one of the organizers and for many years vice-president of the People's Bank of Pomona, and was always active in furthering any measure that would benefit the city and aid in developing the resources of the district in which he lived.

In 1854 Mr. White was married to Miss Rebecca Holship of St. Louis, Mo. Three children were born of this union—Helen M., the wife of Hon. R. F. Del Valle of Los Angeles; Annie C., wife of Charles L. Northcraft, also of Los Angeles, and Harry R. of Pomona.

Mr. White died at his residence in Pomona September 2, 1902, at the age of 72 years. In the language of one of his old

time friends and associates, "Peace be to his ashes and honor to his memory."

W. H. WORKMAN,  
J. M. GUINN,  
Committee.

### IN MEMORIAM.

To the Officers and Members of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, Cal.

Your committee on resolutions of respect to the memory of our late Brother John Caleb Salisbury would respectfully report:

That Brother Salisbury was born in Erieville, Madison County, New York, July 6th, 1834, and died in Los Angeles, California, July 10th, 1902. Mr. Salisbury was in business in Chicago at the time of the great fire in 1871, and three years later came to Los Angeles and commenced business near the old Los Angeles and San Pedro Depot, on Commercial street. His fair dealing and business ability drew to him a great company of friends, who appreciated his honesty and integrity. His zeal and fervency in any undertaking, together with his financial ability and broad generosity, insured the success of any enterprise that he was connected with. He was a leading member of the First Presbyterian Church of this city; was for twenty-six years superintendent of the Chinese Sunday School of that church, and for many years was an elder and trustee of that church; also a trustee of Occidental College, and gave of his thousands to the equipment and support of that institution.

He was for many years a trustee of the Boys and Girls' Orphans' Home, and gave liberally to its support. He was as prominent in the quiet, unostentatious work of the Masonic Order as any man in Los Angeles County.

He was a member of Lincoln Park Lodge, No. 611, F. & A. M., Chicago, Illinois. He affiliated with Pentalpha Lodge, 202, of California, Los Angeles, August 21st, 1876, and was its Junior Deacon from 1877 to 1884, and occupied that station for a length of years not often achieved. His brethren of the Mystic tie loved him for his good examples, his boundless charity, and earnest, conscientious work as a man and a Mason.

Brother Salisbury was twice married—first to Miss Smith,



in Illinois, by whom he had one son, Fred A. Salisbury, now residing in this city. He was married to Miss Ellen A. Graves in Merrill Lodge, Order of Good Templars, in this city, in 1876, by whom he had one son, Howard G. Salisbury, also residing in this city.

Brother John C. Salisbury was an honest member of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County, many of whom attended his funeral. He was buried with Masonic rites in Rosedale Cemetery.

Respectfully,

J. M. STEWART,  
C. N. WILSON,  
J. L. SLAUGHTER,  
Committee.

### HENRY KIRK WHITE BENT.

Henry Kirk White Bent was born at Weymouth, Mass., October 29, 1831. He was educated at Williston Seminary and Mason Academy, and was ready to enter Amherst when measles prevented by seriously impairing his eyesight. He then engaged in civil engineering on railroad construction in Southern Wisconsin. In 1858 he came to California, worked at mining for a year at French Corral, Nevada County; taught school a year and a half at Downieville; was elected County Surveyor in 1861, and later Public Administrator of Sierra County. During the war he was chairman of the Republican County Committee, and worked as mining engineer until 1866.

His health gave way, and he went to Boston, where he underwent medical treatment for two years. Returning to California in 1868, he located in Los Angeles, as an experiment, with the result that he tarried in this section until his death. Here he recovered his health almost completely, the climate, in his opinion, doing more for him than all the medical treatment he had tried. Soon he engaged in the real estate business, taking the agency of the Santa Gertrudes Land Association, and later he went into the sheep industry. With returning health began his active and successful career in public works, which he continued up to within but a few months ago.

Under Gen. Grant's second administration from 1873 to 1877, he was postmaster of Los Angeles.

In 1878 he was elected to the Los Angeles City Board of Education, and was made president of that body. At this pe-

riod he was an active and powerful factor in many municipal works; was one of the founders of the present Public Library and for a number of years was vice-president and acting head of the Horticultural Society. In the religious field he was a devoted worker for a lifetime. He was a charter member of the First Congregational church of this city, and for many years trustee and superintendent of the Sunday-school; also a charter member of the North Congregational Church of Pasadena, where he was trustee and deacon for the past fourteen years.

To education Mr. Bent devoted the best of his ability and his unselfish record over a period of nearly a score of years, and his work attained marked and lasting success. In 1888 he became one of the original trustees of Pomona College, and remained a member until within the past year, when failing health compelled his retirement. For seven years he was president of the board, often being re-elected when differing in judgment from the majority of the members—a special tribute to his honor and ability. Under his guidance the Claremont institution has passed through many dangerous crises and been placed on an enlarged and permanent foundation.

Mr. Bent was a kind man. After the history of his life work is related, that tells all the rest. Among the pioneers, business, church and political associates he will be mourned by a host. But it is among the student body which has within the past decade gone forth into active life that his passing will be most sincerely lamented. In his work in Los Angeles and at Claremont he exerted a rare influence over the young people striving for learning, and many were assisted to their desired ambition through his kindly interest and substantial aid. Scores of the younger generation in active life throughout Southern California owe their education and success to the encouragement or assistance of Mr. Bent.

During most of his long life deceased combated disease in some form, and for the past several months had been confined to his bed with a lung affliction not at all like tuberculosis, but which baffled cure, and the end has for some time been known to be approaching rapidly and inevitably. He was twice married, and all of his five children and widow survive him. In 1855 he married Miss Crawford of Oakham, Mass., and the children of this union are Mrs. Florence Halstead of Smartsville, Arthur S. and H. Stanley Bent of this city. Mrs. Bent died in 1876, and in 1878 he married Miss Mattie Fairman. There are two sons by this union, Earnest F. and Charles E.

Bent, the latter being city editor of the Pomona Daily Review.

The death of Mr. Bent removes a character that for over thirty years has been a potential influence in the progress of the educational, religious and political life of Southern California.

Mr. Bent died at his home on Marengo avenue, Pasadena, July 29, 1902, aged 70 years and 9 months.

J. M. GUINN,  
J. W. GILLETTE,  
Committee.

Chamber of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County,

Los Angeles, Cal., April 1, 1902.

John Charles Dotter, a native of Lohr, Germany, was born May 4th, 1837, and immigrated to the United States of America in A. D. 1852, working his way westerly across the continent via the Great Salt Lake route to Los Angeles, California, arriving in 1856, and has ever since made this city his home.

He married Miss Elizabeth Kemy and the issue of said marriage was George C., Corine Frances (the wife of Prof. Milton Carlson), Idella and Charlotte, all of whom survive him.

His home life was exemplary as a loving and kind husband, a devoted and affectionate father, and when freed from business requirements he spent his time with his devoted family and old time friends.

He was a student of political economy and delighted in true progress, advancement and civilization; was a truly assimilated citizen of this republic, patriotic, and devoted to the principles of our country and the cause of freedom.

He never failed to vote according to the dictates of his own conscience and "principles," not men, was his motto.

In his diary under date of February 27, 1902, is found the following: "Very dizzy; wonder what is the matter." On the 28th he remained at home, and the day following he kept his bed. On Sunday, March 2nd, 1902, visited his office and entertained a few friends. On Monday, March 3rd, at about 11:00 a. m., he was attacked with nausea, continuing until 3:00 p. m., when he passed into a quiet and unbroken sleep for three hours. When awakened he complained of pains, which continued until 8:30 p. m., when, from a stroke of apoplexy, he passed to the great beyond.



Therefore, be it resolved by the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, State of California, in regular session convened, that while we humbly bow to the inevitable, in the removal from our midst of our esteemed and beloved brother, John Charles Dotter, we deplore the loss, and sincerely sympathize with his family and relatives in their bereavement and the irreparable loss of a loving husband, a kind and devoted father of whose life it can be said he was honest and conscientious through all the walks of an upright life.

Quoting his own words when commenting on the death of his numerous Pioneer friends who passed away, "Another good man gone."

LOUIS ROEDER,  
J. F. BURNS,  
W. H. WORKMAN,  
Committee.

To the Officers and Members of the Pioneer Society of Los Angeles, California:

We, your committee appointed at your last meeting, September 8th, for the purpose of drafting resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Anderson Rose, would respectfully report that said Anderson Rose was born in Macon County, Mo., February 17th, 1836, and in the year of 1852 he came to California over the plains with an ox team, locating in El Dorado County, where he resided with his parents until about 1867, at which time he came to this county and located near the Ballona, where he purchased large estates, and he has been a resident of this county ever since. Mr. Rose was a frugal, industrious man, always attentive to his business, at the same time mindful of the welfare of his fellow men, courteous to his friends, for they were legion. He was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and took active part in advancing the interests of this section; was a member of the Masonic Fraternity for thirty-five years. He was married to Miss Annie E. Shirley in 1869. He departed this life August 30th, 1902, leaving a wife, one son and two daughters to mourn his untimely taking off.

And, Whereas, he who rules all things for the best has seen fit to call him from among us, we deeply mourn our loss and point to that particular portion of Scripture as our guiding star, viz.: "Be ye also ready, for in such a time as you think not the Son of man cometh."

And, now therefore, be it resolved, by this society, that we extend to the widow and family our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of grief.

And be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family, and that a copy of said resolutions be spread upon our minutes.

J. L. STARR,  
J. G. NEWELL,  
W. H. WORKMAN,  
Committee.

### JOHN C. ANDERSON.

John C. Anderson was born in Columbiana County, Ohio, on June 1st, 1844, and passed his youth and young manhood there. In July, 1863, at the age of 19, he joined the Ohio National Guard, and in May, 1864, in response to the call for one hundred day men, he was mustered into the United States service—143rd Ohio Infantry, from which he was honorably discharged as Corporal, in December of the same year, also receiving a Certificate of Thanks for Honorable Service, signed by Abraham Lincoln and Edwin M. Stanton.

Mr. Anderson, from early manhood, was a member of the Masonic Fraternity.

He learned the carpenter trade with his father, and worked at it in his native state until 1873, when he came to Los Angeles, California, and has followed his trade in this part of the State ever since, having had charge of the construction of the Nadeau Hotel and other large buildings. In the Fall of 1880 he returned to his old home for a visit, returning to Los Angeles in March, 1881. The following winter he again visited Ohio, and was married to Miss Lizzie Lindersmith; and in March, 1882, brought his wife to Los Angeles to reside. Two sons were born to them, Louis H., in 1883, and George H., in 1886. In the spring of 1887 he moved his family to Monrovia, and ever after he made that city his home till his death.

He was elected and served one term in the Monrovia City Council; was re-elected, but obliged to resign on account of failing health.

In the fall of 1899 his health began to fail, and he had to give up work almost entirely. Being of an active, energetic disposition, it was a great trial for him to keep quiet. He continued with light occupation up to within a few days of his death.

which occurred on the 25th day of January, 1902; and on January 27th he was buried in Live Oak Cemetery, at Monrovia, California, with Masonic honors, assisted by members of the G. A. R.

He leaves his family in comfortable circumstances. He was a good soldier, a loving and devoted husband, a kind and indulgent parent, a good neighbor, and a citizen whom we delighted to honor.

A. H. JOHNSON.

### JERRY ILLICH.

Jerry Illich is dead. After lying for many months on a bed of suffering the well-known restaurateur passed away Dec. 5th, at his home, No. 1018 South Hill street. The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon at the Masonic Temple.

For twenty-five years the residence of Mr. Illich was in Los Angeles, and during his closing years he was a prominent figure in the life of the city, being a member of various fraternal organizations and owning considerable property in business and residence sections. He is remembered principally for his good fellowship and for his ability to provide good things to eat.

Starting in a modest way with a small chop-house on North Main street in the late '70s, his business expanded until he became proprietor of the largest restaurant in the city. His connection with the old Maison Dorée on North Main street made that resort popular with business and club men, and when he moved into his own building on Third street in 1896 his patronage followed. "Jerry's" was headquarters for political and social banquets, and there's many a man in Los Angeles who still has pleasant memories of the celebrated "paste" and other foreign dishes that were served at midday luncheon.

The ravages of Bright's disease laid Illich low several years ago, causing his retirement from business to seek health in travel and recreation. His demise was expected on many dates, but his constant good cheer buoyed him up, and the end came only when his constitution had become so undermined that his will power was ineffective in retaining the spark of life.

Jerry Illich was born in 1850 in Dalmatia, Austria. From the age of 13 until he was 20 he sailed the seas, finally leaving his vessel at San Francisco and engaging in the restaurant business. A widow and a young son and daughter survive him.—Los Angeles Daily Times.



# In Memoriam

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## Deceased Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

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James J. Ayres .....	Died November 10, 1897.
Stephen C. Foster .....	Died January 27, 1898.
Horace Hiller .....	Died May 23, 1898.
John Strother Griffin .....	Died August 23, 1898.
Henry Clay Wiley .....	Died October 25, 1898.
William Blackstone Abernethy...	Died November 1, 1898.
Stephen W. La Dow .....	Died January 6, 1899.
Herman Raphael .....	Died April 19, 1899.
Francis Baker .....	Died May 17, 1899.
Leonard John Rose .....	Died May 17, 1899.
E. N. McDonald .....	Died June 10, 1899.
James Craig .....	Died December 30, 1899.
Palmer Milton Scott .....	Died January 3, 1900.
Francisco Sabichi .....	Died April 13, 1900.
Robert Miller Town .....	Died April 24, 1900.
Fred W. Wood .....	Died May 19, 1900.
Joseph Bayer .....	Died July 27, 1900.
Augustus Ulyard .....	Died August 5, 1900.
A. M. Hough .....	Died August 28, 1900.
Henry F. Fleishman .....	Died October 20, 1900.
Frank Lecouvreur .....	Died January 17, 1901.
Daniel Shieck .....	Died January 20, 1901.
Andrew Glassell .....	Died January 28, 1901.
Thomas E. Rowan .....	Died March 25, 1901.
Mary Ulyard .....	Died April 5, 1901.
George Gephard .....	Died April 12, 1901.
William Frederick Grosser .....	Died April 23, 1901.
Samuel Calvert Foy .....	Died April 24, 1901.
Joseph Stoltenberg .....	Died June 25, 1901.
Charles Brode .....	Died August 13, 1901.
Joseph W. Junkins .....	Died August, 1901.
Laura Gibson Abernethy .....	Died May 16, 1901.
Elizabeth Langley Ensign.....	Died September 20, 1901.
Frank A. Gibson .....	Died October 11, 1901.
Godfrey Hargitt .....	Died November 14, 1901.
John C. Anderson .....	Died January 25, 1902.
John Charles Dotter .....	Died March 3, 1902.
John Caleb Salisbury .....	Died July 10, 1902.
H. K. W. Bent .....	Died July 29, 1902.
Anderson Rose .....	Died August 30, 1902.
Caleb E. White .....	Died September 2, 1902.
Jerry Illich .....	Died December 5, 1902.
Daniel Desmond .....	Died January 23, 1903.

# MEMBERSHIP ROLL

## OF THE

### PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AE. IN STATE.
Anderson, L. M.	Pa.	Collector	July 4, '73	Los Angeles	1873
Anderson, Mrs. David	Ky.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '53	641 S. Grand av.	1852
Austin, Henry C.	Mass.	Attorney	Aug. 30, '69	3118 Figueroa	1869
Alvarez, Ferdinand	Mo.	Butcher	May 1, '72	647 S. Sichel	1872
Adams, Julia A. T.	Ark.	Housewife	July 14, '88	Los Angeles	1843
Barclay, John H.	Can.	Carpenter	Aug., '71	Fernando	1869
Barrows, Henry D.	Conn.	Retired	Dec. 12, '54	724 Beacon	1852
Barrows, James A.	Conn.	Retired	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	Ky.	Dressmaker	Jan. 14, '61	1009 E. Eighth	1861
Rixby, Jonathan	Maine	Capitalist	June, '66	Long Beach	1858
Bicknell, John D.	Vt.	Attorney	May, '72	1115 W. Seventh	1860
Bouton, Edward	N. Y.	Real Estate	Aug., '68	1314 Bond	1868
Brossmer, Sig.	Germ.	Builder	Nov. 28, '68	129 Wilmington	1867
Bush, Charles H.	Penn.	Jeweler	March, '70	318 N. Main	1870
Burns, James F.	N. Y.	Agent	Nov. 18, '53	152 Wright	1853
Butterfield, S. H.	Penn.	Farmer	Aug., '69	Los Angeles	1868
Bell, Horace	Ind.	Lawyer	Oct., '52	1337 Figueroa	1850
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.	Eng.	Housewife	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Biles, Albert	Eng.	Contractor	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Brossmer, Mrs. E.	Germ.	Housewife	May 16, '68	1712 Brooklyn	1865
Blanchard, James H.	Mich.	Attorney	April, '72	919 W. Second	1872
Baldwin, Jeremiah	Ire.	Retired	April, '74	721 Darwin	1859
Barclay, Henry A.	Pa.	Attorney	Aug. 1, '74	1321 S. Main	1874
Binford, Joseph B.	Mo.	Bank Teller	July 16, '74	2502 E. First	1874
Barrows, Cornelia S.	Conn.	Housewife	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bragg, Ansel M.	Maine	Retired	Nov., '73	160 Hewitt	1867
Bright, Toney	Ohio	Liveryman	Sept., '74	218 Requena	1874
Ruffum, Wm. M.	Mass.	Storekeeper	July 4, '59	144 W. Twelfth	—
Farham, Richard M.	Ill.	U. S. Gauger	Feb. 23, '74	1143 W. Seventh	1849
Brady, John A.	Mo.	Banker	Feb., '91	Van Nuys	1849
Bales, Leonidas	Ohio	Farmer	'66	1492 Lambie	1847
Blumve, J. A.	N. J.	Merchant	Dec. 28, '75	2101 Hoover	1874
Buffum, Rebecca E.	Pa.	Housewife	Sept. 19, '64	144 W. Twelfth	1850
Bell, Alexander T.	Pa.	Saddler	Dec. 20, '68	1059 S. Hill	1868
Baker, Edward L.	N. Y.	Miner	Dec., '66	101 S. Flower	1866
Baxter, William O.	Eng.	Broker	May, '47	Santa Monica	1847
Brousseau, Julius	N. Y.	Lawyer	Jan. 16, '77	2434 Hoover	1877
Burke, Joseph H.	Tenn.	Farmer	April 23, '53	Rivera	1853
Booth, Edward	Ohio	Salesman	'75	740 W. Seventeenth	1875
Caswell, Wm. M.	Cal.	Cashier	Aug. 3, '67	1093 E. Washington	1857
Cerelli, Sebastian	Italy	Restaurateur	Nov. 24, '74	811 San Fernando	1847

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AB. IN STATE.
Conkelman, Bernard	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 3, '67	310 S. Los Angeles	1864
Cohn, Kaspere	Germ.	Merchant	Dec., '59	2601 S. Grand	1859
Coronel, Mrs. M. W. De.	Texas	Housewife	Feb., '59	Los Angeles	1857
Crimmins, John	Ire.	Mast. Plumber	March, '69	127 W. Twenty-fifth	1869
Crawford, J. S.	N. Y.	Dentist	'66	Downey Block	1858
Currier, A. T.	Maine	Farmer	July 1, '69	Spadra	1861
Clark, Frank B.	Conn.	Farmer	Feb. 23, '69	Hyde Park	1869
Carter, N. C.	Mass.	Farmer	Nov., '71	Sierra Madre	1871
Conner, Mrs. Kate	Germ.	Housewife	June 22, '71	1054 S. Grand	—
Chapman, A. B.	Ala.	Attorney	April, '57	San Gabriel	1855
Cummings, Geo.	Aus.	Stockman	March, '53	First street	1853
Cunningham, Robt. G.	Ind.	Dentist	Nov. 15, '73	1301 W. Second	1873
Clarke, N. J.	N. H.	Retired	'49	317 S. Hill	1849
Compton, Geo. D.	Va.	Retired	May, '67	828 W. Jefferson	—
Cowan, D. W. C.	Penn.	Farmer	June 1, '68	824 W. Tenth	1849
Carter, Julius M.	Vt.	Retired	March 4, '76	Pasadena	1875
Clarke, James A.	N. Y.	Lawyer	'83	113 W. Second	1853
Campbell, J. M.	Ire.	Clerk	'73	716 Bonnie Brae	1873
Cable, Jonathan T.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 10, '61	116 Wilhardt	1861
Culver, Francis F.	Vt.	Farmer	Nov., '76	Compton	1849
Crane, W. H.	N. Y.	Architect	1886	738 W. Seventh	1859
Cook, Alonzo G.	Maine	Physician	1874	Long Beach	1874
Dalton, W. T.	Ohio	Fruit Grower	'51	1900 Central avenue	1851
Davis, A. E.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov., '65	Glendora	1857
Dooner, P. W.	Can.	Lawyer	May 1, '72	848 S. Broadway	1872
Dohs, Fred	Germ.	Capitalist	Sept., '69	614 E. First	1858
Desmond, C. C.	Mass.	Merchant	Sept., '70	724 Coronado	1870
Dunkelberger, I. R.	Pa.	Retired	Jan., '66	1218 W. Ninth	1866
Dunlap, J. D.	N. H.	Miner	Nov., '59	Silverado	1859
Dryden, Wm	N. Y.	Farmer	May, '68	Los Angeles	1861
Durfee, Jas. D.	Ill.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '58	El Monte	1855
Davis, Emily W.	Ill.	Housewife	'65	Glendora	1856
Davis, John W.	Ind.	Publisher	Dec. 10, '72	518 San Julian	1872
Davis, Virginia W.	Ark.	Housewife	Sept., '52	518 San Julian	1852
Delano, Thos. A.	N. H.	Farmer	April, '50	Newhall	1850
Davis, Phoebe	N. Y.	Housewife	Dec. 15, '53	797 E. Seventeenth	1863
Davis, John	N. Y.	Carpenter	April, '72	University	1872
Dougherty, Omer R.	Ind.	Retired	March 31, '77	South Pasadena	1877
De Turk, Jas G.	Pa.	Farmer	April 14, '75	2418 Edwin street	1875
Dilley, Louis	Germ.	Carpenter	Dec., '75	1055 S. Figueroa	1875
Eaton, Benj. S.	Conn.	Hyd. Engineer	'51	433 Sherman	1850
Ebinger, Louis	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 9, '71	755 Maple	1866
Elliot, J. M.	S. C.	Banker	Nov., '70	914 W. Twenty-eighth	1852
Evarts, Myron E.	N. Y.	Painter	Oct. 26, '58	Los Angeles	—
Edelman, A. W.	Pol.	Rabbi	June, '62	1343 Flower	1859
Edgar, Mrs. W. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April 18, '65	514 W. Washington	1865
Ellsworth, Daniel	N. Y.	Oil Producer	Sept., '75	629 S. Flower	1875
Eisen, Theodore A.	Ohio	Architect	March, '87	2626 S. Figueroa	1853
Ferguson, Wm.	Ark.	Retired	April, '69	303 S. Hill	1850
Furrey, Wm. C.	N. Y.	Merchant	Aug., '72	1103 Ingraham	1865
French, Loring W.	Ind.	Dentist	Oct., '68	837 Alvarado	1863
Franklin, Mrs. Mary	Ky.	Seamstress	Jan. 1, '53	253 Avenue 32	1852
Fickett, Charles R.	Miss.	Farmer	July 5, '73	El Monte	1860



## MEMBERSHIP ROLL

313

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV 'N CO.	RES.	AE. IN STATE.
Fisher, L. T.	Ky.	Publisher	Mar. 24, '74	Los Angeles	1873
Foy, Mrs. Lucinda M.	Ind.	Housewife	Dec. 24, '50	651 S. Figueroa	1850
French, Chas. E.	Maine	Retired	April, '7	141½ N. Broadway	1869
Flood, Edward	N. Y.	Cement worker	April, '59	1315 Palmer avenue	1859
Fogle, Lawrence	Mass.	Farmer	Dec., '55	435 Avenue 22	1855
Foulks, Irving	Ohio	Farmer	Oct. 18, '70	404 Beaudry avenue	1852
Franck, Adolph	Germ.	Janitor	May, '67	428 Colyton	1852
Frankel, Samuel	Germ.	Farmer	'65	818 S. Hope	1865
Felix, L. Dennis	Can.	Gardener	May, '75	116 S. Grand avenue	1875
Garey, Thomas A.	Ohio	Nurseryman	Oct. 14, '52	2822 Maple avenue	1852
Garvey, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Dec., '38	San Gabriel	1858
Gage, Henry T.	N. Y.	Attorney	Aug., '74	1146 W. Twenty-eighth	1874
Gillette, J. W.	N. Y.	Inspector	May, '62	322 Temple	1858
Gillette, Mrs. E. S.	Ill.	Housewife	Aug., '68	322 Temple	1864
Gould, Will D.	Vt.	Attorney	Feb. 28, '72	Beaudry avenue	1872
Griffith, Jas. R.	Mo.	Stockraiser	May, '81	Glendale	1845
Green, Morris M.	N. Y.	Retired	Nov., '69	3017 Kingsley	1869
Gollmer, Charles	Germ.	Merchant	'68	1520 Flower	1868
Griffith, J. M.	Md.	Retired	April, '61	Los Angeles	1852
Green, E. K.	N. Y.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Green, Floyd E.	Ill.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Guinn, James M.	Ohio	Author	Oct. 18, '69	115 S. Grand avenue	1864
Goldsworthy, John	Eng.	Surveyor	Mar. 20, '69	107 N. Main	1852
Gilbert, Harlow	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov. 1, '69	Bell Station	1869
Gerkins, Jacob F.	Germ.	Farmer	Jan., '54	Glendale	1854
Garrett, Robert L.	Ark.	Undertaker	Nov. 5, '62	701 N. Grand avenue	1862
Grebe, Christian	Germ.	Restaurateur	Jan. 2, '74	811 San Fernando	1868
Gard, George E.	Ohio	Detective agency	'66	488 San Joaquin	1859
Geller, Margaret F.	Mo.	Housekeeper	Nov., '60	Figueroa	1860
Greenbaum, Ephraim	Pol.	Merchant	'52	1817 Cherry	1851
Glidden, Edward C.	N. H.	Mfr. agent	Feb., '70	756 Avenue 22	1868
Gower, George T.	H. I.	Farmer	Nov., '72	Colgrove	1868
Grosser, Eleanor	Germ.	Housewife	Jan., '74	662 S. Spring	1873
Golding, Thomas	Eng.	Contractor	'68	Los Angeles	1868
Glass, Henry	Germ.	Bookbinder	June 22, '75	W. Fourth street	—
Gordon, John T.	D. C.	Farmer,	'68	Azusa	1868
Grow, G. T.	Vt.	Contractor	'71	718 S. Rampart	1862
Giese, Henry	Iowa	Merchant	'73	1944 Estrella	1873
Haines, Rufus R.	Maine	Telegrapher	June, '71	218 W. Twenty-seventh	1857
Harris, Emil	Prus.	Detective	April 9, '67	1026 W. Eighth	1857
Harper, C. F.	N. C.	Merchant	May, '68	Laurel	1863
Hazard, Geo. W.	Ill.	Clerk	Dec. 25, '54	1307 S. Alvarado	1854
Hazard, Henry T.	Ill.	Attorney	Dec. 25, '54	2826 S. Hope	1854
Hellman, Herman W.	Germ.	Banker	May 14, '59	954 Hill	1859
Heinzeman, C. F.	Germ.	Druggist	June 6, '68	620 S. Grand avenue	1868
Hunter, Jane E.	N. Y.		Jan., '66	327 S. Broadway	—
Huber, C. E.	Ky.	Agent	July, '59	836 S. Broadway	1859
Hamilton, A. N.	Mich.	Miner	Jan. 24, '72	611 Temple	1872
Holbrook, J. F.	Ind.	Manufacturer	May 20, '73	155 Vine	1873
Heimann, Gustave	Aust.	Banker	July, '71	727 California	1871
Hutton, Aurelius W.	Ala.	Attorney	Aug. 5, '69	Los Angeles	1869
Hiller, Mrs. Abbie	N. Y.	Housewife	Oct., '69	147 W. Twenty-third	1869
Herwig, Henry J.	Prus.	Farmer	Dec. 25, '53	Florence	1853
Hubbell, Stephen C.	N. Y.	Attorney	'69	1515 Pleasant avenue	1869

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AB. IN STATE.
Hays, Wade	Mo.	Miner	Sept., '53	Colgrove	1853
Hass, Serepta S.	N. Y.	Housewife	April 17, '56	1519 W. Eighth	1856
Hamilton, Ezra M.	Ill.	Miner	Sept. 20, '75	310 Avenue 23	1853
Hewitt, Roscoe E.	Ohio	Miner	Feb. 27, '73	337 S. Olive	1853
Houghton, Sherman O.	N. Y.	Lawyer	July 1, '86	Bullard Block	1847
Houghton, Eliza P.	Ill.	Housewife	July 1, '86	Los Angeles	1846
Haskell, John C.	Me.	Farmer	Oct., '70	Fernando	—
Herwig, Emma E.	Australia	Housewife	Aug., '56	Florence	1856
Hunter, Asa	Ill.	Farmer	'52	Los Angeles	1849
Hunter, Jesse	Iowa	Farmer	'52	Rivera	1849
Hauch, Isaac	Germ.	Tailor	April 14, '65	524 Temple	1865
Hall, Thomas W.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '73	La Cañada	1873
Hopkins, Susan Clisby	Mass.	Farmer	Jan., '73	Long Beach	1876
Hewitt, Leslie R.	Wash.	Attorney	March 21, '76	1212 S. Olive	1876
Hartnick, August	Germ.	Cooper	Aug., '72	748 Gladys avenue	1872
Herrick, John	Mass.	Hackman	Feb. 27, '59	621 Main	1859
Jacoby, Nathan	Prus.	Merchant	July, '61	739 Hope	1861
Jacoby, Morris	Prus.	Merchant	'65	Los Angeles	1865
James, Alfred	Ohio	Miner	April, '68	101 N. Bunker Hill ave	1853
Jenkins, Charles M.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 19, '51	1158 Santee	1851
Johnson, Charles R.	Mass.	Accountant	'51	Los Angeles	1847
Judson, A. H.	N. Y.	Attorney	May, '70	Pasadena avenue	1870
Jordon, Joseph	Aust.	Retired	June, '65	Los Angeles	1855
Johansen, Mrs. Cecilia	Germ.	Housewife	'74	Los Angeles	1874
Jenkins, Wm. W.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 10, '51	Newhall	1851
Johnson, Micajah D.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 31, '76	236 N. Griffin avenue	1876
Jones, John J.	Germ.	Farmer	'75	Hollywood	1875
Johnson, Edward P.	Ind.	Pres. L. A. Furn. Co.	June, '76	947 S. Hope	1876
Keyes, Charles G.	Vt.	County Clerk	Nov. 25, '68	209 N. Workman	1852
Kremer, M.	France	Ins. agent	March, '52	952 Lake street	1850
Kremer, Mrs. Matilda	N. Y.	.....	Sept., '54	952 Lake street	1853
Kuhrts, Jacob	Germ.	Merchant	May 10, '57	107 W. First	1848
Kurtz, Joseph	Germ.	Physician	Feb. 2, '68	361 Buena Vista	1867
Kysor, E. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April, '69	323 Bonnie Brae	1865
Kutz, Samuel	Pa.	Dept. Co. Clerk	Oct. 29, '74	217 S. Soto	1874
Kuhrts, Susan	Germ.	Housewife	May, '63	107 W. First	1862
King, Laura E.	Flor.	Housewife	Nov. 27, '49	412 N. Breed	1849
Klockenhrink, Wm.	Germ.	Bookkeeper	Oct., '70	Hewitt	1870
Knighten, Will A.	Ind.	Minister	Oct., '69	150 W. Thirty-first	1849
Kiefer, Peter P.	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 15, '82	240 N. Hope	1860
Kearney, John	Can.	Zanjero	Sept. 18, '71	728 E. Eighth	1871
Kipp, Nicholas	Germ.	Hackman	'75	749 Banning	1862
Lynch, Joseph D.	Pa.	Editor and Pub.	Dec., '74	311 New High	1872
Lamb, Chas. C.	Ill.	Real Estate agent	'74	Pasadena	1874
Lambourn, Fred	Eng.	Grocer	Dec., '59	840 Judson	1859
Lankershim, J. B.	Mo.	Capitalist	'72	950 S. Olive	1854
Lazard, Solomon	France	Retired	'51	607 Seventh	1851
Loeb, Leon	France	Merchant	Feb., '66	1521 Westlake avenue	1866
Leck, Henry Vander	Cal.	Merchant	Dec. 14, '59	2309 Flower	1859
Lembecke, Charles M.	Germ.	Pickle works	Mar. 20, '57	577 Los Angeles	1851
Levy, Michael	France	Merchant	Oct., '68	622 Kip	1851
Lyon, Lewis H.	Maine	Bookkeeper	Oct., '68	Newhall	1868
Lechler, George W.	Pa.	Apiarist	Nov., '58	Newhall	1858

## MEMBERSHIP ROLL

315

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AB. IN STATE.
Lenz, Edmund	Germ.	Insurance	June 17, '74	2907 S. Hope	—
Ling, Robert A.	Can.	Attorney	Sept., '73	1101 Downey avenue	1873
Lockhart, Thomas J.	Ind.	Real Estate	May 1, '73	1929 Lovelace avenue	187
Lockhart, Levi J.	Ind.	Coal merchant	May 1, '73	1814 S. Grand avenue	1873
Lockwood, James W.	N. Y.	Plasterer	April 1, '75	Water street	1856
Lechler, Abbie J.	Ill.	Housewife	Dec., '53	Rich street	1853
Loosmore, James	Eng.	Farmer	Jan. 16, '75	1121 Lafayette	—
Loyhed, Mollie A.	Ill.	Housewife	'86	Winfield	1853
Lanning, Samuel W.	N. J.	Stair builder	Sept., '86	750 S. Olive	1859
Lewis, Wm. Robert	Ala.	Contractor	Sept., '71	Los Angeles	1871
Macy, Oscar	Ind.	Farmer	'50	Alhambra	1850
Mappa, Adam G.	N. Y.	Search. Rec.	Nov., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Mercadante, N.	Italy	Grocer	April 16, '69	429 San Pedro	1861
Mesmer, Joseph	Ohio	Merchant	Sept., '59	1706 Manitou avenue	1859
Messer, K.	Germ.	Retired	Feb., '54	226 Jackson	1851
Meyer, Samuel	Germ.	Merchant	April, '53	1337 S. Hope	1853
Melzer, Louis	Bohemia	Stationer	April 1, '70	900 Figueroa	1868
Mitchell, Newell H.	Ohio	Hotel keeper	Sept. 26, '68	Pasadena	1863
Moore, Isaac N.	Ill.	Retired	Nov., '69	Cal. Truck Co.	1869
Mullally, Joseph	Ohio	Retired	March 5, '54	417 College	1850
McLain, Geo. P.	Va.	Merchant	Jan. 2, '68	446 N. Grand avenue	1867
McLean, Wm.	Scotland	Contractor	'69	561 S. Hope	1869
McMullin, W. G.	Canada	Farmer	Jan., '70	Station D	1867
Moulton, Elijah	Canada	Retired	May 12, '45	Los Angeles	1845
McComas, Jos. E.	Va.	Retired	Oct., '72	Pomona	1853
Mott, Thomas D.	N. Y.	Retired	'52	645 S. Main	1849
Miller, William	N. Y.	Carpenter	Nov. 22, '60	Santa Monica	—
Marxson, Dora	Germ.	Housewife	Nov. 14, '73	212 E. Seventeenth	1873
Meade, John	Ire.	Retired	Sept. 6, '69	203 W. Eighteenth	1869
Moran, Samuel	D. C.	Painter	May 15, '73	Colegrove	1873
Maier, Simon	Germ.	Butcher	'76	137 S. Grand	1876
Melvill, J. H.,	Mass.	Sec. Fid. Ab. Co.	Aug., '75	465 N. Beaudry avenue	1874
Montague, Newell S.	Ill.	Farmer	Oct. 2, '56	122 E. Twenty-eghth	1856
McFarland, Silas R.	Pa.	Livery	Jan. 28, '75	1334 W. Twelfth	1853
Merz, Henry	Germ.	Retired	Aug., '74	106 Jewett	—
Moody, Alexander C.	N. S.	Carpenter	Jan. 9, '66	125 Avenue 25	—
Moore, Mary E.	N. Y.	'66	'66	1467 E. Twentieth	—
Morgan, Octavius	Eng.	Architect	May, '74	1819 Westlake avenue	1874
Moore, Alfred	Eng.	Express	July 21, '74	708 S. Workman	1874
Morton, A. J.	Ire.	Machinist	'74	315 New High	—
Morris, Moritz	Germ.	Retired	'53	336 S. Broadway	1853
Morton, John Jay	Mich.	Farmer	Aug., '67	Compton	1867
McArthur, John	Can.	Miner	'69	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McArthur, Catherine	N. Y.	Housewife	'72	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McGarvin, Robert	Can.	Real Estate agent	April 5, '75	220½ S. Spring	1875
McDonald, James	Tenn.	Engineer	Oct., '57	1509 E. Twentieth	1853
McCreery, Mary B.	N. Y.	Housewife	Nov. 3, '69	911 S. Hope	—
McCreery, Rufus K.	Md.	Retired	Nov. 3, '69	011 S. Hope	—
McIlmoil, John	N. Y.	Capitalist	May 20, '80	Hines	1862
McCoye, Frank	N. Y.	Broker	May, '76	128 S. Broadway	1876
Norton, Isaac	Poland	Sec. Loan Assn.	Nov., '69	1364 Figueroa	1869
Newmark, Harris	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 22, '53	1051 Grand avenue	1853
Newmark, M. J.	N. Y.	Merchant	Sept., '54	1047 Grand avenue	1853
Newell, J. G.	Can.	Laborer	July 14, '58	1417 W. Ninth	1850



NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Nichols, Thomas E.	Cal.	County Auditor	'58	221 W. Thirty-first	1858
Newell, Mrs. J. G.	Ind.	Housewife	June, '53	2417 W. Ninth	1852
Nadeau, Geo. A.	Can.	Farmer	'68	Florence	—
Newmark, Mrs. H.	N. Y.	—	Sept. 16, '54	1051 S. Grand	1854
Nadeau Martha F.	N. H.	Housewife	Sept., '68	1501 Central avenue	1868
Nittenger, Edward	Conn.	Real Estate broker	Dec., '74	Fifth street	1874
Orme, Henry S.	Go.	Physician	July 4, '68	Douglas Block	1868
Osborne, John	Eng.	Retired	Nov. 14, '68	322 W. Thirtieth	1854
Osborn, Wm. M.	N. Y.	Livery	March, '58	973 W. Twelfth	1855
O'Melveny, Henry W.	Ill.	Attorney	Nov., '68	Baker Block	1869
Owen, Edward H.	Ala.	Clerk U. S. Court	Oct., '70	Garvanza	1870
Orr, Benjamin F.	Pa.	Undertaker	May, '75	1812 Bush	1858
Parker, Robert	Pa.	Printer	April 10, '75	230 S. Beaudry	1875
Parker, Joel B.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 20, '70	512 E. Twelfth	1870
Peschke, William	Germ.	Retired	April 13, '65	538 Macy	1852
Pike, Geo. H.	Mass.	Retired	'67	Los Angeles	1858
Peck, Geo. H.	Vt.	Farmer	Dec., '68	El Monte	1849
Ponet, Victor	Belgium	Capitalist	Oct., '69	Sherman	1867
Pridham, Wm.	N. Y.	Supt. W. F. Co.	Aug. 28, '68	Baker Block	1854
Prager, Samuel	Prussia	Notary	Feb., '71	Los Angeles	1854
Proctor, A. A.	N. Y.	Blacksmith	Dec. 22, '72	1501 Maple avenue	1872
Pilkington, W. M.	Eng.	Gardener	'73	218 N. Cummings	1873
Proffit, Green L.	Mo.	Retired	Nov., '87	1512 W. Twelfth	1853
Perry, Harriet S.	Ohio	Housewife	May 15, '75	1723 Iowa	1875
Peschke, Emil	Germ.	Merchant	Nov. 30, '75	940 Summit avenue	—
Pye, Thomas	Eng.	Farmer	'77	Pasadena	1849
Preston, John E.	Eng.	Merchant	July 7, '76	819 Golding avenue	1876
Quinn, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Jan., '61	El Monte	1861
Quinn, Michael F.	N. Y.	Farmer	March 3, '59	El Monte	1859
Raab, David M.	Germ.	Dairyman	May 12, '69	South Pasadena	1866
Raynes, Frank	Eng.	Lumberman	Aug., '71	Pomona	1871
Reichard, Daniel	Ohio	Livery	July, '68	459 Beaudry	1868
Riley, James M.	Mo.	Manufacturer	Dec., '66	1105 S. Olive	1857
Richardson, E. W.	Ohio	Dairyman	Sept., '71	Tropico	1871
Richardson, W. C. B.	N. H.	Surveyor	'68	Tropico	1868
Roeder, Louis	Germ.	Retired	Nov. 28, '56	319 Boyd	1856
Robinson, W. W.	N. S.	Clerk	Sept., '68	117 S. Olive	1851
Roberts, Henry C.	Pa.	Fruit Grower	'54	Azusa	1850
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	Germ.	Horticulturist	April, '54	Fernando	1854
Rendall, Stephen A.	Eng.	Real Estate	May 1, '66	905 Alvarado	1861
Reavis, Walter S.	Mo.	Collector	June 8, '69	1407 Sunset Boulevard	1859
Rogers, Alex H.	Md.	Retired	Aug., '73	1152 Wall	1852
Ready, Russell W.	Mo.	Attorney	Dec. 18, '73	San Pedro street	1873
Ross, Erskine M.	Va.	U. S. Judge	June 19, '68	Los Angeles	1868
Russell, Wm. H.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	April 9, '66	Whittier	1866
Ruxton, Albert St. G.	Eng.	Surveyor	Sept., '73	128 N. Main	1873
Reavis, Wm. E.	Mo.	Liveryman	April 22, '73	1405 Scott	1873
Rolston, Wm	Ill.	Farmer	'72	El Monte	—
Read, Jennie Sanderson	N. Y.	Vocal soloist	June 20, '76	1153 Lerdo	1868
Roques, A. C.	France	Clerk	Aug. 16, '70	City Hall	—

## MEMBERSHIP ROLL

317

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Schmidt, Gottfried	Denmark	Farmer	Aug., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Schmidt, August	Germ.	Retired	May, '69	710 S. Olive	1869
Shaffer, John	Holland	Retired	March, '72	200 N. Boyle avenue	1849
Shorb, A. S.	Ohio	Physician	June, '71	652 Adams	1871
Stoll, Simon	Ky.	Merchant	Aug., '69	802 S. Broadway	1869
Stewart, J. M.	N. H.	Retired	May 14, '70	512 W. Thirtieth	1850
Stephens, Daniel G.	N. J.	Orchardist	April, '61	Sixth and Olive	1859
Stephens, Mrs. E. T.	Maine	—	'69	Sixth and Olive	1866
Smith, Isaac S.	N. Y.	Sec. Oil Co.	Nov., '71	210 N. Olive	1856
Smith, W. J. A.	Eng.	Draughtsman	April 12, '74	820 Linden	1874
Sentous, Jean	France	Retired	April, '56	545 S. Grand avenue	1856
Shearer, Mrs. Tillie	Ill.	Housewife	July, '75	1134 El Molino	1852
Strong, Robert	N. Y.	Broker	March, '72	Pasadena	1872
Snyder, Z. T.	Ind.	Farmer	April, '72	Tropico	1872
Slaughter, John L.	La.	Retired	Jan. 10, '61	614 N. Bunker Hill	1856
Scott, Mrs. Amanda W.	Ohio	Housewife	Dec. 21, '59	589 Mission Road	1859
Stoll, H. W.	Germ.	Manufacturer	Oct. 1, '67	844 S. Hill	1867
Sumner, C. A.	Eng.	Broker	May 8, '73	1301 Orange	1873
Smith, Mrs. Sarah J.	Ill.	Housewife	Sept., '72	Temple street	1860
Starr, Joseph L.	Texas	Dairyman	'71	Los Angeles	1863
Schmidt, Frederick	Germ.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Spence, Mrs. Annie	Ire.	Housewife	'70	445 S. Olive	1869
Smith, Simon B.	Conn.	Insurance	May 17, '76	132 N. Avenue 22	1876
Sharp, Robert L.	Eng.	Funeral Director	May, '76	Los Angeles	1869
Shaffer, Cornelia R.	Holland	Housewife	April, '72	200 N. Boyle avenue	1853
Slaughter, Frank R.	N. Y.	Horticulturist	Nov., '74	Los Angeles	1874
Staub, George	N. Y.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Short, Cornelius R.	Del.	Farmer	Aug. 8, '69	1417 Mission Boulevard	1859
Staples, John F.	Md.	Drover	March, '59	St. Elmo Hotel	1849
Stewart, Melissa A.	N. Y.	Housewife	March, '71	512 W. Thirtieth	1865
Steere, Robert	N. Y.	Retired	March, '75	260 S. Olive	1859
Toberman, J. R.	Va.	Farmer	April, '63	615 S. Figueroa	1859
Teed, Mathew	Eng.	Carpenter	Jan., '63	513 California	1854
Thom, Cameron E.	Va.	Attorney	April, '54	118 E. Third	1849
Taft, Mrs. Mary H.	Mich.	Housewife	Dec. 25, '54	Hollywood	1854
Thomas, John M.	Ind.	Farmer	Dec. 7, '68	Monrovia	1859
Truman, Ben C.	R. I.	Author	Feb. 1, '72	1001 Twenty-third	1866
Turner, Wm. F.	Ohio	Grocer	May, '58	608 N. Griffin	1858
Thayer, John S.	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct. 25, '74	147 W. Twenty-fifth	1874
Tubbs, Geo. W.	Vt.	Retired	Oct., '71	1643 Central	1869
Udell, Joseph C.	Vt.	Attorney	'60	St. George Hotel	1850
Vignolo, Ambrozio	Italy	Merchant	Sept. 26, '72	535 S. Main	1850
Venable, Joseph W.	Ky.	Farmer	July, '69	Downey	1849
Vogt, Henry	Germ.	Builder	Jan. 4, '69	Castelar	1854
Vawter, E. J.	Ind.	Florist	April 12, '75	Ocean Park	1875
Vawter, W. S.	Ind.	Farmer	July 10, '75	Santa Monica	1875
Workman, Wm. H.	Mo.	City Treasurer	'54	375 Boyle avenue	1854
Workman, E. H.	Mo.	Real Estate	'54	120 Boyle avenue	1854
Wise, Kenneth D.	Ind.	Physician	Sept., '72	1351 S. Grand avenue	1872
Weyse, Rudolph G.	Cal.	Bookkeeper	Jan. 29, '60	Thompson street	1860
Weyse, Mrs. A. W. B.	Cal.	Housewife	July 16, '62	822 Westlake avenue	1862
Wright, Charles M.	Vt.	Farmer	July, '59	Spadra	1859

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
White, Charles H.	Mass.	S. P. Co.	Nov., '72	1137 Ingraham	1852
Weid, Ivar A.	Denmark	Landlord	'72	741 S. Main	1864
Wilson, C. N.	Ohio	Lawyer	Jan. 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Ward, James F.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '72	1121 S. Grand	—
Workman, Alfred	Eng.	Broker	Nov. 28, '68	212 Boyle avenue	—
Woodhead, Chas. B.	Ohio	Dairyman	Feb. 21, '74	852 Buena Vista	1873
Wartenberg, Louis	Germ.	Com. Trav.	Nov., '58	1057 S. Grand avenue	1858
Whisler, Isaac	Ark.	Miner	Aug., '52	535 San Pedro street	18 2
Worm, August W.	Germ.	Retired	'85	910 W. Eleventh	1859
Wright, Edward T.	Ill.	Surveyor	March, '75	226 S. Spring	18 5
Wohlfarth, August	Germ.	Saddler	Sept., '74	1604 Pleasant avenue	187
White, J. P.	Ky.	Well-borer	May, '70	989 E. Fifty-fifth	18 7
Wyatt, Mary Thompson	Tex.	Housewife	Sept., '52	Downey	1852
Wyatt, J. Blackburn	Va.	Farmer	'49	Downey	1849
Wolf, George W.	Ind.	Farmer	Oct. 5, '73	4332 Vermont avenue	1873
Wolfskill, John	Mo.	Rancher	Dec. 12, '54	1419 S. Grand avenue	1854
Yarnell, Jesse	Ohio	Printer	April, '67	1808 W. First	1862
Young, John D.	Mo.	Farmer	Oct., '53	2607 Figueroa	1853
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	Wis.	Housewife	April, '67	1808 W. First	1856
Young, Robert A.	Ire.	Miner	'66	Los Angeles	1866







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